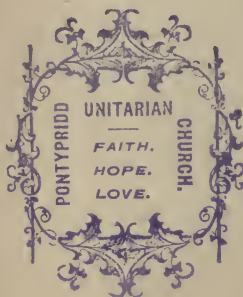


The Rev. Simon Jones B.A.
from the



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ESSAYS, REVIEWS,
AND
ADDRESSES.

BY
JAMES MARTINEAU,

HON. LL.D. HARV., S.T.D. LUGD. BAT.,
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SELECTED AND REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

I.
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P R E F A C E.

THE following papers are divided into volumes according to subject, and, within each volume, disposed in the order of time ; the former, to facilitate reference ; the latter, to preserve the clue of literary history. They thus form, as a whole, an autobiographical commentary on the larger systematic writings for which they have gradually prepared the way. Running as they do through the changes of three score years, they can lay no claim to logical consistency. I can only hope that beneath the varying complexion of their thought some intelligible moral continuity may be traced, leading in the end to a view of life more coherent and less defective than was presented at the beginning. Most of the papers being strictly occasional, that is, relative to the events and ideas of their time, have interest, if at all, as reproducing some vanished aspect of public sentiment or social movement. They are left, therefore, to speak the feeling of their day, without any attempt, by softening its ignorances or removing its misjudgments, to correct it to the standard of the present intellectual latitude. A few very early essays have been excluded, as too pervasively steeped in the spirit of a discarded philosophy ; but else, papers have been marked for rejection only where the interest was obsolete, or not desirable to revive.

This rule of excision might perhaps have been more freely applied to the contents of the present volume ; for of the *personal sketches* the last two may be deemed better suited to an album of private photographs than to a portrait-cabinet of celebrities from the recent world's patrician chiefs ; and in the *political essays* scarcely is there a prob-

lem discussed, which has not moved towards its solution on lines far apart from those either conjectured or commended by the writer. But though both these allegations are true, neither is relevant. The interior interest of a biography has little dependence on the scale of the exterior life, if only there be scope for the proportions of a complete character ; it lies mainly in the attributes of the personality,—clear intelligence, harmonious affections, devotedness of will,—all of which find ample tests of opportunity in the discipline of inconspicuous life. I owe too deep a debt myself to many a tender Memoir of goodness unrenowned to deem any apology necessary for recording my reverence and affection towards teachers and friends whom no one could know without rising to his best. The political papers I had intended to withhold as “pamphlets of ancient history ;” but the reading of them so carried me back to a scene and a group of influences almost effaced from the memory of the present generation, as to impress me with the levity and irrationality of the now-current party judgments on the movements of thirty-five to forty years ago. History, it is said, revises the verdicts of contemporaries, and constitutes an appeal-court, nearest to the Ordeal of Heaven. When history becomes ideally perfect, it may be so ; but it must wait to be written till successors as well as contemporaries are gone ; for, usually, they do but reverse the prejudices of their predecessors, and assume that the opposite wrong must be the only right. Not till the proximate past has retreated far, and even the echoes of party passion have died away, is real historical impartiality attainable. Before that date, the first essential of just political criticism is a clear and comprehensive conception of the international relations and tendencies of the immediate time ; in the absence of which, no abstract principles, however specious in their absolute form, can protect us from false estimates. For this reason I have thought it worth while to preserve two or three contemporary presentations of some crises, the conditions of which are now apt to drop out of sight.

CONTENTS.



PERSONAL SKETCHES.

	PAGE
Joseph Priestley ; Life and Works	I
Thomas Arnold ; Life and Correspondence	43
William Ellery Channing ; Memoir and Papers	81
Theodore Parker ; Discourse of Religion	149
Gotthold Ephraim Lessing ; Theology and Times	191
Personal Influences on Present Theology ; J. H. Newman, S. T. Coleridge, T. Carlyle	219
Friedrich Schleiermacher ; Life and Times	283
Auguste Comte ; Life and Philosophy	331
John James Tayler ; in Memoriam	381
John Kenrick ; in Memoriam	397



POLITICAL ESSAYS.

International Duties and the Present Crisis	425
Foreign Policy for 1856	459
The Slave Empire of the West	495

PERSONAL SKETCHES.



I.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.*

WHEN a new planet is discovered, it requires time to assign it its true place in the solar system. The observer must know his own movements, or he may pronounce its progressive course to be retrograde ; and he must trace it through many degrees of its track, before he can lay down its course, and estimate its speed, and measure its eccentricity. In like manner a great and luminous mind cannot have its just position in the social system allotted at once : the less so as the moral vision of mankind has no achromatic wherewith to penetrate the deep spaces of intellect. It will be long before the first confident speculations on the new phenomenon give place to the computations of truth and reason. Presumption will maintain that it is but a meteor, soon to dip below the horizon : superstition will broadly hint that anything which swims so near the source of light and heat endangers the world's temperature, and will burn us up as it sweeps by ; and many are the years on whose darkness it must shine, ere its course be traced, and it be found to be humanity's morning and evening star. The time necessary for the appreciation of a conspicuous

* "The Theological and Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Priestley, LL.D., F.R.S.," in twenty-five volumes. Edited, with Notes, by John Towill Rutt. Vol. I. Life and Correspondence.—*Monthly Repository*, 1833.

mind will vary according to the nature of its genius and the state of society in which it is put forth ; but in proportion as it addresses itself to the general mind, and finds access to the general mind, will a true verdict be speedily passed. Large masses of men are more just, more discerning, more generous, than small ; more ashamed of all petty passions ; less inclined to idolatry on the one hand, and to envy on the other. Imaginative genius, which in these days speaks to a splendid audience, standing amid an amphitheatre of nations, receives an answer of glorious acclaim to its cry of "*Plaudite !*" while originality in science, in theology, and even in political philosophy, appreciable at first only by schools and sects of men, waits for justice till the school or the sect becomes, in numbers and intelligence, coextensive with society at large. Scott and Byron have received the homage of their own times ; but such men as Priestley or Bentham must wait the revolutions of opinion, and the regeneration of social institutions, before the due rites of honour are enacted over their graves.

Posterity, like Providence, rewards men according to their deeds. To their tribunal oblivion must give up its dead. What place will then be allotted to Dr. Priestley, among the benefactors of mankind, we will not presume to decide ; sure we are it will be no mean one. And, in the mean while, it is evident that the time is approaching for a correct and final estimate of his merits. His contemporaries, with their indiscriminate praise or censure, have, for the most part, retired from the scene ; and a new generation, partly educated by his writings, and able to bear testimony to their influence, has stepped into their place. The physical science to which, for many years, he brought his annual tribute of discovery, has advanced another stage ; and, apart from all rivalry and controversy, can afford to be just to his memory, and to devote a chapter of true history to its own historian. The philosophy of mind no longer pays exclusive honour to the favourites whose contempt was too strong for his living fame, and ranks among its

greatest masters men who expound principles akin to his. In some measure his political sympathies seem to have been bequeathed to this generation, and the chains have been broken, for numbering whose links he became an outcast and an exile. And in theology he has had successors, who have, in some measure, diverted from him the odium which he was wont to bear exclusively : theology, however, is singularly tardy in its justice, and a fame locked up in theology is scarcely more hopeful than an estate locked up in chancery. For a fair estimate of this extraordinary man, the advantages afforded by the complexion of the times are enhanced by the new biographical materials which have been laid before us by Mr. Rutt. These materials consist of Dr. Priestley's letters to his most intimate friends, extending in an almost unbroken series through the greater part of his life, and appended to the several sections of his autobiography. We were disposed at first to wish that more selection had been used, and that many letters, which convey no new impression of the writer's character, no indication of the spirit of his times, had been omitted ; and that the notes, notwithstanding the amount of interesting small talk which is crowded into them, had been occasionally in a less excursive style of illustration. But in both these particulars it is possible that the editor may have consulted the public taste as well as his own vast stock of dissenting lore. His errors (if errors they be) are those of an affectionate and faithful memory ; and the interest which, in the earlier portion of the biography, is weighed down by the indiscriminate mass of correspondence, is powerfully revived towards the close of the volume by the letters from America. It would be difficult to find, throughout the whole range of epistolary literature, anything more touching than these letters, more pictorial than the impression they convey of the aged philosopher in his banishment, inspired by his faith to struggle with the shocks of circumstance, sustaining cheerfulness and devising

good in the midst of his solitary sorrows, and feeding still an interior energy amid the waste of years. His seclusion there seems like an appointed interval between two worlds,—a central point of observation between time and eternity. There is a quietude in his letters, which gives them the aspect of letters from the dead; all the activity of life appears in them as viewed in retrospect, and yet the peace of Heaven is still but in prospect; and they send forth tones of indescribable melancholy, which, travelling over one of the world's broadest oceans, seem like communings from an unearthly state. Yet it is not that the Christian sufferer himself desponds; the melancholy is not in him, but in the reader; and it is simply our wonder that he could uphold his spirit so nobly, which deepens the pathos of his history. It is obvious, throughout, that his self-possessed serenity comes from the past and the future, and not from the present; and there is a simplicity, a reality, in his repeated allusions to his approaching immortality, which makes us feel perpetually that, step by step, we are passing with the venerable man to his grave, to meet him on the morrow in a home whence there is no exile.

But we are anticipating. Not that we shall attempt any chronological narrative of Dr. Priestley's life. The volume before us itself records not so much the events as the labours, the feelings, the habits, the discipline, the opinions, of a life. And it brings to a close Mr. Rutt's protracted labours, as editor of Dr. Priestley's Theological and Miscellaneous Works. We would avail ourselves of the opportunity to present our readers with an analysis of Dr. Priestley's character as a theologian, a *physicien*, a metaphysician, a moralist, and a Christian.

Few problems are more difficult than to determine the proportion between the internal and the external causes which create great minds. When genius, oppressed with difficulties, toils its way upwards to the light, it is not the difficulty that creates the genius; or every man who wrote

in a garret might be a Johnson or a Sheridan. Still less, when it flutters in the atmosphere of courts, is it the warmth of throned patronage which tempts its powers into life ; or every minion of royalty might be a Horace or a Molière. No mind can possess real power which does not impress you with the conviction that, wherever planted, it would have found for itself a greatness ; and the office of circumstances is but to trace the track of its energies. When the stream born among the hills tumbles its waters into the valley, it has its first channel determined by the mountain surface, turned aside by pinnacles of rock, and invited by the yielding alluvial soil ; but its ceaseless chafing loosens and rolls away the rugged masses that break its current, and makes for it a new and a freer way. And minds which are to fertilize the world may have the windings of their genius traced by influences from without ; but the same mighty will by which they first burst forth to precipitate themselves on the world below, will undermine the most frowning barriers of circumstances, and carve out fresh courses for their power. Though Dr. Priestley would not have been unknown to the world had he, in conformity with an intention once entertained, been doomed to a counting-house in Lisbon, it is not difficult to discern several groups of events which exercised a deep and lasting influence upon his character, and determined the relation in which he should stand to society. The first of these is to be found in his early religious education, which was conducted on the old puritanical model of constraint and rigour. There is little doubt that he is right in ascribing to this cause the deep sense of religion which he maintained through life. His was not one of those minds which are necessarily devotional,—which, under all conceivable adjustments of circumstances, betray their affinity with Heaven,—whose religious sympathies, instead of being suppressed by neglect, or overborne by the tide of adverse influence ; would, like air entangled in the ocean-depths, rise the more buoyantly to their native element. Such a

mind was Heber's, of which you can no more think as without piety, than you can of colour without extension. Deprive it of this central attribute, and there remains an impossible combination of qualities ; but Dr. Priestley's other qualities might have existed independently of his devotion, without any violation of the order of nature. In the language of logicians, it was his *property*, not his *essential difference*. And, accordingly, we believe that, for its full and permanent development, a systematic and stimulant discipline was needed ; and this was abundantly administered in the coarse excitement and Sabbatarian severity of a Calvinistic education. His acknowledgment of the miseries accompanying its benefits is remarkable among the confessions of orthodoxy :—

“The weakness of my constitution, which often led me to think that I should not be long-lived, contributed to give my mind a still more serious turn ; and having read many books of *experiences*, and, in consequence, believing that a *new birth*, produced by the immediate agency of the Spirit of God, was necessary to salvation, and not being able to satisfy myself that I *had* experienced anything of the kind, I felt occasionally such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror. Notwithstanding I had nothing very material to reproach myself with, I often concluded that God had forsaken me, and that mine was like the case of Francis Spira, to whom, as he imagined, repentance and salvation were denied. In that state of mind I remember reading the account of ‘the man in the iron cage,’ in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ with the greatest perturbation.

“I imagine that even these conflicts of mind were not without their use, as they led me to think habitually of God and a future state. And though my feelings were then, no doubt, too full of terror, what remained of them was a deep reverence for divine things, and in time a pleasing satisfaction which can never be effaced, and, I hope, was strengthened as I have advanced in life, and acquired more rational notions of religion. The remembrance, however, of what I sometimes felt in that state of ignorance and darkness, gives me a peculiar sense of the value of rational principles of religion, and of which I can give but an imperfect description to others.

"As *truth*, we cannot doubt, must have an advantage over *error*, we may conclude that the want of these peculiar feelings is compensated by something of greater value, which arises to others from always having seen things in a just and pleasing light ; from having always considered the Supreme Being as the kind parent of all his offspring. This, however, not having been my case, I cannot be so good a judge of the effects of it. At all events, we ought always to inculcate just views of things, assuring ourselves that *proper* feelings and *right* conduct will be the consequence of them."—pp. 12, 13.

"Though, after I saw reason to change my opinions, I found myself incommoded by the rigour of the congregation with which I was connected, I shall always acknowledge, with great gratitude, that I owe much to it. The business of religion was effectually attended to in it. We were all catechized in public till we were grown up, servants as well as others : the minister always expounded the Scriptures with as much regularity as he preached ; and there was hardly a day in the week in which there was not some meeting of one or other part of the congregation. On one evening there was a meeting of the young men for conversation and prayer. This I constantly attended, praying extempore with others, when called upon.

"At my aunt's there was a monthly meeting of women, who acquitted themselves in prayer as well as any of the men belonging to the congregation. Being at first a child in the family, I was permitted to attend their meetings, and growing up insensibly, heard them, after I was capable of judging. My aunt, after the death of her husband, prayed every morning and evening in her family, until I was about seventeen, when that duty devolved upon me.

"The Lord's day was kept with peculiar strictness. No victuals were dressed on that day in any family. No member of it was permitted to walk out for recreation, but the whole of the day was spent at the public meeting, or at home in reading, meditation, and prayer, in the family or the closet."—pp. 15-17.

A question of great moment is here suggested. Unitarianism has been tried upon two generations : has the experiment justified Dr. Priestley's faith in the devotional influences of truth ? Or, for illustrations of the spirituality

which may be conjoined with heterodoxy, must we still point to minds which, like his, have emerged from Calvinism, and may be supposed to have brought their piety thence? With the most fervent confidence in the moral power of truth, it may yet be doubted whether the largest portion of Unitarian piety has not been imported from orthodoxy; and hence many have been led to conclusions favourable to the rigid system of religious education. The fact may be admitted, and the inference denied. It is in no case the rigour, the ceremonialism, that makes the saint; regarded by itself, its whole tendency is to produce mental imbecility and disgust and unbelief; and wherever it has existed as a system,—wherever it has been made the instructor's main reliance,—these effects, and no others, have followed; not a gleam of emotion, not an impulse of holy desire, has ever come from it. But, long as it has been the receptacle of all the soul of orthodoxy, it would be strange if its machinery had not often been plied by those who have made it the vehicle of their own piety, and have sent through its dead materials that living earnestness of mind, in love of which the young will often undergo much that would else be tedious and revolting. Wherever Sabbatarianism has fallen into such hands, a devotional feeling has resulted,—not, indeed, from the system, but from its presiding spirit. To revive the stiff regimen of our forefathers, because it sent forth a Priestley and a Lindsey, would be like reënacting the Mosaic law, in expectation of another “sweet singer of Israel.” A ritual system can no more create a soul, than the study of Greek metres can make a poet. It does not, however, follow, because sabbatical constraint fails to awaken piety, that laxity must certainly succeed; and we rejoice to believe that Unitarians are beginning to perceive the error of this retaliative logic;—that, while they discard the enthralling formalities which rendered their fathers more superstitious than devout, they feel, in some degree, the solemn responsibilities of a spiritual faith;—that, while they rely as little

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as ever on mere externals of devotion, they think more of its interior spirit, and study more earnestly the means for its nurture.

Whilst we admit that the conflicts of mind which Dr. Priestley describes may have occasioned a permanent susceptibility to religious emotion, we maintain that it was his subsequent conversion which gave that susceptibility its only value. His mental sufferings were accurate corollaries from his faith; and his mind was too clear-sighted, too sincere, too literal, too little imaginative, speedily to have effected an escape from them which nothing but self-deception and enthusiasm could have accomplished. And where, we would ask, is the efficacy of religious emotion so miserably perverted? Neither inspiring holiness, nor infusing peace, its influence on the active powers is purely paralytic, and on the passive, torture. There is no charm in devotional anguish, more than in any other, which should make it a thing to be desired; and self-persecution without reformation,—tears wrung, not from the conscience, but from the creed,—are only new items in the account of human misery. It was not, then, till the reverential feelings towards the object of faith which those struggles implied were transplanted into a brighter system,—not till they took their place in a religion of duty instead of dogma,—not till they changed their character from tormentors to motives, from abjectness to love,—that they brought with them any blessing to the mind. Calvinism, like the magicians of Egypt, could poison and taint the salubrious stream; true religion, like the prophet's rod, could alone convert the current of blood into the waters of fertility.

The next important circumstance of his life was his conversion; an event which, from its permanent influence on his external relations and his internal habits, forms the most momentous change in his personal history; and, from its vast and still increasing effect on the state of opinion in this country, marks an era in the annals of our

national Christianity. It was brought about by the same qualities of mind which had sunk him in the agonizing humiliation of orthodoxy,—we mean his plain-dealing with himself. It is not to the presumptuous, but to the humble, not to the self-ignorant, but to the clear-minded, student of his own nature, that the shade of Calvinism, like that of the fabled Upas-tree, proves itself, instead of a sheltering influence, a sickening and a deadly blight. Had Dr. Priestley exercised more self-adulation and less perspicacity in his dealings with his own mind, he might have emerged from his gloomy terrors, into the comfortable persuasion of his own saintship ; but the same sincerity which prevented his confounding the operations of his own thoughts with the agency of the Holy Spirit prevented him also from mistaking the prepossessions of education for the fulness of evidence. There never was a movement of opinion more purely characteristic than that of Dr. Priestley. It was performed exclusively by the natural gravitation of his own faculties, with the least possible share of impulse from external causes. It was his “call” ; and we wish that every call which orthodoxy records were as simply a transaction between God and the believer’s own mind : it was his “new creation,” the brooding of God’s spirit, *i.e.*, his own thought and conscience, over the chaos of a rude creed, and bidding light to struggle through the mass, and the elements to fall into a fairer order. That the change was progressive, extending over sixteen years, not only assimilates it to all that is good in God’s providence, but indicates its independent character. The opinions which he ultimately embraced were nowhere embodied as a whole at the commencement of his inquiries ; some of them were not in existence, and the rest were barely accessible, scattered through many dissimilar writers,—rather hinted than stated ; and, if deemed worthy of mention for their curiosity, requiring apology for their profaneness.

The collective adoption of the peculiarities constituting modern English Unitarianism would then have been

unnatural, and their adoption from the dictation of others' minds impossible. Throughout the whole process of theological change which Dr. Priestley's opinions underwent, his transition from low Arianism to Humanitarianism, which was the last important step, is the only one in which the reasonings of a predecessor exerted a perceptible influence; and this was occasioned by the writings of Dr. Lardner, to be persuaded by whom must be a pure concession to evidence. Throughout every other stage of his conversion, Dr. Priestley was his own commentator; his inquiries followed the order of his own doubts; his evidence was collected and arranged by his own assiduity; and his conclusions drawn by the absolutely solitary exercise of his own intellect.

He has been accused, and by an authority which gives weight to the accusation, of having imbibed from his age a spirit of innovation. We apprehend that the charge involves a material error with regard both to his character and his times. A more stationary condition of the social mind than that in which his opinions commenced, matured and almost completed their progress, could not perhaps be selected from the last two centuries of English history. The underworkings of the earthquake had doubtless commenced in France; the interior power which was to burst through the crust of institutions, and rock the nations in alarm, was "getting up its steam"; but of this not the most penetrating had a glimpse; all was quiet on the surface, not a growl was heard, not a vibration felt. Had it even been otherwise, Dr. Priestley could have been little affected, in the early part of his life, by the political occurrences of the Continent, for he was not then in a position either to receive or to impart the influence supposed: he was not then the admired philosopher, the conspicuous sectary, the obnoxious subject,—but the poor, secluded, unpopular preacher of a small market town. The relative chronology of his opinions is curious. Not only were his changes of mind in complete anticipation of the stimulat-

ing period which closed the last century, but some of his most startling sentiments were the earliest embraced; he had maintained the inconclusiveness of St. Paul's reasoning, gone all lengths with the doctrine of necessity, and rejected his belief in divine influence, before he had been in the ministry three years. And on the other hand, when the time of restless theory came, and all old opinions were loosened, and the whole creed of society, political, social, and religious, was broken up for reconstruction, his convictions had been made up; he had not to take up his opinions amid the maddening excitement which, in the eagerness to enthrone reason, thrust her from her seat; calmer moments had been devoted to the task, and in the retrospect of his own mind he saw an epitome of the mental revolution whose rapid transitions were hurrying by. Hence the steady posture which he assumed amid all the revelry of speculation which he witnessed; hence, with all his exultation in the new prospect which seemed to open upon society, he appeared as a conservator, no less frequently than as an assailant, of existing opinions. It would indeed be difficult to select from the benefactors of mankind one who was less acted upon by his age, whose convictions were more entirely independent of sympathy; in the whole circle of whose opinions you can set down so little to the prejudgments of education, to the attractions of friendship, to the perverse love of opposition, to the contagion of prevailing taste, or to any of the irregular moral causes which, independently of evidence, determine the course of human belief. We do not assert that he was not precipitate; we do not say that he cast away no gems of truth in clearing from the sanctuary the dust of ages; we do not deny that, in his passion for simplification, he did sometimes run too rapidly through a mystery, and propound inconsiderate explanations of things deeper than his philosophy. But we maintain that his sources of fallacy, whatever they were, were from within, and not from without; that he was no man for the

second-hand errors of indolent or imitative intellects ; that his faults were all those of a searching, copious, and original mind.

We have said that Dr. Priestley's theological inquiries followed the order of his doubts ; his conversion followed the order of his inquiries, his publications the order of his conversion, and his influence the order of his publications.

Hence in part has arisen among Unitarians a conventional arrangement of their theological peculiarities, always beginning with the question respecting the person of Christ, and ending with Universal Restoration. Every complete published defence of their tenets, and almost every systematic course of public lectures in their chapels, exhibits this particular sequence of faith. It was not unnatural that the order of investigation should become, in Dr. Priestley's mind, the order of importance : in each succeeding inquiry he would use, in addition to its independent evidence, the conclusion established in the preceding ; and, at the end of the process, the first step would seem to be more purely and directly drawn from Scripture, and the next to be of a more inferential character. The order of discovery, however, is seldom the best order of proof ; nor is either the best order for popular exposition ; and we think it, on some accounts, unfortunate that Unitarianism has disposed itself so inflexibly along the graduated scale marked out by the steps of its modern explorers. Whether we regard it as the negation of orthodoxy, or contemplate it as a set of positive and harmonious truths, this restriction is unnecessary. The ingenious construction of the popular system, which indissolubly cements together its several dogmas, has its perils as well as its advantages. If any one of its tenets, on finding entrance into the mind, introduces its companions in its train, any one of them, on its departure, opens an exit for all the rest. It matters little, then, where you begin the assault ; the battery of your logic is circular, and, commence the fire when you may, will sweep the

field. Or take the more interesting view of Unitarian Christianity, as a cluster of positive doctrines, and the same remark holds good. With far less of the artificial ingenuity of system than the prevalent theology, it has still the natural harmony of truth; and the affinities which blend together its parts are so close, as to spread a chain of delicate yet unbroken influence through the whole; and communicate the first spark of thought where you will, it will shoot from link to link to the farthest extremity. Unitarianism, we think, must discover more variety in its resources, must avail itself of more flexibility of appeal, must wield in turn its critical, its philosophical, its social, its poetical, its devotional powers, before it gain its destined ascendancy over the mind of Christendom. With great respect for the able contributions which Christian truth has received from its departed champions, we still must regard them as *only* contributions; and think that the controversy must be again and again rewritten, and its whole form recast, before it may begin to number its triumphs.

Though no external influences could produce that extraordinary versatility which characterized Dr. Priestley, the circumstances in his history which tended to encourage it are not unworthy of a passing notice. During the lapse of seven years from the termination of his college life, he found himself in three different situations, each presenting strong, and almost exclusive, motives to a separate class of pursuits. First came a ministry of three years in a small country town, affording no occasions of active duty, and no distractions of society. Compelled to live on thirty pounds a year, watched, suspected, and partially deserted, by a congregation whose piety vented itself in dread of heterodoxy, and finding little congenial sentiment among his neighbouring brethren, he devoted himself entirely to theological study, for which alone his library afforded him scope. Next he was a schoolmaster at Nantwich, under the same inability which every conscientious schoolmaster feels, to attend to anything beyond the duties of his office;

and accordingly we here find him studying grammar and language. Thence he removed to Warrington, and there gave himself up with astonishing energy to the preparation of lectures on the theory of language, on oratory and the belles lettres, on history and general policy;—a class of topics almost entirely new to him, and for excellence in which there was little provision in the predominant qualities of his mind. Yet, what he wanted of the critic's delicate perception he compensated by the philosopher's comprehensive views; and though his labours in these departments may not be destined to live, there is in his treatment of his subjects a breadth and philosophical spirit, which contrast favourably with the small and superficial criticism of his predecessors in the same field. In his conception of his object he is as much their superior, as he is inferior to the noble school of German critics, whose genius has, in our own day, penetrated the mysteries, and analysed the spirit, of poetry and the arts.

Before he quitted his office of tutor, and after he had completed the composition of his lectures, an introduction to Dr. Price and Dr. Franklin gave the first impulse to his scientific pursuits. Whether this event be estimated by its effect on his fame or that upon his character, it must be regarded as among the most important in his life. The unparalleled ardour with which he prosecuted his newly acquired objects, and the signal success by which it was at once recompensed and stimulated, soon rendered it manifest that his intellect had found its appropriate direction; and from this time, until his career was checked by persecution, he continued to give to the world a series of discoveries, capable of comparison, in their variety and productiveness, with the achievements of the most honoured names in the records of physical science. Of the qualities of mind which he brought to the study of Nature and her laws, it will be our business to speak hereafter: we notice this class of pursuits here, merely as they relate to the history of his character. Great as their influence upon him

was, they wrought no revolution, no change, in his habits and feelings. All that he had been he continued to be; all that he had done he continued to do. Their operation was one of pure addition. They extended his reverential gaze on creation over a wider field; they quickened his marvellous activity; they expanded his benevolence; they deepened his piety; they illustrated his own principle, that every intellectual and moral attainment sheds illumination on every other, and that mental power multiplies itself indefinitely: and they completed that rare combination of qualities by which, in an age of unbelief and of arbitrary power, science, liberty, and religion all found in him a fitting representative.

Thus much we have said respecting the circumstances which were most deeply concerned in determining the career of this eminent philosopher and divine. Our readers may wonder that we have omitted to notice the two most remarkable events of his history,—his persecution at Birmingham and his retreat to America. The truth is, that the most romantic passages of human life are not always the most influential: our object has been, not to furnish an interesting narrative, but to sketch the records of a mind; and we think that the occurrences just mentioned, taking place as they did, in the maturity of Dr. Priestley's mind, were means rather of indicating and developing than of forming his character. They will find, therefore, a more appropriate place in the analysis which we propose to attempt of that character in its intellectual, moral, and religious relations.

If any one were to put forth the prospectus of a Cyclopædia, proposing to write all the articles himself, he would be set down for a genius or a madman. His admirers would think him the wonder of the world; his opponents would cry out upon him as a shallow pretender. To the discerning, the conception of such a design would disclose the true character of his mind. To imagine the outline, and glance even rapidly from the Alpha to the Omega of

human attainments, implies no ordinary power; to look over the wide continent of knowledge, and see it mapped out in all its bearings, and trace the great skeleton truths which form its mountain barriers, and follow the streams of beauty that wind below their base, is the prerogative of none but the comprehensive and far-sighted mind. But to suppose that the same intellect which sketches the outline can fill up the details, that he who understands the mutual relations of the different departments of science and art can unfold all their mysteries, betrays a miscalculation of the voluminous contents of human knowledge, and an ignorance of the varieties of intellectual power requisite to embrace them all. To refer to a catalogue of Dr. Priestley's works is like consulting a prospectus of a Cyclopædia; and it is impossible to remember that they are all the productions of one individual, without the impression that his mind was more adventurous than profound, and its vision more telescopic than microscopic. How far this impression is just we may attempt to ascertain. We believe it to be the truth, but not the whole truth.

There can be no doubt that versatility was the great characteristic of Dr. Priestley's genius. Singularly quick of apprehension, he made all his acquisitions with facility and rapidity; and hence he derived a confidence in the working-power of his own mind, and a general faith in the sufficiency of the human faculties as instruments of knowledge, which led him on to achievement after achievement in the true spirit of intellectual enterprise. This excursive-ness of mind was encouraged by his metaphysical creed. It has been the prevailing error of the Hartleyan school, that they have made too light of the original differences of mental capability, conscious, perhaps, that their philosophy has hitherto failed to explain them: and the natural consequence of incredulity respecting the existence of peculiar genius is to give increased reliance on the efficacy of self-discipline, to lessen the motive to a division of intellectual labour, and make the mind a servant of all work. We are

aware, however, that no speculative tenet is enough to account for the mental peculiarities of the individual who holds it ; for the adoption of the tenet is itself a mental phenomenon, requiring to be explained, and frequently arising from that very constitution of mind which is supposed to be its effect. That Dr. Priestley thought little of the exclusive fitness of peculiar understandings for peculiar pursuits, is to be ascribed to the absence of any exclusive tendency in himself ; that he was disposed to try every thing, arose from his having failed in nothing ; the consciousness of power must precede the belief in power ; and the philosophy of the sentiment, *Possunt, qui posse videntur*, is incomplete till the converse is added, *Qui possunt, posse videntur*.

Dr. Priestley's extraordinary versatility, then, while it was confirmed by his intellectual philosophy, is to be traced to his possession of original endowments, bearing an equal relation to many departments of knowledge. In theology, in mental and moral science, and, above all, in experimental chemistry, his rapidity and copiousness of association, his prompt perception of analogies, his faith in the consistency of creation's laws, and his consequent passion for simplicity, were all available as means of detecting error, and aids in the discovery of truth. And the excellence which these qualities enabled him to attain in his several pursuits was of the same kind in all. In none did they confer on him superlative merit ; in some, at least, they led him into great faults : but in every one they fitted him to be the able and dauntless explorer, powerful to penetrate the *terra incognita* of mystery, and quick to return enriched with the spoils of fresh thought. Year after year he visited the temple of truth, and hung upon its walls some new exuviae : and who can wonder that his offerings in their abundance were more miscellaneous than rare ; that they consisted not always of the gold and the silver which could be for ever deposited in the sacred treasury, but sometimes of the scattered arms and fragments of

wreck which were of little worth but as trophies of victory? He was the ample collector of materials for discovery, rather than the final discoverer himself; a sign of approaching order, rather than the producer of order himself. We remember an amusing German play, designed as a satire upon the philosophy of atheism, in which Adam walks across the stage, *going* to be created: and, though a paradox, it may be said that truth, as it passed through Dr. Priestley's mind, was going to be created: the requisite elements were there; the vital principle was stirring amid them, and producing the incipient types of structures that were yet to be; but there was much that was unfit to undergo organization, much that could never be transmuted into forms of beauty, or filled with the inspiration of life; and there must be other processes, before the mass emerges a graceful and a breathing frame.

The characteristic qualities of Dr. Priestley's understanding led him to prosecute, with the greatest ardour, those subjects of inquiry in which but little progress had been made. The earlier and less exact stage of a science, which promises a great affluence of new phenomena, and admits of only the lower degree of generalization, and prepares the approaches to merely empirical laws, was that to which his powers were adapted. At a more advanced period of its history, when the field of observation is narrowed, and the demand for precise deduction increased, and where no appeal to fact can be of use, unless of the most refined and delicate kind, his faculties could have found no appropriate employment. In the age of Galileo he would probably have gained a reputation for discoveries in optics or astronomy: in our days he might have aided the progress of geology: but in his own generation the former had passed, while the latter had not reached the point at which alone he was able to apply an effective stimulus. It may be doubted whether, if he were living now, he would not find chemistry in advance of his peculiar genius; whether its greatest discovery, the law of definite proportions, which

has eminently enhanced the dignity, by increasing the precision of the science, would not appear to have spoiled it for his hand : and were a question to arise, what branch of it would retain the greatest attractions for a mind like his, no one could hesitate to answer, electro-chemistry, in which there is mystery enough still to stimulate an ardour like his, and glimpses enough of wonderful and extensive laws to inspire the investigator with the perpetual feeling that he is on the eve of great discoveries. Could we have been permitted to select a period in the history of science with whose spirit his mind was most congenial, we should have set him down among the contemporaries or immediate followers of Bacon ; when, to a new and intelligent system of inquiry, Nature began to whisper her mighty secrets ; when every penetrative mind that understood their value rushed to her shrine and listened reverentially to the great oracle ; when the rapidity of discovery, following close on a dreary track of barren centuries, gratified the love both of the wonderful and of the true ; and when the passionate relish for fresh knowledge prevented the observance of definite boundaries between its different regions, and tempted the inquirer to a wide and adventurous range. Dr. Priestley has recorded of himself, that he exercised without difficulty the power of exclusive attention to any object of study ; but it would be a great error to suppose that this mental habit in him was the same with that profound and steady abstraction which characterized the intellect of Newton, and amid whose stillness he slowly paced the upward steps to the sublimest law of the material creation. Dr. Priestley's attention was eager rather than patient, active rather than laborious ; suited to subjects whose relations are various and simple, rather than few and intricate ; inclined to traverse kindred provinces of thought in quest of illustration, more than to remain immovable in the construction of a proof. His mind would become restive, if it had not scope. It was incapable of proceeding long in the linear track of mathematical logic. The illum-

ination of his genius was rather diffusive than concentrated. He could never have singled out any one phenomenon, and planted it in an intense focus of intellectual light, till he had fused it into its elements, and could exhibit its minutest component in distinct separation from the rest. The kind of accurate observation and cautious analysis and finished induction which Dr. Bradley manifested in his discovery of the aberration of light, and which at once detected, measured, and explained, by reference to a new cause, one of the minutest phenomena of the heavens, must be sought in a different order of intellect from Dr. Priestley's.

During the origin of a science, when the object is to accumulate facts and arrange them according to their more obvious affinities, the quality most needed by the philosopher is the quick perception of analogies which we have ascribed to Dr. Priestley. During its higher progress, when the object is to include large classes of facts under some general theory, or to measure the precise amount of causes already discovered, the quality most needed is a searching discriminative power; a quality most rarely united with the former, and certainly not distinguishing the philosopher of whom we speak. Had he possessed it, few names greater than his would have appeared in the world's roll of honour. Because he wanted it, many of his philosophical works will have to be rewritten. *Non omnis morietur*; but while his opinions will live, his own exposition of them will hardly satisfy the wants of a future age. That Dr. Hartley, at a time when no very precise limits had been drawn between physical and psychological science, should have entwined together a great truth in the philosophy of mind with a gratuitous speculation in the physiology of brain, is not surprising: that Dr. Priestley should have perceived that the doctrine of association was a fact, and the doctrine of vibrations a fancy, and have disentangled them from each other, is no more than might have been expected of his discernment: but that he should have separated them

merely on the ground of their different evidence, without discovering their different provinces ; that, in his character of psychologist, he should still have manifested a hankering after the very theory of which he had disencumbered his great master's philosophy ; that he should have been misled by the plausible analogy which promises to explain the phenomena of mind by the changes of matter,—indicates a disregard of the due limits of mental science which should have been reserved as the exclusive glory of the phrenologists. Dr. Priestley evidently thought, that, if there were but proof of the doctrine of vibrations, it might be duly expounded from the chair of moral philosophy ; and had no idea that the professor who should do so would deserve a caning for his impertinence from his brother of the physiological school. Nor is this the only instance which marks his deficiency of discriminative power. The true test of this rarest of human faculties is to be found in the researches of mental science ; its most refined exercise is required, and its greatest triumphs are achieved, in unravelling the subtle processes of reason, in penetrating the moving throng of thoughts and feelings, and, through all their magic changes, distinguishing the separate character and origin of each ; and clear as a lens must that mind be, which, in transmitting through it the white light of intellect, can faithfully decompose it into its elemental colours. Dr. Priestley had far too much perspicacity not to perceive that mental analysis might be pushed much further, and, if intellectual science is to rank with other sciences, must be pushed much further, than it had been carried by the orthodox philosophers of Scotland. But we cannot think him happy in the specimens of analysis which he has left ; often ingenious, they are seldom complete ; they amount only to approximate solutions of the problem which he was encountering ; they frequently furnish valuable hints to the future inquirer, and set him in the right track ; but in his eagerness to reach the object of his search, Dr. Priestley overleaps many needful steps of the process, or breaks off

in the midst, and deems the task accomplished which a more careful thinker would feel to be only commenced. This disposition to post through a difficulty, and see nothing in it, is especially apparent, we think, in his account of the idea of power, and in his attempt to explain the phenomena of memory ; and throughout his works it would be in vain to look for any thing like the analytical ingenuity of which later writers belonging to the same school, especially Brown and Mill, afford such elaborate, though unsatisfactory display. His merits in the department of mental science consist less in the success with which he attacked its difficulties, than the skill with which he multiplied its applications ; less in the light which he introduced into its interior recesses, than in the range of kindred subjects over which he spread its illumination. In his mind morals, history, religion, appeared tinged with it, and thence adorned with greater dignity. Instances of this are to be found in his "History of Early Opinions," his sermons "On Habitual Devotion," "On Habit," "On the Duty of not Living to Ourselves," and above all, in his "Analogy of the Divine Dispensations" ; an essay which may be regarded as perhaps the happiest effort of his mind, involving precisely that brief and simple exposition of a metaphysical principle with copiousness and magnitude of application, to which his powers were peculiarly adapted. There is, too, a solemnity in it, arising from the congeniality of its train of thought with all his faculties of intellect and soul, which is rarely perceptible in his writings. It is philosophy kindling itself into worship.

Dr. Priestley's rank as a linguist and a critic may be inferred from the qualities which we have already ascribed or denied to him. The same fertility of association and love of analogy which facilitated to him the acquisition of a foreign language up to a certain point, rendered his complete mastery of it almost impossible. He wanted the imperturbable patience, the nice eye for minute differences, the unwearied faith in the importance of an apparent trifle,

which are requisite to the character of the accomplished philologist. His knowledge of the laws of thought rendered him a perspicuous interpreter of the theory of language; and, if the subject had been strongly urged upon his attention, would perhaps have made him a successful student of philosophical etymology, would have enabled him to detect the relations which group together in a few great families the whole population of words in the same language, and, having thus laid bare its primeval state, to trace the successive steps of association by which it has multiplied its resources, and refined its susceptibilities with the increasing wants and more delicate perceptions of the minds whose instrument it has been. There was nothing, at least, to prevent his delineation of the outline of such a history; the details must have partaken of the defects already noticed in his mental analyses. Be this as it may, however, the attempt was never made. Nothing could ever have made him forget that language is only the vehicle of ideas, and the study of it, therefore, only a means to an end; and we suspect that few who are habitually impressed with this undeniable truth will become men of erudition. We do not question the importance of minute criticism; we admit that without it the *whole* meaning of an author cannot be developed, and that the lights and shades of expression which it brings out are really lights and shades of thought, constituting an essential element in the graces of a foreign literature. But most readers are utilitarians; of the amount of meaning which they lose by an accuracy not absolutely finished they are necessarily unconscious; the quantity which they gain will seem enough for their purpose; and, unless they possess a sensitiveness of taste seldom to be found, and read in order to gratify their perception of the beautiful, they will feel little inducement to brace themselves to the long, barren toils of the professed linguist. It may be doubted, however, whether Dr. Priestley renounced the needful labour upon any such deliberate calculation, and whether he did not greatly underrate the attainments

requisite for a philologist. At least, we cannot but think that many of our grave professors, who can lecture an hour upon a word, would smile at his characteristic project of translating the whole Hebrew Scriptures himself, during the intervals of other occupations, in three or four years.

Dr. Priestley has repeatedly recorded of himself a remarkable deficiency of memory; a want to be regretted less on its own account than because, in conjunction with another cause, it involved a mental failure of a more serious kind,—a weakness of conception. By conception we mean the power of bringing vividly before the thoughts, in combination, the parts of any object or any scene which has been presented to the senses or the mind. It is emphatically the pictorial faculty needed by the illustrating artist, when, having gathered from Milton or from Byron the elements of his design, he brings them harmoniously together, and groups his figures, and makes his perspective, and disposes his lights; needed by the historian, when, having learned the catalogue of a great man's deeds, he blends these fragments into an image of his mind; or, having collected the dispersed events of a period, he disposes them in due relation before his view, so as to become familiar with the spirit of the time; needed equally by the theologian, that he may live in thought through the sacred days of old, and become pilgrim in heart to the Holy Land; that he may not only know how many stamens there are in the lilies of the field, and how many feet in the cedar's height, but see how they grace the plains of Jericho, or wave upon the top of Lebanon; not only count the steps of the temple and tell the manufacture of the priest's robe, but gaze on the majestic pile from the Mount of Olives, or stand in the resplendence of its golden gate, and hear the murmur of the prayers, and watch the incense curling to the skies; not merely discourse on the properties of hyssop, and conjecture of what timber the cross was made, but mingle with the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, and raise a reverential eye towards the crucified,

and listen to that fainting cry of filial tenderness. Now, both in his histories and in his theology, Dr. Priestley's deficiency of conception is much felt. In the former there is not, as far as we remember, a single delineation of character, a scene or a cluster of incidents *as a whole*, and consequently not any picture that leaves a strong impression upon the reader's mind : they are accounts, not of persons but of actions, not of eras but of events : the trains of contemporary occurrences in different localities are placed before us like a number of parallel lines, with no attempt to twine them together ; and each course of successive events like so many points, not melted into a continuous line. The nature of ecclesiastical history itself offers, it is true, a great obstacle to the preservation of unity ; it is in its very essence a dislocation ; a number of events which form no proper class in themselves ; a part arbitrarily cut out from the whole, comprising effects removed from their causes, and causes left alone by their effects ; and, independently of this difficulty, the materials of ecclesiastical history are unpromising enough. Yet there are portions containing elements for strong impression ; there are persecutions, and councils, and crusades ; there are the broad contrasts of an idolatrous civilization and a barbarous Christianity, of the genius of Rome and the spirit of Christ, of the religion of the East and the philosophy of the West ; there are matchless heroes of conscience in the Alpine fastnesses, and intrepid reformers in the cities of Germany : and there is no reason why the power of these passages should be abandoned to the province of fiction. The want of picturesque effect in Dr. Priestley's narratives involves in a great degree a loss of moral effect ; by giving a ground-plan of a persecution, and an enumeration of all the horrors it contained, he produces rather a disgust at the butchery than enthusiasm at the magnanimity with which it is said to have been met. The merit of his histories is to be sought, not in their narrative of incidents, but in their exposition

of opinions; not in the facts, but in the inferences; not in the delineation which shows what society was, but in the philosophy which proves what it must have been.

That the deficiency of which we speak must diminish the interest of his theological writings, that it must unfavourably influence their manner, will be readily admitted by all; but it may not be at once obvious how it could affect their matter, and lessen their intrinsic soundness and truth. It is, however, evident that, *cæteris paribus*, in proportion as an interpreter of ancient writings can place himself in sympathy with his author, can plant himself by his side and look round on his position, can even take occupancy of his very mind, and discover how all things are tinged by the hues of his peculiar intellect and feelings, the chances are multiplied that the interpretation will be correct. Indeed, it is merely as aids to this transmutation of mind on the part of the student that the labours of the Scripture naturalist, the traveller, and the archæologist are valuable. Now Dr. Priestley appears to us to have been incapable of thus laying down his own personality: at the foot of Sinai, among the captives of Babylon, in audience of the minstrelsy of Israel, on the pavement of the Temple, in the hired house of Paul, or with the exile in Patmos, he is the good, plain, speculative Dr. Priestley still. He moves like a foreigner through all the scenes which he visits, too restless to take up his abode in them, and grow warm beneath their suns, and find a home among their people, and learn the spirit of their joys and sorrows, and be ranked as one who "loveth their nation." Accordingly, his theology is too much an Occidental system transplanted into the East; he sees vastly too much philosophy, and vastly too little poetry, in the Scriptures. He shows too much disposition to change their beautiful histories into imperfect ethics; and perhaps, by missing the object which the writers had in view, estimates their logic with real injustice. Whether illustrations of these peculiarities may not be found in his extensive use

of the Gnostic philosophy as a key to the writings of the Apostle John, in his interpretations of the Jewish prophecies, in his anticipations with respect to the mode of transition from this life to another, and in his appreciation of the letters of Paul, we leave to be decided in the court of enlightened Biblical criticism. Let not our admissions with respect to Dr. Priestley's theology be unfairly used. A name like his is indeed in little danger from such concessions. Let it be remembered that they leave unimpeached the correctness of the processes by which he proved and proved again the great truths which form the definition of Unitarian Christianity; and until the time shall come (and it will not be soon) when the absolute unity of God, the universality and paternity of his government, and the simple humanity of Christ, shall need no more defence, recourse will be had to the store-house of perspicuous proof which his works contain.

Who can draw for us truly the boundary between the intellectual and the active part of human nature? The faculties into which wise men distribute the mind, like the hemispheres into which geographers divide the earth, though definable enough in theory, are hard to discriminate in practice. Nothing clearer than the equator upon a paper globe; and in our paper metaphysics, nothing is easier of discovery than that Chapter VI. treats of one faculty, and Chapter VII. of another; but nature is far from being so obligingly distinct. We remember the days when, in our childish conceptions of crossing the line, a piece of graduated cord belting the earth was discernible; and philosophy had perhaps been chargeable with a similar puerility of expectation in its progress from the mental to the moral regions of the mind. They blend indistinguishably, and reciprocate their energies, like the waters of the Northern and the Southern seas, whose currents flow and whose billows roll together, irrespective of the artificial limits of science. In the spiritual, however, as in the material world, Nature gives notice of our approach to her

impalpable boundaries : she has her realms of transition : the traveller nearing the earth's other half, finds a more copious vegetation, and warmer suns, and loftier skies, and bluer hills ; and the explorer of the soul, passing from the intellect to the morality of man, will find an intermediate region, adorned with a more exuberant foliage of thought, invested with a more glowing atmosphere of emotion. It is in no trifling sense that the poetical faculty, the perception and the love of beauty, whether physical or moral, may be said to lie between the thinking and the motive departments of the mind : it cannot be identified with either, yet it pervades both : it belongs exclusively to neither, yet sheds an influence on both, kindling with new tints both truth and goodness : like the constellations of the equatorial heavens, it has its stars in both hemispheres, and cannot be cut off from either without extinguishing some of its essential lights.

But perhaps we are making a longer pilgrimage than was needful from Dr. Priestley's intellectual to his moral character ; for in fact very little lay between. With him duty was a portion of truth, a series of inferences from his philosophy ; clear and strong conviction, rather than warm affection, characterized his notions of right. Never was there a mind over which moral principle exercised a more paramount sway ; but his was no blind and superstitious obedience : with him conscience could not be moved without being convinced ; but only show him on evidence the reasonableness of any habit or train of feelings, and he would set himself to its cultivation without further demur ; he would no more have thought of not doing what was right, than of not believing what was true. No one can be surprised that Dr. Priestley repudiated as an absurdity, the doctrine of an instinctive moral sense ; for he was singularly free from those mental qualities which lead to this belief. It is the natural creed of those whose intellects are slow in comparison with the quickness of their feelings, whose moral judgment possesses a speed too

fast for their mental eye to trace, flashing on them with such velocity and intensity that, like the lightning, they seem to dart from heaven to earth, without traversing the space between. Dr. Priestley's mind was the reverse of this ; his emotions were never so intense as to suspend his observing faculty ; and his intellect was rapid enough to keep pace with them and mark their apparent course. His sentiments of moral approbation and disapprobation sufficiently resembled the processes of assent and dissent to send him in quest of a common origin for both in the association of ideas.

It is instructive to compare the corresponding parts of such different characters as Mrs. Barbauld's and Dr. Priestley's ; and in the essay on devotional taste by the former, contrasted with the strictures on it by the latter, we have a picture of the piety of the exclusively poetical, placed side by side with that of the exclusively philosophical. Every religious mind feels its religion to be the loftiest object of its regard, to lie at the very summit of its powers ; and in the effort to reach the infinite and eternal, in yearning to shadow forth the idea of unlimited perfection, naturally seeks for its faith an alliance with all that appears most interesting and glorious. Mrs. Barbauld's passion was for the beautiful and the sublime ; and to her, devotion was poetry, akin to the aspirations of genius : Dr. Priestley knew nothing so noble as truth ; and to him devotion was philosophy gazing calmly at the only object above itself. Mrs. Barbauld saw in all creeds some elements of adoration for the heart, and dreaded lest controversy should brush off the emotions they awakened : Dr. Priestley saw in all creeds much error, and hoped that controversy would render them more quickening, by making them more pure. Mrs. Barbauld understood the natural language of art, felt the deep expressiveness of whatever is beautiful in form and sound, and would have given to piety the majesty of architecture, and the voice of music : Dr. Priestley thought that the eye and the ear,

with their physical gratifications, were only in the way in the work of realizing great general truth, and would have worshipped with the simplicity of a spirit in space. Mrs. Barbauld revered human affections, even in their illusions and extravagances : she saw in them the passion for excellence, and the propensity to believe in its reality : she had probably observed the important fact (so conspicuous in Doddridge), that the tempers which are most devotional are generally the most tender in their human relations : she could discover no specific difference between the emotions yielded to ideal excellence on earth, and invisible perfection in heaven ; and she dared to find an analogy between piety and love : Dr. Priestley, little given to Platonisms of fancy, holding that all feeling should be proportioned to the real qualities of its object, and forgetting that it cannot overpass the gulf between the created and the Creator, and expand itself to literal infinitude, condemned the expression as false and profane. Perhaps each was right, except in condemning the notions of the other. Happily, religion has its affinities with the whole soul, and there is no faculty incapable of worship. One mind is affected by conceptions of immeasurable space and time, another by ideas of life and change : one prefers the blank, great truth, another the single and moving instance : one goes forth and seeks the object of its adoration in fields beyond the solar light, another brings his image home, and feels him in the closet or in the mind : one, when standing before the invisible, may love to look into the deep background of infinity which lies behind created things ; another, to gaze on the beautiful forms of reality, sketched on its dark surface, and take them as types of what lies in the depth. Why limit the modes of devotional conception ? Why say to any emotions or any thoughts, "You shall not worship," to any desires, "You shall not pray ?" There can be no proprieties here. Prayer is no more than the utterance, the irrepressible utterance, of the affections which most adorn and dignify human nature : it is the soul's act in

laying itself consciously open at the feet of God : it is the gush of tenderness with which the spirit pours forth its veneration and love : it is the joy, or the agony, or the shame of placing the mind as it is, in contact with the great parent mind, that its sins may become clearer, its wants more craving, that its life may be quickened, and its sympathies refreshed. This is the end, this the temper of piety : every thing else is but its instrument ; and that mode of thought and expression which is truest to each individual mind, must be that mind's best vehicle of devotion.

But however little of apparent glow there might be in Dr. Priestley's piety, it was, like every thing else in his nature, sincere and true ; and it conducted him with a moral dignity, sometimes reaching the highest kind of greatness, through a life of no ordinary vicissitude. It is difficult, even at this distance of time, in the quiet of one's study, with abundant proofs that better times have set in, nay, in immediate view of ten Irish bishops and church-rates disappearing under the ministerial extinguisher, to read the history of the Birmingham riots with due composure. And yet the great sufferer himself, the pastor driven from his flock, the author despoiled of his manuscripts, the toil of years, the philosopher almost within hearing of the crash of his apparatus, the philanthropist hunted for his noble sympathy with his race, the man robbed of his social rights, uplifts amid the violence a front of unbroken, yet not cold magnanimity. Indeed, it is this very calmness, so instantaneous, so unlaboured, so utterly free from stoicism, far more than the mere exhibition of suffering, that is most affecting in this narrative. There is an evident simplicity and fidelity in his delineation of his own state of mind which inspires one with that most delightful feeling,—perfect faith in a fellow-being. There is no excitement ; the deeps of his nature were stirred, but they were only freshened, not thrown into storm : there is no exaggeration, no consciousness of being an object of interest, no endurance for the

sake of setting an example, no sectarian triumph secretly exclaiming, "See what my principles can do": the same sentiments of sublime necessarian piety, the same indignation quelled in the faith that present evil is the index that points to future good, the same compassion for those who wronged him, neither mawkish nor haughty, which appear in his replies to public addresses, appear also, and with just the same prominence, in his careless and familiar letters. It was obvious that in all times past he had been faithful to his scheme of Christian philosophy, and deeply imbedded in his mind and heart every principle which his judgment had led him to advocate. And he lived to afford a long fulfilment to his own prediction of the efficacy of his faith. After lingering in England long enough to follow to the grave his tried friend, Dr. Price, to see other associates fast falling around him, to find himself shunned by the society which represented the science of his country, and whose records he had enriched by his discoveries, to be wearied by ceaseless calumnies in the senate and from the press, and feel that here was no home for himself or his children; on the confines of old age, he went forth to die in the land on whose promised destinies his eye, ever brightened by the hopes of humanity, had long been fixed; deeming it happier to live a stranger on the shores of liberty, than be dependent on the tender mercy of tyrants for a footing on his native soil. There, in one of its remoter recesses, on the outer margin of civilization, he, who had made a part of the world's briskest activity, who had led on the speed of its progress, whose mind had kept pace with its learning, and overtaken its science, and outstripped its freedom and its morality, gathered together his resources of philosophy and devotion: thence he looked forth on the vicissitudes and prospects of Europe, with melancholy but hopeful interest, like the prophet from his mount on the land whose glories he was not to see. But it was not for such an energetic spirit as his to pass instantaneously into the quietude of exile without an irrecoverable shock.

He had not that dreamy and idle pietism which could enwrap itself in the mists of its own contemplations, and believe heaven nearer in proportion as earth became less distinct. The shifting sights and busy murmurs that reached him from afar, reminded him of the circulation of social toils which had plied his hand and heart. Year after year passed on, and brought him no summons of duty back into the stir of men : all that he did he had to devise and execute by his own solitary energies, apart from advice and sympathy, and with no hope but that of benefiting the world he was soon to quit. The effort to exchange the habits of the city for those of the cloister was astonishingly successful. But his mind was never the same again : it is impossible not to perceive a decline of power, a tendency to garrulity of style and eccentricity of speculation in his American publications. And, yet, while this slight though perceptible shade fell upon his intellect, a softened light seemed to spread itself over his character. His feelings, his moral perceptions, were mellowed and ripened by years, and assumed a tenderness and refinement not observable before. Thanks to the genial and heavenly clime which Christianity sheds around the soul, the aged stem burst into blossom. And so it will always be when the mind is pervaded by a faith as real as Priestley's. There is no law of nature, there are no frosts of time, to shed a snow-blight on the heart. The feelings die out when their objects come to an end ; and if there be no future, and the aims of life become shorter and shorter, and its treasures drop off, and its attractions are spent, and a few links only of its hours remain in the hand, well may there be no heart for effort and no eye for beauty, and well may love gather itself up to die. But open perfection to its veneration, and immortality to its step ; tell it of one who is and will always be the inspirer of genius, the originator of truth, the life of emotion ; assure it that all which is loved shall live for ever, that that which is known shall enlarge for ever, that all which is felt shall grow intenser for ever ;—and the prox-

imity to death will quicken instead of withering the mind ; the eye will grow dim on the open page of knowledge ; the hand will be found clasping in death the instruments of human good ; the heart's last pulse will beat with some new emotion of benignity. In Priestley's case there was not merely a sustainment, but a positive advancement of character in later years. The symptoms of restlessness gradually disappear without abatement of his activity ; a quietude as of one who waits and listens comes over him ; there are touches of sentiment and traces of tears in his letters, and yet an obvious increase of serenity and hope ; there is a disposition to devise and accomplish more good for the world, and ply himself while an energy remained, and yet no anxiety to do what was beyond his powers. He successively followed to the grave a son and a wife ; and the more he was left alone, the more did he learn to love to be alone ; and in his study, surrounded by the books which had been his companions through half a century and over half the earth, and sitting beneath the pictures of friends under the turf, he took his last survey of the world which had given him so long a shelter : like a grateful guest before his departure, he numbered up the bright and social or the adventurous hours which had passed during his stay ; and the philosophers who had welcomed him in his annual visits to London, the broad, sagacious face of Franklin, the benignant intelligence of Price, rose up before him, and the social voices of the group of heretics round the fireside of Essex Street floated on his ear ; and, as the full moon shone upon his table, and glistened in his electrical machine, his eye would dream of the dining philosophers of the Lunar Society, and light up to greet again the doughty features of Darwin, and the clear, calculating eye of Watt. Yet his retrospective thoughts were but hints to suggest a train of prospective far more interesting. The scenes which he loved were in the past, but most of the objects that clothed them with associations of interest were already transferred to the

future : there they were in reserve for him, to be recovered (to use his own favourite phrase, slightly tinged with the melancholy spirit of his solitude) "under more favourable circumstances ;" and thither, with all his attachment to the world whose last cliffs he had reached, and whose boundary ocean already murmured beneath, he hoped soon to emigrate.

There are few dispositions of which society exhibits rarer practical traces than the love of truth. There is abundance of profession ; but the more the profession, the less the reality. Where the feeling is genuine, truth is the mind's vernacular language ; and to give grave notice of an intention to utter it would be as absurd as if an advocate, on rising, were to say to the jury, "Gentlemen, I most solemnly assure you, that in what I am about to lay before you I mean to speak English." In proportion as faith in truth becomes more common, it will cease to be matter of pretension. Were we to designate Dr. Priestley in one word, that word would be "truth" ; it would correctly describe the employment of his intellect, the essential feeling of his heart, the first axiom of his morality, and even the impression of his outward deportment. He had none of that reckless sportiveness which makes playthings of opinions, and, for an hour's amusement, looks in at them, and turns them about, like the beads of a kaleidoscope, watching what fantastical shapes they may be made to assume. He had no sympathy with the sceptical philosophy which sees nothing but error in all human speculation, nothing but "sick men's dreams" in the mutations of opinion. That there is such a thing as truth, that it is not placed beyond the reach of the human understanding, and that, when found, it is necessarily a pure good, were the first principles of his faith ; principles which he did not promulgate in their general form, and then reject in their applications, but carried out, boldly and without reserve, into every topic which invited his research. So utterly untrue is it that he had a passion for unsettling convictions,

and then leaving the mind in a state of fluctuation, that if he committed any marked fault in the conduct of investigation, it was this ;—that he recognized no other posture of the understanding in reference to the subject of its inquiry than assent and dissent ; that the intermediate state of doubt he disowned, except as a means of transition to one of the other two ; and overlooked the fact that, as there may be questions in which the conflicting evidence is accurately balanced, there may be occasions on which, in the present condition of human knowledge, suspense is the appropriate feeling. His tendency was much more to dogmatize than to doubt ; a dogmatism, however, which, if occasionally appearing after investigation, never manifested itself before. With this limitation, his impartiality was unimpeachable. That his inquiry must lead to the positive discovery of truth or falsehood was certainly a species of prejudgment ; but it could not determine him unfairly towards either of two antagonist opinions ; it could only preclude from the rejection of both. In his comparison of the opposing claims of evidence, his faith in truth never deserted him ; altogether annihilating the influence of his previous impressions, and not even allowing them a presumption of innocence till proved to be guilty. His versatility of association rendered alterations of belief easier to him than to others : his feelings were not adhesive : they could without violence be transferred from one class of sentiments to another ; and accordingly, even to the period of life when old impressions become indurated, and the emotions tardy of change, he was continually modifying his convictions, adopting new views with a facility truly wonderful, quickening them with life, and carrying them out to their remoter consequences with energy and fearlessness. His defence of the doctrine of phlogiston, when discarded by all other philosophers, is the solitary instance in his life of prejudiced tenacity of opinion ; and this was evinced in the decline of life, when even to him the difficulty must have been great of admitting a new theory, and

applying it to the solution of facts which had been regarded as otherwise explained, and when, moreover, his attention had ceased to be actively directed to chemical inquiries. Any one who is aware how much the very memory of facts by the mind is dependent on the hypothesis which has been employed as the principle of their arrangement, or even as the guide to their discovery, will be disposed to treat this error rather as interesting to the mental philosopher, than as justifying the severity of the critic. The spirit of freedom and of faith which conducted him through his private inquiries, he carried out into his publication of their results. Ingenuous to himself, he was equally ingenuous to the world. He saw through the contemptible fallacies by which worldliness and imbecility would defend the suppression of opinions; ease, popularity, sectarian prosperity, he held to be bawbles compared with the duty of individual thought and speech, and sins if purchased at its expense. Not even could he think his task to society performed when he had stated and recommended the truths which he seemed to have reached: he lays before the world the whole process of his own mind; tells his difficulties, his failures, his false inferences, the hypotheses which misled as well as those which aided him; so that if his thoughts had fallen into type as they arose, they could scarcely have been more distinct. Hence he excelled much more in analytical than in synthetical composition, and seldom attempted the latter without sliding continually into the former. And whatever may be thought of their relative merits, regarded as methods of direct instruction, it cannot be doubted that the successful investigator, who has the honesty to write analytically, bequeathes in this picture of his own intellect an invaluable guide to future inquirers in the same field, and a most interesting study to the observer of the human mind.

In nothing did Dr. Priestley's mental and moral freedom more nobly manifest itself than in his *well-proportioned* love of truth. With all his diversity of pursuit, he did not think

all truth of equal importance, or deem the diffusion of useful knowledge an excuse for withholding the more useful. With all his ardour of mind, he did not look at an object till he saw nothing else, and it became his universe. He made his estimate deliberately; and he was not to be dazzled, or flattered, or laughed out of it. In his laboratory, he thought no better of chemistry than in his pulpit; and in the drawing-rooms of the French Academicians, no worse of Christianity than by the firesides of his own flock. He was never anxious to appear in either less or more than his real character. Even at the time when his name was most illustrious, and his associations the most close with the atheistical philosophers of the Continent; when he was courted by the revolutionists of England, when, by the persecution and desertion of all others, he was more especially thrown upon the sympathy of those men, and a noble and fascinating sympathy it was; when they urged him to quit the "unfruitful fields of polemical divinity, and cultivate the philosophy of which he was the father," and promised him thus an eternal fame;—he assures them that he esteems his theology of far greater importance to mankind than his science, and risks his reputation at its height, by making it the vehicle to carry the great principles of religion before the almost inaccessible mind of the sceptics of France: perceiving the affinities and analogies which subsisted between the different departments of human knowledge, he did not desire to divorce them in his own mind, and derive a separate character from each. His philosophy is replete with faith, and his faith with philosophy; his conceptions of the Creator aid him in deciphering the creation; and every discovery in creation contributes a new element to his ideas of the Creator. The changes of the universe are the movements of God; and he that contemplates them without reference to the mind of which they are expressive, might as well study the laws of human action in the gestures of an automaton.

It is impossible to make human character a study with

out being tempted to speculate on the causes of the marvellous varieties which it exhibits. That those causes are not all external to the mind scarcely admits of a doubt ; and so difficult is it to define, or even to conjecture, those which are inherent in the mental constitution, that the philosophy of individual character can hardly be said to have any existence. Priestley was an adherent of that school by which all the phenomena of mind, whether intellectual or moral, were resolved into cases of the law of association ; but why the law in question, operating on the ideas furnished by sensation, should produce results so much more widely divergent from each other than are the external circumstances of mankind, is a problem very embarrassing to the resources of this doctrine. Perhaps more might be explained by original differences of sensibility than is commonly imagined. Were it true that the affections are the results of pleasurable and painful associations, that desire is simply the idea of a pleasure, and aversion the idea of a pain, it would follow that the vividness of the affections, the strength of the desires and aversions, must depend on the vividness of the primary sensation ; in other words, that the warmth of the *moral* part of human nature must vary with the degree of original sensibility.

In this explanation, however, it is evident that no reason is involved, accounting for the relative prominence of the several moral faculties ; it is only their *absolute* strength, the amount of fervour and enthusiasm, which would be explained. Possibly, however, the theory might be carried further, so as to provide an adequate cause for several *intellectual* peculiarities. The sensations supposed to form the elements of all knowledge are received either simultaneously or successively : when several are received simultaneously, as the smell, the taste, the colour, the form, &c., of a fruit, their association together constitutes, according to this theory, our idea of an *object* ; when received successively, their association makes up the idea of an *event*. Any thing, then, which should favour the associations of

synchronous ideas, would tend to produce a knowledge of objects, a perception of qualities ; while any thing which should favour association in the successive order would tend to produce a knowledge of events, of the order of occurrences, and of the connection of cause and effect : in other words, in the one case a perceptive mind, with a discriminative feeling of the pleasurable and painful properties of things, a sense of the grand and the beautiful, would be the result ; in the other, a mind attentive to the movements and phenomena, a ratiocinative and philosophic intellect. Now it is an acknowledged principle in the philosophy of suggestion, that all sensations experienced during the presence of any vivid impression become strongly associated with it, and with each other ; and does it not follow, that the synchronous feelings of a sensitive constitution (*i.e.*, the one which has vivid impressions) will be more intimately blended than in a differently formed mind ? This suggestion involves an inference which might serve to verify or refute it ; that where nature has endowed an individual with great original susceptibility, he will probably be distinguished by fondness for natural history, a relish for the beautiful and great, and moral enthusiasm ; where there is but a mediocrity of sensibility, a love of science, of abstract truth, with a deficiency of taste and of fervour, is likely to be the result.

Might not many of Dr. Priestley's characteristics be traced, in consistency with his own philosophy, to such an original mediocrity of sensibility ?—his want of memory, to a deficient vividness in the associated ideas ?—his versatility and rapidity of association, to the absence of any strong concentrative emotion tending to arrest his thoughts at any point in a train, and to forbid them to pass on ?—the direction of his analogical power towards philosophical invention, rather than poetical imagination, to his want of perception of the beautiful ?—his evenness of temper and spirits, to a freedom from that alternate action and reaction to which susceptible minds are liable ? Perhaps even the inability

which he mentions to do any thing when hurried, might admit of a similar explanation. For what is the feeling of hurry, but a belief that an unusual exercise of vigour, a great gathering of power, must be put in requisition, in order to accomplish some desired object? And one whose uniformity of temperament gives no experience of such occasional expansion of power has no faith in its possibility, or its effect: and hence he despairs, when the man of impulse becomes inspired. We throw out these brief hints with great diffidence, for the consideration of those who feel the defects, and would improve the resources, of the association-philosophy: they can be of no further use, than to suggest something better than themselves to more competent thinkers. Our main object in the remarks which have been made on Priestley has been, to revive the memory of a great man, at a period more favourable than any since his death to a just estimate of his character; to furnish a faithful delineation of his whole mind; to aid in determining his true position among the benefactors of mankind; and define his claims on the veneration of his country. If we have in any degree succeeded in these objects, it will be no slight satisfaction to have performed some little part of the act of posthumous justice due from this generation.

II.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.*

IN the preparation of these volumes Mr. Stanley had to perform a sad and solemn task. To present to the world the last glimpse of one who had been its benefactor, is at all times a melancholy office. But it is a bitter grief to do this for one whose past performance, admirable in itself, was less great than his future promise, and on whom men looked as yet with expectant, rather than with grateful eye. England was not prepared to lose Arnold; and finds it hard to accept his final image from his biographer, in place of much fruitful work from himself. Under the pressure of occupations that would exhaust the energy of ordinary men, he had not only meditated, but in part achieved, a system of designs by which the historical, philosophical, and Christian literature of his country would have been permanently enriched, and the spirit of its social life sensibly elevated. Just as he was raised into a position promising to render his industry and enthusiasm most rapidly productive, he has vanished from our hopes; and instead of those priceless stores of uncommunicated wisdom, the leaves

* "The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford." By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. In two Volumes. Fellowes. 1844.—*Prospective Review*, February, 1845.

casually scattered from his table are gathered together, and presented as his last memorial. In the midst of the third act the curtain has suddenly dropped ; and rises only to show us the noble form, lately kindling with humane and earnest speech, now stretched in the silence of death.

Happily, however, it is only in the case of ordinary men that the value of a life can be measured by its *quantity*. The almost infinite worth to us of such a mind as Arnold's depends upon its *quality* ; and if it only remains and toils in our midst long enough to show us the spirit and manner of its work, its highest function is performed. Let the deep game of life be played with a divine skill, and we must not complain though the calculable stake which is won in our behalf be only nominal. However great the loss of Arnold's Roman History, it is as nothing to the wealth he leaves us in this Biography. From what a good man *does* there is no higher lesson to be learned than what he *is* ; his workmanship interests and profits us as an expression of himself, and would become dead and indifferent to us, if, instead of being a human creation, it were the product of some mechanical necessity. That Arnold has lived, and shown how much nobleness and strength may maintain itself in an age of falsehood, negligence, and pretence,—with this let us rest and be thankful.

The work before us is essentially an autobiography. The letters, which form its chief portion, extend from the year 1817 to 1842 : and they present so vivid and complete an impression of the writer throughout the changes of his career and the ripening of his character, that little occasion remained for their editor to appear as an original biographer. He has had the rare modesty and merit to perceive this ; and in the chapters of his own, by which we are introduced to the several periods of the correspondence, every thing is kept in strict subordination to the legitimate purpose of the book : he evidently had no desire but to make us know the subject of his Memoirs ; and the affectionate singleness of his aim was itself an adequate security

for tact and success in its accomplishment. There are indeed traces of abstinence and self-restraint in the treatment of his materials, for which we honour him. Nothing would have been easier than to have created private heart-burnings and sectarian animosities by the indiscreet use of such letters as Arnold's ;—letters full of reference to every controversy of the day, and passing the freest judgment on most of the conspicuous actors in Church or State. Mr. Stanley's good taste has conducted him wisely through a very delicate task. If we were disposed to find any fault with its execution, we should complain that he has not told us more of the personal habits and minuter traits which so materially help us to conceive the physiognomy of a character. The few things of this kind which he has given us constitute most delightful elements in our image of Arnold ;—his sofa full of books, his boyish play, his daily walk beside the pony, his mountaineering rambles ; and we would fain have known his time of rising and of rest, the distribution of his hours, his method of study and composition, his love or disregard of external order, and such other trivial particulars as might complete the lineaments of his familiar life. Details of this kind, always full of expressiveness, are especially needed in a Life, the interest of which is that of portraiture, not of history. There is an entire absence from this biography of all outward incident and adventure. Even the ordinary struggles are wanting, through which men of thought and capacity, wrestling with poverty, or restrained by the singularities of their own genius, finally establish themselves in a professional career. There is not a single passage of suffering,—not a momentary crisis of difficulty,—nothing like a dramatic attitude of events, from the opening to the close. Arnold's way was quietly opened before him from year to year, and he had only to occupy the successive positions into which the most commonplace external causes threw him. At no time was it his task to choose a lot, with the world before him ; but, what is more difficult, to travel on a routine

path, without contracting the routine spirit, to keep the high-road of life, unsoiled by its dust, unexhausted by its heat, and pressing on to the last with all the freshness of an explorer. He was one who could be a hero without romance. To him "the narrow way that leadeth unto life" was no mountain by-path of existence, but just the personal track each faithful pilgrim may pursue (though few, alas ! there be that find it) on the same "broad road" by which many pass to their destruction.

It has been remarked, that a large proportion of the men who have obtained distinction in the world, have been the last members of a large, or, as the Irish expressively term it, a *long* family. Among the English aristocracy this is the natural consequence of the law of primogeniture, and the practices connected with it, which throw the younger sons into professions requiring, for their successful exercise, a healthy culture of personal qualities. In the middle class it must arise from the less anxious and elaborate care, the freer hand usually applied by parents to their latest than to their earliest charge. There is thus a larger proportion of self-formation in the character, and the natural forces of the mind, exempt from the repression of system, display themselves, with less perhaps of the harmony that constitutes personal well-being, but with more of the strength which makes them effective on society. Arnold, the seventh child in a family early orphaned, was no exception to this rule. From childhood his mind seems to have been directed, rather than constrained ; and, even during the eight years spent at Warminster and Winchester schools, to have indicated that eager and exclusive interest in every thing *human*, which at once disqualified him for eminence in Philology, in Science, in Metaphysics, and constituted his greatness as an Historian, a Politician, and a Divine. Ballad poetry, dramatic representation, history, and geography, every thing which brought before his conception life and its scenery, had irresistible attractions even for his boyhood. With what remarkable tact

this sympathy enabled him to detect what was untrue to nature in the legends of nations, is manifest from the following sentence, written when he was fourteen years old :—
“ I verily believe, that half at least of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated : how far different are the modest, unaffected, and impartial narrations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.”
(Vol. I. p. 5.)

His studies at Oxford tended to confirm his *Realism* of character. The neglect prevailing there of all formal science, with exception of the Deductive Logic, and the ascendant influence of Aristotle among the great masters of thought, and Thucydides among the models of history, combined with the vehement state controversies of the day, and the exciting progress of the Peninsular war, to engage his enthusiasm with practical questions of society and government, and to strengthen his inaptitude for poetical or speculative thought. In the private friendships, indeed, which he formed in the little circle of Corpus Christi, there was much to counteract the objective and prosaic cast of his character ; his love especially for Keble and Mr. (now Justice) Coleridge, brought him under the influence of two minds, both of great richness, whose highest qualities formed the complement to his own. The first reverence with which an affectionate spirit looks up to one who is strong where it is weak, and light where it is dark, is often the birth-hour of its deep religious life : the throbbing vital action in which the soul opens its chrysalis of sleepy and stationary habit, and assumes its free and winged state, amid the sunshine and the air of heaven. So it seems to us to have been with Arnold. His understanding was too robust, and his moral affections too decided, to be turned from their natural direction by any external agency ; but his college attachments mingled an element of humility and devotion with a mental activity else too hardy and dogmatical ; gave him the feeling of a sphere of truth and beauty different from his own ; and

habituated his mind to that upward look of trust and wonder, which is not indeed piety itself, but is as truly its genuine antecedent, as the raised hat and subdued foot-fall on entering a church are the natural prelude to the hour of prayer and aspiration. The influence of these associates, however, though touchingly referred to in later years, was imperfectly acknowledged at the time; the external form of his opinions and the habits of his intellect seemed to be engaged in constantly withstanding it. He was characterized by a vehement, and even disputatious independence; he apparently adhered to his utilitarian, rather than æsthetic estimate of the studies and attainments of the place; insensible to the beauty of the Greek drama, which was too much a beauty of *form* to please a perception fond of the depth of human colouring, and slighting refined and fastidious scholarship, on the plea of preferring the study of *things* to that of *words*. Yet he entered his college a Jacobin, and quitted it a high Tory: he became a convert to the rigorous discipline by which a taste for philological niceties is formed; he permitted his theological doubts to be overawed and stifled by the remonstrance which Mr. Keble addressed, not to his reason, but to his fears and his affections; and in other ways gave symptoms of being now, for the first time, *subdued* into an apprehension of a wisdom not his own, and led by the power of an unconscious deference. Indeed, with some apparent dogmatism, Arnold appears from this time to have been exceedingly susceptible to influence from any man "rich in the combined and indivisible love of truth and goodness." No sooner did he exchange the society of Corpus Christi for that of Oriel, on his election to his fellowship, than a fresh series of changes became apparent in his views: in the presence of Davison, Copplestone, Whately, he felt the irresistible action of a new intellectual climate; and the seeds of all his characteristic beliefs, productive afterwards of fruit so wholesome, rapidly germinated and struck root. His abhorrence of sacerdotal religion, his conception of a Christian πολιτεία,

his appreciation of the origin in human nature, and dangers in human society, of Conservation on the one hand and Jacobinism on the other, all date from the time of his connection with Oriël : and much of the character of his future works is, perhaps, referable to the fact, that their materials were mainly collected during this period, and were results of his reading in the Oxford libraries, whilst he was in the enjoyment of his fellowship. Even where his subsequent opinions deviated from the standard of the Oriël school of liberal divines, we may trace the operation of a new influence ; his veneration for Niebuhr and Bunsen completing the elevation of that structure of conviction of which the ground-plan had been traced in intimacy with Whately ; and imparting an historic richness and Gothic sanctity to a system of thought having its foundations in philosophy. To this succession of admirations and their powerful but healthful agency upon him, he beautifully alludes in a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge apparently justifying himself from the charge of a presumptuous mental independence. The date is January 26th, 1840.

“ Your letter interested me very deeply, and I have thought over what you say very often. Yet I believe that no man’s mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been in the course of my life, from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever submitted to another with the same complete deference as I did to you when I was an undergraduate. So, afterwards, I looked up to Davison with exceeding reverence,—and to Whately. Nor do I think that Keble himself has lived on in more habitual respect and admiration than I have, only the object of these feelings have been very different. At this day I could sit at Bunsen’s feet and drink in wisdom with almost intense reverence. But I cannot reverence the men that Keble reverences ; and how does he feel to Luther and Milton ? It gives me no pain and no scruple whatever to differ from those whom, after the most deliberate judgment that I can form, I cannot find to be worthy of admiration. Nor does their number affect me, when all are manifestly under the same influences, and no one seems to be

a master-spirit, fitted to lead amongst men. But with wise men in the way of their wisdom, it would give me very great pain to differ; I can say that truly with regard to your uncle, even more with regard to Niebuhr. . . .

"I was brought up in a strong Tory family; the first impressions of my own mind shook my merely received impressions to pieces, and at Winchester I was well-nigh a Jacobin. At sixteen, when I went up to Oxford, all the influences of the place, which I loved exceedingly, your influence above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and made me again a Tory. I used to speak strong Toryism to the old Attic Society, and greedily did I read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough Royalist. Then came the Peace, when Napoleon was put down, and the Tories had it their own way. Nothing shook my Toryism more than the strong Tory sentiments that I used to hear at —, though I liked the family exceedingly. But I heard language at which my organ of justice stood aghast, and which, the more I read of the Bible, seemed to me more and more unchristian. I could not but go on inquiring, and I do feel thankful that now for some years past I have been living, not in scepticism, but in a very sincere faith which embraces most unreservedly those great truths, divine and human, which the highest authorities, divine and human, seem concurringly to teach."—Vol. II. p. 190.

There is one instance in which this openness to persuasion through his affections appears to us to have impaired the simplicity and clearness of Arnold's conscience. We say this with absolute sorrow of a man whose memory we love with devotion almost unreserved. We say it with self-distrust, because conscious that, in bringing a charge of doctrinal partiality, we may not ourselves be sufficiently without sin to cast the first stone. Still, we cannot satisfy ourselves that Arnold got rid of his doubts about the Trinity by fair means: and in the advice given to him on the subject, we see so much of the mischievous sophistry and dishonest morality current on these matters among divines, that we feel bound to enter our protest as we pass. When he was about to resign his fellowship and take orders, previous to his marriage, he found his course embarrassed

by doubts as to the doctrine of the Trinity. With the moral clearness and simplicity which invariably distinguished his natural judgments, he was willing to accept the doubt as a voice of God, and make a reverent pause in his career, while he listened to it, and pondered its intimations. But he was surrounded by associates who were incapable of appreciating such a state of mind,—who lifted their hands in pious horror at his perplexity, and treated it as the first coil of the old serpent lurking, as of old, in the path of a guilty curiosity. How little sympathy, and how much misdirection, he met with at this trying crisis of his life, will be apparent from the following passage of a letter, addressed (evidently by Keble) to Mr. Justice Coleridge, February 14th, 1819:—

“I have not talked with Arnold lately on the distressing thoughts which he wrote to you about, but I am fearful, from his manner at times, that he has by no means got rid of them, though I feel quite confident that all will be well in the end. The subject of them is that most awful one, on which all *very* inquisitive, reasoning minds are, I believe, most liable to such temptations,—I mean the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. Do not start, my dear Coleridge : I do not believe that Arnold has serious scruples of the *understanding* about it, but it is a defect of his mind, that he cannot get rid of a certain feeling of objections,—and particularly when, as he fancies, the bias is so strong upon him to decide one way from interest : he scruples doing what I advise him, which is, to put down the objections by main force, whenever they arise in his mind, fearful that in so doing he shall be violating his conscience for a maintenance’ sake. I am still inclined to think with you, that the wisest thing he could do would be to take John M. (a young pupil whom I was desirous of placing under his care) and a curacy somewhere or other, and cure himself, not by physic, i.e. reading and controversy, but by diet and regimen, i.e. holy living.”—Vol. I. p. 21.

The sacerdotal sophistry of this letter is so complete and characteristic, that the subsequent career of the writer seems to be almost prefigured in it. To quench by the

“main force” of an idolatrous reverence the truthful aspirations of a holy spirit, and suppress the starts of a waking conscience by the hideous nightmare of church power, is the grand aim of the school to which he belongs ; and the perverseness with which he here designates the purest sincerity as “*a defect of Arnold’s mind,*” counsels a sceptical man to “take a curacy” *in order to believe* the doctrines he is to teach, and calls the dishonest stifling of thought in action “holy living,” is singularly symptomatic of the moral blindness to which superstition inevitably tends. We are far from denying that there are cases of embarrassed thought, in which the advice here given would be the best, and the only cure must be sought in active duty, not in lonely meditation. We admit the error of treating all sorts of doubt indiscriminately as mere affairs of the intellect, determinable by pure reasoning, and equally possible to every condition of the character and will. Unquestionably, the effect upon a man of what is called “evidence” depends, in subjects of a moral nature, not less upon the susceptibility of his conscience and affections, than on the acuteness of his understanding ; and any one who forbids us ever to judge others by their belief, and requires from us an equal sympathy for all states of mind consistent with good conduct, is deluded by the cant of a philosophy which he himself neither does nor can reduce to practice. There is no more full and direct expression of a man’s whole mind than the faith by which he lives ; and by this, better than by any single symptom, do we know one another, and keep apart in strangeness, or draw together in love. But there is a distinction to be drawn between spiritual and simply historical religion,—and between doubts arising from spiritual obtuseness, and those which are due to want of historical light. Religion, we conceive, like morals and physics, has *first* truths, which are incapable of being *derived* from anything more certain than themselves,—which the human mind, at a particular point of its development, invariably

recognizes, and the intuition of which is a direct result of the activity of its highest faculties. As no one without senses could ascertain the reality of matter, or without self-consciousness become aware of the existence of mind, so no one without moral perceptions and desires could learn the being or feel the presence of a God. Believing the knowledge of him to be in direct proportion, not to the sharpness of the intellect, but to the purity, depth, and earnestness of the heart, we can understand why a moral remedy, rather than a speculative discipline, should be prescribed for the genuine atheist, and he should be desired to do the Will ere he deny the Agency of God. With one who questions a *first* truth, you *can* do nothing but improve his mental aptitude for apprehending it. But who can affirm that the doctrine of the Trinity stands in this predicament? Who can say that there is any condition of the character to which it becomes self-evident?—that the numerical analysis of Deity is “experimentally” revealed through the moral dispositions? The doctrine, as its supporters are the most eager to aver, is wholly the result of external testimony, and on the right reading of that testimony depends its truth or falsehood. If it be said that an indisposition to receive it may arise from a mean repugnance to anything wonderful and great, and a propensity to make everything comprehensible, that we may have the less that is adorable, even this, which in other cases is a misrepresentation, is in Arnold’s instance inapplicable: for Mr. Justice Coleridge expressly assures us, that his doubts “were not low nor rationalistic in their tendency, according to the bad sense of that term: there was no indisposition in him to belief merely because the article transcended his reason; he doubted the proof and the interpretation of the textual authority.” (Vol. I. p. 20.)

How could doubts like these, not arising from deficient idealism and love, having confessedly no “wilful” origin, be justly treated as wicked “temptations,” and legitimately

resisted by prayer and practice? Can a change in the moral state settle a question of disputed interpretation? Will active life improve the exegetic skill? Will a batch of hard work enable a man to punctuate Timothy, explain *ἄρπαγμα*, and penetrate the true meaning of the Paraclete? Can parish duty remove obscurity from the proem of John? and a curacy demonstrate the Athanasian Creed? What can be more evident than that the advice given to Arnold was good for stifling the doubt, bad for reaching the truth? It is as if Mr. Justice Coleridge were to decide a question of law by shutting his ears (per "main force") against one half the pleadings, nightly remembering the others in his prayers, refusing to consult his books of precedents, and submitting the matter to the ordeal of a brisk walk. Unhappily, the solemn sophistry, recommended by the entreaties of friendship, and decorated with the phrases of academical devotion, appears to have imposed upon Arnold. Mr. Justice Coleridge refers "*the conclusion of these doubts*" to a later period of his life, "when his mind had not become weaker, nor his pursuit of truth less honest or ardent, but when his abilities were matured, his knowledge greater, his judgment more sober." We know not how to avoid the obvious inference from this statement, that Arnold's doubts did not vanish till long after he had assumed the clerical office; that he was ordained in the midst of them; that he signed the Articles first, and believed them afterwards. This indeed is painfully evident from the date of Mr. Keble's letter descriptive of his state of mind; for at the time when it was written, he had already been in holy orders for two months, having received ordination in December, 1818. Are we not justified in saying, that he admitted the influence of others to have an improper suffrage in matters where his own conscience would have been the better guide? What sort of "*holy living*" must that be, which, as advised by the saintliest of his friends, could be entered only through an inauguration of falsehood and pretence? And when disingenuousness

like this can be advised by Keble, practised by Arnold, applauded by Mr. Justice Coleridge, and tacitly approved by Mr. Stanley, what must we surmise as to the morality of opinion within the Church, and what value can be attached to the apparent testimony of its learning and its worth to the doctrines it upholds with so proud a dignity?

Questionable practice is the natural source of sophistical theory: and it is not wonderful that this one weak point in Arnold's life should entail a corresponding unsoundness in his notions of subscription to articles of faith. Of this act he defended the lax construction by which alone he could have found admission into the Church; a construction *so* lax, that his apology for it fills us with astonishment and shame. His doctrine and example on this point, recommended by his general simplicity and integrity, are likely to be widely injurious; and, thrown into the balance against wavering principle, have already, we have reason to believe, determined many a youth to an evasive conformity. If the question could be submitted to the simple, veracious perceptions of a child, whether a man may not declare his belief in some things which he disbelieves, there would be no fear; the very question would be seen to be immoral, and one on which no argument could even be innocently heard. If it were submitted only to men of strong sense and intellect wholly unsuborned, there would be no fear; they would see straight through the hollow ingenuities interposed to colour and distort the truth. But there are weak, bewildered minds, to whom a pleasant fallacy comes with all the force of conviction; uneasy from the wish to serve two masters; too scrupulous to make a deceitful profession, but ready to hear evidence in favour of its honesty; shrinking from the positive approaches of falsehood, yet looking after it with lust of the eye; and these half-souls are they for whom Arnold's guidance in this matter is dangerous. With the perverseness of those who search the lessons of life for justification of their weak-

nèss, rather than for the ennobling of their strength, they will appropriate the one only dishonest comfort that can be gathered from a good man's history ; flattering themselves that they are wiser by his wisdom, and holier by his faithfulness, they will be but partners in his infirmity, and victims of his mistake.

Arnold's practical morality on the matter of subscription and confessions appears from the following sentences :—

"I do not believe the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, under any qualification given of them, except such as substitute for them propositions of a wholly different character. . . . *But I read* the Athanasian Creed, and have and would again subscribe the Article about it."—Vol. II. p. 120.

It is to be presumed that, in reading the Creed, Dr. Arnold did not omit the "damnatory clauses." Then he publicly pronounced a most solemn anathema of which he did not believe a word ! He asserted a thing to be "above all things necessary to salvation," which he did not suppose to be necessary at all ! He warned many a hearer, that "without doubt he should perish everlastingly," apprehending all the while no danger whatsoever ! Nothing surely but the terrible paralysis of custom could deaden a man's sense of the guilt of so great a mockery. Were he to hurry through his task lest he should be struck dumb in the midst, we should scarcely think it an unnatural superstition. Apart from all question as to the engagements made at his ordination, it is a shocking Jesuitry to maintain that a clergyman—instructor of the people's conscience and messenger of their prayers—need not assent to the promise or the curse he utters in the hour of worship, and may innocently invite his hearers to stand up with him before God, and take lying judgments upon their lips.

And what is the plea put forth to blunt the edge of our natural indignation at such laxity ?

"I have and would again subscribe the Article about it [the

Athanasian Creed], because I do not conceive the clauses in question to be essential parts of it. . . . I do not imagine that the Article about the Creed was intended in the least to refer to the clauses.”—Vol. II. pp. 120, 121.

Be it so : what does this amount to but the plea, “I *never engaged to believe* these falsehoods, so why should I object to utter them?” Is insincerity then quite allowable, except where a man has contracted to avoid it? And are the words of holy men to be no index to their minds unless a truthful intent has been written in the bond? The obligation to guileless veracity does not arise from ordination promises and doctrinal subscription, and does not stop where they happen to terminate. Take away Articles, signature, vows altogether, and it is no less a duty than before, for a man to say only the thing he truly means. His added pledge is but a recognition of the antecedent obligation, an assurance to others that he owns the justice of their moral expectations, and has a sense of right and fidelity concurrent with their own.

But let us even accept Arnold’s mode of putting the case, and see whether Churchmen such as he can be justified in signing the eighth Article, which is as follows :—

“The three Creeds, Nicene Creed, Athanasius’s Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles’ Creed, ought *thoroughly* to be received and believed ; for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.”

Arnold resolves the Athanasian Creed into two parts ; one defining the doctrine of the Trinity ; the other defining the Divine purpose with respect to unbelievers in it : the one therefore referring to the psychological nature, the other to the moral character of God ; the one pronouncing on the mysteries of his Absolute Essence, the other on the principles of his Relative conduct and sentiments towards men. Strangely inverting the comparative importance of these, Arnold decides that the incomprehensible metaphysics are the essential part,—the intelligible declara-

tions of law, the non-essential : and he argues, "I believe the former, I do not believe the latter ; so I may say that I believe the creed '*thoroughly*.'" And is there the least ground, except in the convenience of half-believers, for this dismemberment of the Creed? Not the slightest. The "damnatory clauses" are not only inseparably interwoven with it, beginning, middle, and end, but logically constitute the substantive affirmation of the whole document, of which the statement of the "Catholic Faith" is but a dependent and subordinate member. Perhaps, however, there may be *historical* reasons for Arnold's view, not apparent from the mere structure of this formulary. Let us hear :—

"I do not conceive the clauses in question were retained deliberately by our Reformers after the propriety of retaining or expunging them had been distinctly submitted to their minds. They retained the Creed, I doubt not, deliberately ; to show that they wished to keep the faith of the general Church in matters relating to the Arian, Macedonian, Nestorian, Eutychian and Socinian controversies ; and, as they did not scruple to burn Arians, so neither would they be likely to be shocked by the damnatory clauses against them ; but I do not imagine that the Article about the Creed was intended in the least to refer to the clauses, as if they supposed that a man might embrace the rest of the Creed, and yet reject them. Nor do I think that the Reformers, or the best and wisest men of the Church since, would have objected to any man's subscription, if they had conceived such a case ; but would have said, 'What we mean you to embrace is the belief of the general Church, as expressed in the three Creeds, with regard to the points, many of them having been disputed, on which those Creeds pronounce : the degree of blamableness in those who do not embrace this belief is another matter, on which we do not intend to speak, particularly in this Article.' I do not think that there is anything evasive or unfair in this."—Vol. II. p. 121.

A thoughtful man must assuredly be very hard-pressed, before he could produce so extraordinary an argument as

this. In the times of the Reformers, it appears, there were two grades of certainty felt as to Christian doctrine. Some points had been disputed, and were known to be in peril from the variable movements of opinion : others had never been called in question, and remained fixed in unconscious security as the faith of Christendom. The doctrine of the Trinity was among the former ; the perdition of heretics and unbelievers among the latter. The Reformers were well acquainted with Arian and Socinian perverseness,—and had perhaps not been without difficulties on these matters themselves : but that misbelievers must be damned, is a thing which they never supposed that anybody could doubt. They burned Arians without scruple ; and made sure that God would burn them too. Upon both these elements of their belief, the questioned and the unquestioned, they have left us their mind ; what reception are we to give it, when we bind ourselves to their formularies ? Arnold's decision is,—“We must adopt their *opinions* ; but we may freely throw away their *certainities* : what they knew to be *mutable*, we must not presume to change ; what they supposed to be *immutable*, we may alter as we please.” Is it conceivable that the founders of the Reformed Churches, while binding their followers on all debated matters, meant to leave them free on all the questions which no scepticism had yet dared to approach ? True, they did not contemplate the particular case of half-belief which now arises, and made no special provision to meet it. But a man may abstain from taking security for either of two reasons, because he is willing to make us a present, or because he is assured we shall acknowledge the debt. Arnold admits the profoundness and unconsciousness of the Reformers' trust, and gives it as a reason for cheating them of their obedience, and pocketing a license which they never left. And he thinks there is “nothing evasive or unfair in this” !

In other passages he defends the acceptance of holy orders by men who “cannot yield an active belief to the

words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true," on the ground that, without this latitude, "the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds, or dull consciences: of dull, nay almost of dishonest minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if, exercising their minds freely, and yet believing that the Church requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their own convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite." (Vol. II. p. 173.)

The reasoning of this passage, if we understand it, proceeds thus: The Church must have men of active minds; only men of dull minds can sign the Articles with full belief; therefore the Church must have *men who sign the Articles without full belief*. But these men must also have lively consciences: if they take signature to denote full belief, they must have dull consciences to sign without it; therefore they should think that signature does *not* denote full belief. Unhappily, however, this *à priori* argument lands us in conclusions wholly at variance with fact. The Church has not left her intent as to the Articles and Liturgy, and the degree of assent demanded to them, a matter of doubtful inference. The thirty-sixth Canon orders that "no person shall be received into the ministry,"—"except he shall first subscribe to these three Articles following, in such manner and sort as we have here appointed."

1. The declaration of supremacy, which it is needless to cite.

"2. That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, *containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God*, &c.

"3. That he alloweth the Book of *Articles of Religion* agreed upon by the Archbishops, &c. ; and that he acknowledgeth *all and every* the Articles therein contained, being in number nine-and-thirty, besides the Ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

“To these three Articles, whosoever will subscribe, he shall, *for the avoiding of all ambiguities*, subscribe in this order, and form of words, setting down both his Christian and surname, viz. : ‘I, N. N., do willingly and *ex animo* subscribe to these three Articles above mentioned, and to all things that are contained in them.’”

All argument against the necessity of *ex animo* subscription being set aside by this Canon, Dr. Arnold has only put it in the power of opponents to retort upon the Church thus:—All clergymen must declare their full assent to the Articles and Liturgy: in doing this, they either honestly believe them throughout, or they do not: if they do, they are men of “dull minds”; if they do not, they are men of “dull consciences”; therefore “the Church can receive into its ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences.” And is it not undeniable that, in fact, the entrance into her service, smooth and easy to thoughtless mediocrity and worldly ambition, is beset by scruples and difficulties, chiefly for men of intellectual genius and moral earnestness? A Beresford and a Blomfield glide in with complacent smiles; an Arnold passes with reluctant starts, and bitter conflicts, and many a pause of prayer and fear. They carry with them the undisturbed consistency so easy to minds without lofty aspiration, and are of no dimmer sight or less graceful movement than before: but he has withstood the repugnance of his noble nature, and a speck is thenceforth fixed on his intellectual clearness, which, at one part of his course of thought, compels him to feel his way along the conventional path, and restrains the free step with which elsewhere he pursues “in open vision” only what is great and true.

For nine years after his ordination, Arnold was settled, as private tutor, at Laleham, near Staines: mingling, with the duties of his own house, no slight share of aid to the curate of the parish, in the church, the workhouse, and the cottage. The period was one of little incident, but of the deepest moment in his internal history. It was his initiation into

the real business of life, and showed at once the masterly hand with which he was to rule its affairs and manage its responsibilities. It was the commencement of his most sacred domestic ties, and bears traces of the genial ripening of his character beneath the warmth of new affections. It witnessed the beginning of all his literary undertakings, and the completion of his articles on Roman History in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. It introduced him to the knowledge of Niebuhr, whose influence was thenceforth to constitute so large an element in his mental progress. But the great function of this time was to establish the real seat of Arnold's strength ; it became evident at once that he was at home, not in the cloister, but in the city and the field : respectable in scholarship, insensible to art, undistinguished in philosophy, he was great in action. His sphere was not large : but the healthy vigour which he infused into the whole ; the moral earnestness which put pupils, household, almost the village, under his control ; the quantity of *work* of all sorts which he got through himself, and inspired others to achieve, indicated the remarkable capacity for *government*, which dictated his early longing for a statesman's life. And, as is usual in such cases, the expansion of the leading faculty, instead of overwhelming, reawakened all the rest : the more he *did*, the more also he *thought* and *felt* ; reflection and emotion deepening and widening through the materials of an outward industry, which, he sometimes feared, would stifle them. Archbishop Whately had early pointed out the indications, in Arnold's fellowship examination, of a remarkable faculty of mental *growth*. We doubt whether the prediction, true as it was, would have been conspicuously fulfilled, if he had remained within the walls of a college. In him, intellect and affection waited upon the conscience and the Will ; and became great and rich and tender in the divine hardships of duty, and the strenuous service of God. During the years spent at Laleham, especially the earlier ones, there are many marks of crude, unmellowed feeling, of conventional sentiment, of

prosaic and utilitarian estimates of human interests. The thoughts with which he anticipates his married lot (Vol. I. p. 60) are after the most ordinary fashion of moralizing. His views in the choice of a profession are according to the approved canons of spiritual prudence ; and he takes to the Church, not so much inspired by the high aims of a holy calling, as from the wish for an asylum (Vol. I. p. 53) from moral danger, *μη σεβάσεως, ἀλλ' ἀσκήσεως ἕνεκα*. Even his sermons contain more profit-and-loss religion than consists with the nobleness of his later Christianity ; as in p. 243, where "the good which a man may get from acting" on holy principle is made to depend on its "lasting for ever," instead of "being over in less than a hundred years." And finally, his style—that unerring expression of a man's whole spiritual nature—was at this time rude and shapeless, marked by a certain business-like simplicity and directness, but destitute of the force given by the under-play of a living enthusiasm beneath the dry matter of the composition. The fuel, however, of his central being was kindled ; life, like a glowing furnace, rose to a higher and higher intensity, and penetrated with a glorious heat even his originally colder and remoter faculties ; till his whole nature was fused into one living mass, radiating force and fire throughout the sphere of his activity.

It was not till he assumed his office as head master of Rugby School, that all the energy and greatness of his character were fully brought out. The fourteen years which he spent there, were in all respects the most memorable of his career ; showing how, amid many discouragements and frequent loneliness in his favourite aims, he could prevail over the heaviest tasks submitted to his hands, and the most plausible sophistries competing for his mind. We must dismiss with few words the whole subject of his School management. It is admitted on all hands, that he turned to the best account all the elements of good in the English system of public schools, and struggled manfully and with unexampled success against its peculiar evils. His general

theory of his office may be stated thus:—the peculiar character of the *English gentleman* being assumed as an historical datum, the aim of education should be to penetrate and pervade this with a spirit of Christian self-regulation. He was aware how great was the revolution implied in the accomplishment of this end; that moral heroism must take the place of feudal independence; devout allegiance, of personal self-will; respect for faithful work, of the ambition for careless idleness; manly simplicity and earnestness, of gentlemanly *poco-curanteism*; the true shame for evil, of the false shame for good; that contempt of pleasure must be added to the contempt of danger and of pain; and courage to defy corrupt fashion and opinion, to the hardihood which resists the aggressions of unjust authority. With numbers of his scholars he doubtless realized a near approximation to his aim; with none, perhaps, did he wholly fail; for he strongly marked, and rendered unmistakably felt, the evils with which he was resolved to contend, and by which he would never be baffled. There was no hope that he would ever connive at anything false or wrong; there was no fear that he would overlook or desert any faithful will, striving with limited powers within, or the jeers of low ridicule without. There was established an absolute confidence in his truth and justice: every culprit felt the shadow of his frown, every clear conscience the assurance of his protection. His attention was not reserved for pupils of remarkable attainments and brilliant promise, who might reward his assiduity by conferring distinction on their instructor. None were so loved and honoured as those who persisted in laborious effort without the power or talent to win admiration and command success; of such a one he said, "I could stand before that man, *hat in hand*." And if, amid the host of the foolish and corrupt, there appeared any

"Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified";

he was secure of Arnold's exulting sympathy, and, as "he passed long way through hostile scorn," might hear in heart his voice of blessing,

"Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth."

The personal qualities of Arnold were eminently fitted to give success to these high aims and noble sympathies. Frank, brave, guileless, he mingled no moroseness with his moral severity, no weakness with his pity, no secrecy with his vigilance. His joyous and trustful nature had never divested itself of the best attributes of boyhood, but simply added to them the wisdom and the strength of manhood. His elastic spirits, his vivacity of expression, his love of the open air and all athletic sports, were no inconsiderable qualifications for obtaining the admiration of boys ; and, above all, he wholly lost sight of *himself*, and never gave occasion for even the perversest spirit to suspect that his battle with school evils was a contest for personal dignity or power ; in his dominance over wrong, he was himself but *serving* the right. But the most vivid individual character could not directly reach the multitude collected in a public school. In the chapel, indeed, they were all submitted immediately to his most powerful influence, and the constancy and fervour with which he availed himself of this means of discipline are known to all who are familiar with his Rugby Sermons. At this moment, no poem, no biography, actual or possible, occurs to us, which we had rather read, than the secret spirit-history of that chapel. The many-coloured thoughts, evanescent, it may be, but not traceless, of those young hearts ; the dark, obdurate will, struck by the sudden flash, then closing sullenly again ; the light, unstable mind, fluttered with momentary shame ; the first sense of lost innocence, awakening the sorrowful images of too happy sisters, and mother

with no reproaches on her face ; the manly pity for a younger brother newly come, and high resolves, were it only for his sake ; the eager outlook into life, deep in its early flush of glory ; the opening awe, the thrilling touch, of things invisible ; the dawning perception of the divineness of Christ, and nearness of the living God ; the tumultuous grief roused by the funeral bell, or the solemn wonder, as if it swung in the air of eternity, and made the dead silence speak,—all these primal stirrings of expanding life contain the profoundest interest and beauty, both as prophetic of a most various human growth, and as attesting the heathful power of the soul creating it.

In connection with this part of Arnold's labours, we have seen new reason to justify an old admiration for a religious rite prevailing in most of the Protestant churches,—the practice of *Confirmation*. We have no sympathy, indeed, with the form which it assumes in the English Church ; we acknowledge the admixture with it of false and pernicious moral ideas ; we object to its use, as an appendage to the ceremony of Baptism, and its connection with the superstitions represented by that word. Still, when stripped of ritual and traditional adhesions, it represents a momentous fact in the religious life of individuals, and helps to turn that fact to its proper account. There is a period, extending some years beyond mere infancy, of imperfect and inchoate responsibility, during which the unreflecting play of instinctive feeling constitutes the *moving force*, and external restraint prescribed by others affords the *regulative principle*, of all our activity : the child is delivered over for guidance to his parents and protectors, with whom rests the largest share of accountability for what he is, for what he believes, for what he loves. This period passes away ; and another comes, in which the instinctive temptations become more dangerous, and less within reach of outward rule and authority ; but at the same time the faculties needed for self-guidance rapidly approach their full dimensions : reflective self-consciousness deepens, manifesting

itself under the form of mere shyness in ordinary natures, of boastful and irreverent license in bad ones, of moral thoughtfulness in minds of higher tone: the knowledge of good and evil, and the force of the electing will, assume new precision and strength; and the objects both of human admiration and of religious faith become the centres of more intent inspection and earnest wonder. The transition from one of these periods to the other is perhaps the greatest spiritual crisis of human life; the turn of the tide, when we quit the haven and drift to the unstable sea, with or without the compass for dark nights, and the eye skilled to steer by the eternal stars. We would mark, with devout recognition, this era of experience; give voice, method, and direction to its tumultuous emotions; bring its burning aspirations to merge in the cool ascending breath of prayer; distinctly present the young disciple, fast becoming one of us, before the Master at whose feet he is to sit, and the God whose still, small voice he is to hear. True, the step into this full responsibility is not instantaneous, and can have no exact date assigned to it; and no turn should be given to a confirmation service, implying that personal accountability is *postponed* till its arrival. But exaggerations of this kind are easily avoided, so as to render such a rite truly symbolical of the fact; and, with such provision, we would fain, by some Christian consecration, claim for good the young romance of life, and turn the seasonable bloom of nature into fruitful flowers of pure faith.

With all the aids of the chapel services, Arnold could not bring his personal influence to bear immediately upon many of the scholars. Without some interposed medium between himself and the multitude of boys, it was impossible to propagate the power of his ideas and principles throughout the school. For this end, he not only availed himself of the coöperation of the Assistant Masters, but, bringing the Sixth Form or Præpostors into close connection with himself, invested them with larger powers and more direct responsibilities of control over the younger pupils than they

had possessed before. This system offered, doubtless, the best chance of introducing some approach to moral government into the wild elements of a public school ; and infused a wholesome action of the ἀριστοι into the combination usually presented in such an institution, of turbulent democracy, and absolute despotism. For the youths themselves, thus trusted by Arnold with a share of his authority, the benefit was great. The manliness, the earnestness, the religious convictions, which were remarked at Oxford and Cambridge as frequent characteristics of the Rugby scholars, were mainly acquired, it is probable, during the period of immediate contact with himself. The general impression, however, of the public school system, even as worked by Arnold, which we derive from these volumes, is very painful ; and strongly confirms the unfavourable recollections of our own experience. We have often thought that Hobbes's theory of society must have been suggested by his remembrance of the grammar-school at Malmesbury. If there is any place in the world where every body is convinced that he has a right to every thing, and with unlimited voracity of claim absorbs whatever is within his reach, until he clashes against the appetences, no less universal and no less entitled, of his neighbours in the scramble ; where a state of war is the state of nature, ever and anon resumed to settle the exact sphere of every new-comer, and all determination of rights has to be fought out ; where order and law prevail in unstable equilibrium (like the right of search among our French allies) as disagreeable conditions of a treaty of peace, and the only principle truly and heartily respected is, Do, if you dare,—certainly that place is an English public school. Speaking loosely, to live as they like and as they can is the primary rule of children ; to live as they ought, the primary rule for men. A crew of boys is an aggregate of self-wills, limiting one another by mutual interference and repulsion. A society of men is a community of consciences as well as interests, combining by mutual reverence, coöperation, and attraction. Hence

public opinion, in adult society, is expressive of the minimum of moral principle that will be allowed ; in schools, of the maximum of moral principle that will be endured : and the force which, in our maturest strength, comes in aid of conscience, in our early weakness presses, with frequent scoff and scorn, against it. This is an unequal match for wills imperfectly inured to hardihood. Hence Arnold's frequent laments as to the irresistible strength of a low and tyrannical school-opinion ; his vain attempts to encourage any large number to struggle against the stream ; his sorrow, ever renewed, at watching the declension from innocence to corruption ; and his pathetic forebodings on receiving, at the opening of each half-year, boys now in their home simplicity, but entering on a trial, always severe, and rarely triumphant. He admits that, while minds of peculiar strength are elevated by the ordeal, the ordinary class of amiable, well-disposed, *neutral* characters are usually carried away by the evil influence of the place, and gradually sink from promise into corruption. Can there be a plainer confession of the unfitness of these schools for the vast majority of boys ? Startled by the detection of something wrong, he exclaimed on one occasion :—

“ If this goes on, it will end either my life at Rugby, or my life altogether. How can I go on with my Roman History ? There all is noble and high-minded, and here I find nothing but the reverse.”

And in a letter to Sir T. Pasley he says :—

“ Since I began this letter, I have had some of the troubles of school-keeping ; and one of those specimens of the evil of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good ; and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account ; and divers instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when, if left to themselves, they

would have rather shunned it. And the exceedingly small number of boys who can be relied upon for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's 'Shams') are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, make me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one,—a view of human nature, which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilizations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realize. But here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found so many as even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife after I have been [so many] years fighting against it, is so sickening, that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness, which I see amidst the darkness, in the case of the few good, are so cheering, that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about."—Vol. I. p. 161.

That he was not, however, without the refreshments due to so faithful a heart, is evident from the conclusion of the following passage of most characteristic beauty :—

"A great school is very trying. It never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying, and almost more morally distressing, than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure, also, to be enough of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age are mighty tamers and chastisers. But, with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblest. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful than when one does see all holy thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain, or infirmity, or privation; but springing up, as by God's immediate planting, in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world as well as for heaven."—Vol. II. p. 137.

Though Arnold's great work lay at Rugby, and he achieved it in a way which was soon felt in every public school in England, his sympathies were not collected there; they were interwoven with society at every fibre, and bled with the wounds of humanity everywhere. No danger could befall the state, but he was startled by it, and stood up to give the warning or inspire the defence. No idolatries could be set up within the Church, but he exposed and confronted them with resolute Iconoclasm. And as evils of both kinds seemed to him to arise from a false theory of Christianity on the one hand, and a false conception of the *τέλος* of civilized communities on the other, the great purpose of his life was to write a work on Christian politics, organizing into a system, and presenting in their unity, the opinions now scattered over his occasional writing and correspondence on Theology, Social Philosophy, Ecclesiastical Polity, Education and Government. For want of an adequate exposition of his staminal ideas on this subject, it is difficult even now, and was much more so at the time of their expression, to criticize with advantage his sentiments on the party topics of the day; and they often appeared like narrow prejudices, when in fact they were deductions from a wide and generous philosophy. As we may have occasion in a future article to notice his "Fragment on the Church," just published at the particular desire, it is understood, of Mr. Bunsen, we shall reserve this whole matter, with his connected opinions as to the terms of citizenship and the methods of public education, for consideration hereafter. Even his Roman History was subsidiary in his mind to the development of his conception as to a Christian *πολιτεία*. To his practical understanding no theory of the Church could be constructed without its history; no history of it could be written without entering deeply into the spirit of its early struggle with Paganism, and observing the inevitable action and reaction of the two religions; nor could any apprehension of that spirit be reached, without a

sympathy with the recollections and traditional glories which gave the Western Polytheism its strength, and a consequent familiarity with the palmy days and legendary lore of Roman faith and Roman virtue. Over this borderland covered with the cities of the old civilization, and the forest growth of the new, Gibbon is at present our only guide. His sympathies were wholly given, not only to the ancient world, but to its period of material grandeur and corruption, when the severity of its manners and the earnestness of its life had passed away. His whole spirit was unsocial and irreverent; his affections never deep in the sorrows, his moral sense not revolted by the sins, of the beings he presents on his magnificent stage; his imagination resting on the pageantry, the scenery, the mechanism, the dress, the evolutions of national existence, but not penetrating to its real *life*; and his Epicurean cast of character wholly disqualifying him for any appreciation of the genius and agency of Christianity. Arnold's enthusiasm fell pretty nearly on the same objects as Gibbon's contempt: travelling through the heathen world as a disciple of the porch rather than the garden, he pitched his admiration on Republican, not on Imperial Rome; and passing through Christendom, not as an alien, but as a sworn brother, he would have taught men the meaning of a "*martyr*," and made them feel that it was *not* ridiculous to lay down the life for simplicity and truth.

There are, we think, in Arnold's scheme of opinion, many deviations from *logical* consistency. But there never was a man whose system of thought was pervaded by a more evident *moral* consistency. His character—a living whole—cannot be analyzed without being lost from view. Its beauty is not of form, like a statue; or of colour, like a picture; but of *movement*, like—what he simply was—a *man*: and the moment you arrest it to seek its essence, it is gone. Still we may say, without much error, that at the very fountain-head of his nature, far up as among the old granitic rocks of a hardier world, there sprang up a clear,

fresh, exhaustless *love of goodness* ; that sometimes rushed down in a torrent, like passion, only that, with all its vehemence, it was never turbid ; that mingled a purity with all the courses of his thought, and fertilized the retreats of his affections, and wholly surrounded and baptized the temple of his worship. The *moral* element—and that too, originally, in its bare and rugged form of the sense of justice and hatred of wrong—was transcendent over all else in him. It was not, as in most men, passive and negative, content with preserving its possessor from evil, and exercising only a *protectorate* ; but a right royal power, with divine title to the world ; aggressive, indomitable, magnanimous. Christianity had something to do, to make him rest and sit as a disciple at the feet ; to raise him to the spiritual heights of its heaven, and subdue him to the sweet charities of earth. But it did both. He was an evangelized Stoic. From walking in the Porch, he came to kneel before the Cross. No wonder that he burst into tears, when—once in conversation—St. Paul was set, in some one's estimate, above St. John : for he himself passed from the likeness of one towards that of the other, and so had sympathies with both ; and the fire of the man of Tarsus subdued itself in him, as life advanced, more and more into the Ephesian apostle's altar-light of saintly love.

The leading principle of his character may be traced through his sentiments on subjects widely remote from each other. It was his *Moral Faculty*, his sense of *Obligation*, that awakened his intense antipathy to both *Benthamism* and *Newmanism*,—the two grand counterfeits forged at the opposite extremes of error, of true moral responsibility and personal duty ; the one merging the conscience in self-interest, the other in priestcraft ; the one identifying moral and sentient good, the other separating moral and spiritual ; both extinguishing the proper personality and individual sacredness of man ; the one treating him as a thing to be mechanically shaped, the other as a thing to be mysteriously conjured with ; with infallible nostrums, labelled “motives”

in the one case, "sacraments" in the other, promising to cure the sick world, but, alas! only decoying it from the natural sources of health, and spoiling its relish for the free breath of heaven. In opposition to both these systems, which sought for human conduct some *external* guide, one in social utility, the other in church authority, Arnold held fast to the *internal* guidance, which he maintained God had given to all, and through which his Will was practicable and Himself accessible to all. That this was the precise position which he conceived himself to occupy, is evident from the following exposition of his moral faith:—

"To supply the place of Conscience with the *ἄρχαι* of Fanaticism on one hand, and of Utilitarianism on the other,—on one side is the mere sign from Heaven, craved by those who heeded not Heaven's first sign written within them; on the other, it is the idea, which, hardly hovering on the remotest outskirts of Christianity, readily flies off to the Camp of Materialism and Atheism; the mere pared and plucked notion of 'good' exhibited by the word 'useful'; which seems to me the idea of 'good' robbed of its nobleness,—the sediment from which the filtered water has been assiduously separated. It were a strange world, if there were indeed no one *ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν εἶδος* but that of the *ξύμφερρον*; if *κάλον* were only *κάλον, ὅτι ξύμφερρον*. But this is one of the peculiarities of the English mind; the Puritan and the Benthamite has an immense part of this in common; and thus the Christianity of the Puritan is coarse and fanatical;—he cannot relish what there is in it of beautiful, or delicate, or ideal. Men get embarrassed by the common cases of a misguided conscience; but a compass may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due south if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still, the compass, generally speaking, is a true and sure guide, and so is the conscience; and you can trace the deranging influence on the latter quite as surely as on the former. Again, there is confusion in some men's minds, who say that, if we so exalt conscience, we make ourselves the paramount judges of all things, and so do not live by faith and obedience. But he who believes his conscience to be God's law, by obeying it obeys God. It is as much obedience, as it is obedience to follow the

dictates of God's Spirit ; and in every case of obedience to any law or guide whatsoever, there must always be one independent act of the mind pronouncing one determining proposition, 'I ought to obey' ; so that in obedience, as in every moral act, we are and must be the paramount judges, because we must ourselves decide on that very principle, 'that we ought to obey.'

"And as for Faith, there is again a confusion in the use of the term. It is not Scriptural, but fanatical, to oppose faith to reason. Faith is properly opposed to sense, and is the listening to the dictates of the higher part of our mind, to which alone God speaks, rather than to the lower part of us, to which the world speaks."

The peculiarities of his theological opinion are referable, no less distinctly than his philosophy, to the depth and clearness of his moral sentiments. It was a necessary consequence of this, that the difference between right and wrong should present itself to him as an *infinite* quantity ; that separating the two, there should seem "a great gulf fixed" ; that man should appear to range, from his lowest to his highest desires, over an immense interval, and in his extremes of temptation and aspiration to lie apart from himself, far as demon from angel. He felt, with a profound consciousness, the severe and internecine struggle between these two, inevitable to the faithful mind, and understood the whole history of that inner strife, the shame of defeat, the thankfulness of victory. Hence his conceptions both of the Divine Government (including the Christian economy) and of the allotted work of life amount almost to a scheme of Dualism. He looks up, and sees God, in himself, in his Christ, in his Spirit, in all that is holy enough to represent him below, engaged in "putting down moral evil." He looks within, and sees his own soul enlisted, by an articulate and binding call, in the same great warfare. He looks around, and in the constitution and arrangements of the world he sees the well-ordered battle-field, and in the evolutions of history, the marchings, and counter-marchings of hosts, prepared for the great campaign. One to whom the whole scene of things resolved itself into this aspect could

not but enter, with passionate fellow-feeling, into the character of St. Paul ; seize, with instinctive apprehension, the great scheme of the Apostle's spiritual Christianity ; thrust away, with indignant reason, every priest, every rite, every idol of the fancy, that interposed between him and the Christ in heaven, whose immediate disciple—"by faith, not by sight"—he was, no less than the convert of Damascus, and to whom alone his allegiance was due. In the same spirit he objects to the mere historical Christ of the Unitarians : instead of a being nearly two thousand years off, he needs to feel himself the disciple of one who is living now, and to whose heavenly spirit his own may draw nigh in trustful devotion. In his view of Christ, there is nothing to which, with very slight modification of language, we should not heartily assent. He is regarded, in Arnold's theology, less as the achiever of Redemption, than as *himself a Revelation* of the Divine nature ; it was not as the author of binding precepts, or the teacher of new truths, or the exemplar of a good life, but as the *symbol of God's moral perfections*, that he was most dear and holy to this noble heart. Arnold's practical, and little speculative or ideal mind, rendered this view particularly needful for him : God, in himself,—the Absolutely Infinite,—being to his thought inconceivable and unapproachable, a *θεὸς ἀρρήτος*, awfully beyond human affections, unless contemplated in some concrete expression of his nature. The cast of Arnold's mind gave him a deep sympathy with the *human* element in the Scriptures ; the answer of his quick nature told him, in many a prophet's strain, and many an historic touch, that a man's hand had been there ; and his habit of critical examination of the records of antiquity made it impossible for him to overlook the symptoms of origin not infallible in some of the books. Hence he wholly repudiates the doctrine of plenary inspiration, and even speaks of Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," bold as it is, as only the "beginning of the end" on this great subject. He says to Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

"Have you seen your uncle's 'Letters on Inspiration,' which I believe are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamours of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting, and more sure establishing, of Christian truth."—Vol. I. p. 358.

Nor did he, in relinquishing the literary inspiration, cling fast, as some ineffectually pretend to do, to the personal infallibility of the Apostles, even on matters nearly affecting their own mission and the faith of the early Church: but found it not inconsistent with his unconditional reverence for St. Paul, to acknowledge that he entertained the fallacious expectation of an approaching end of the world.

Condemning the spurious heavenly-mindedness affected by certain religious professors, he says:—

"There are some, Englishmen unhappily, but most unworthy to be so, who affect to talk of freedom and a citizen's rights and duties as things about which a Christian should not care. Like all their other doctrines, this comes out of the shallowness of their little minds, 'understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm.' True it is that St. Paul, *expecting that the world was shortly to end*, tells a man not to care even if he were in a state of personal slavery. That is an endurable evil which will shortly cease, not in itself only, but in its consequences. But even *for the few years during which he supposed the world would exist*, he says, 'if thou mayest be free, use it rather.'"—Vol. II. p. 413.

We can imagine, indeed, the consternation with which dogmatical Christians, who must have a belief imposed upon their nature, rather than educed from it, would regard Arnold's free dealings with the authority of Scripture in matters not spiritual. He could not shut his eyes to the manifest traces in the book of Daniel of an origin full as late as the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes; and in proof of

the mere historical character of its "pretended prophecies," he adduces, with apparent unconsciousness, the very same arguments which in 1724-1727 brought upon Collins the prolixity of frightened Churchmen and the imputation of secret unbelief. (Vol. II. p. 188.) Perhaps his early study of Geology, under the guidance of Buckland, may have combined with historical criticisms to loosen the hold of the book of Genesis on his mind: we find him, at least, treating the problem as to the origin of mankind from a common stock as an open question, remaining to be decided by physiological and ethnological research; and he is even ready with a theory to meet the case of a plurality of races, and exhibit its harmony with the general analogy of Providence in the education of the world. (Vol. I. p. 371.)

Well may orthodox rigour stand aghast, and think, What then becomes of our Adamic inheritance of corruption, "naturally engendered" in "every man"? of the fatal effects of the fall of our first parents? of the whole scheme for redeeming our lost race from its despair? Either Christianity must forego its *universal* character, and be restrained to the tribe of whose progenitors the Mosaic narrative speaks; or its whole economy must be addressed to the actual moral constitution of men, irrespective of their original parentage. It is not for us to satisfy such objections. We have little doubt that Arnold's doctrine of human depravity was, like Coleridge's, a mere expression of the insatiable thirst of his intense moral nature: conscious of a love and desire of goodness far beyond the measure of his best attainment, feeling the interval between the obligations he reverently owned and the life he actually lived, he described this fact, which is human, not personal, by saying that the Will of man is stricken with disease and infirmity, and, without the helping spirit of God, is ill-matched with its acknowledged duties. The entire trust which he reposed on the oracles of Conscience and Reason is further evident from his adoption of Locke's opinion,—

which it is the fashion to treat as virtual Anti-supernaturalism,—that “the doctrine must prove the miracle, not miracle the doctrine.” On this point he says :—

“You complain of those persons who judge of a Revelation, not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence ; and that miracles wrought in favour of what was foolish or wicked, would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen world, that the character of any supernatural power can only be judged of by the moral character of the statements which it sanctions ; thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation from God, or from the Devil. If his father tells a child something which seems to him monstrous, faith requires him to submit his own judgment, because he knows his father’s person, and is sure, therefore, that his father tells it him. But we cannot thus know God, and can only recognize his voice by the words spoken being in agreement with our idea of his moral nature.”—Vol. II. p. 221.

All these free and natural movements of his mind on questions the most momentous, are concurrent with a manifest increase in the depth and loftiness of his religious character ; a coincidence perfectly intelligible to those who appreciate, as he did,—

“ . . . the great philosophical and Christian truth, which seems to me the very truth of truths, that Christian unity, and the perfection of Christ’s Church, are independent of theological articles of opinion ; consisting in a certain moral state, and moral and religious affections, which have existed in good Christians of all ages and all communions, along with an infinitely varying proportion of truth and error.”—Vol. I. p. 359.

The supremacy of the moral nature in Arnold was so absolute, as to determine all his tastes exclusively towards objects of *real* and of *human* interest. He could never construct a world for himself, of *ideas*, of *images*, of *things* ; he must live among *persons*. Metaphysics, Art, Science,

had no attractions for him. If he praises Plato, it is the *Phædo* that extorts his admiration, and that chiefly for the *language*. (I. 391.) He does not care for Florence, (I. 304,) and throughout his Continental journeys never mentions even a picture or a statue. He could teach the first six books of Euclid ! (II. 206,) and rather than have physical science the principal thing in his son's mind, he "would gladly have him think that the sun went round the earth, and that the stars were so many spangles set in the bright blue firmament." (II. 37.) And where human knowledge occupies the transition territory from *things* to *persons*, viz. in Natural History, or the study of *living things*, he was deterred from entering by the uprising of imperfect moral sympathies, which could neither be laid asleep nor satisfied : "the whole subject," he said, "of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery that I dare not approach it." (II. 348.)

We must tear ourselves away from this delightful companionship with one whose image will henceforth stand in one of the most sacred niches of our memory. His political opinions, amply discussed in Reviews of a different character, we cannot notice. They were in the same spirit with all the expressions of his mind : the joint results of a clear-sighted and unconquerable sense of justice and a profound historical wisdom, that, with that moral eye fully open, had read the lives of nations, and connected their punishments with their sins. His occasional faults, his vehement expression of opinion, his severe condemnation of individuals not fairly obnoxious to personal reproach, we feel no desire to draw forth for censure. These things may well pass, without a word, in such a man. It is hard enough to speak with just and wise appreciation of what is noble and great in one to whom we look up through so immeasurable a distance ; and one ought in truth to be like him, to show him as he is. *Statuere qui sit sapiens vel maxime videtur esse sapientis.*

III.

MEMOIR AND PAPERS OF DR. CHANNING.*

It is to be regretted that these volumes have not appeared, till the expectation directed towards them has almost expired by mere lapse of time. The impatient curiosity for some immediate memorial of the great and good, on their removal from this world, often presses hard on their biographer, and demands from him a haste, by which, were it conceded, literature would permanently suffer. In the present instance, however, the author's claim for time appears to have been inordinate. Neither in the materials themselves, nor in his treatment of them, is there anything to explain a five years' delay. The few facts which mark, at long intervals, the course of Dr. Channing's uneventful life, were too recent and patent to require research for their collection. The manuscripts, from which copious extracts are given, appear to have presented no arduous problems of revision, and to have needed only the labour of the scissors. The correspondence is of so reflective a character, so prevaillingly engaged with sentiments rather than with persons, that the task of selection must have been unusually free from delicate perplexities. However, here are the volumes at length. They are the production of one who has evidently obtained a clear perception of the image he

* "Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts;" in three vols. London, J. Chapman, 1848.—*Prospective Review*, August, 1848, with *Westminster Review*, January, 1849.

undertakes to present ; and who has taken conscientious and elaborate pains to render it distinct to his readers. His success is unquestionable. Perhaps it might have been obtained upon easier terms. A lighter and freer hand might have adequately sketched a portrait, whose outlines in themselves are singularly expressive, and which preserves an identity not to be mistaken, in however many lights you place it. The memoir accomplishes its purpose, partly by narrative, following the common order of time ; partly by analysis, resolving the life of Dr. Channing into its several functions, and separately describing him in his domestic, ministerial, and social capacities ; partly by citation from his papers, arranged not only in each of these two orders, but sometimes according to a method altogether abstract and impersonal, so as to exhibit his thoughts on Religion, Human Nature, Christianity and Society. So complicated an apparatus is thrown away in the exhibition of a character peculiarly simple, an experience free from vicissitude, and an intellect but little versatile. Dr. Channing's writings are, to a singular degree, the expression, in a dogmatic or expository form, of his own nature and affections, and awaken in every reader an autobiographical interest. The Memoir is but the prolonged note yet lingering in our ear from the receding tones of his own voice. It is all the more sweet and welcome for that ; only, with its special aids from memory and love, it need not have been struck on so many instruments, and thrown into such elaborated chords.

Channing's life, beginning in 1780, was almost coincident with the independence of his country. No sooner was the sovereignty of Great Britain shaken off, than a series of considerable men were ordered upon the stage, as if to inaugurate the new republic, and enrich it with the elements of a civilization specially its own. Adams was ready to secure it the honour of statesmanship ; Story, to create its jurisprudence ; Allston, its art ; and Channing, its moral literature. Colonial life indeed is not favourable to professional eminence and intellectual pursuits : and a society

sufficiently advanced to supply its highest offices from its own citizens approaches the termination of its colonial existence. Such men ensure the era of self-government : and self-government again favours the appearance of such men. The immediate period of transition, however, at which Channing was born, though propitious to the ambition of grown men ready to occupy the field, was not favourable to the training of his first years. To the Revolution he owed it, that, in his manhood, he could speak to two nations ;—that, in his childhood, he was poorly cared for by one. Times of political anxiety and convulsion are unfriendly to home life. The current interests are pitched too high for its tranquillity. The topics of table-talk are not light enough for young and mirthful lips. Children are in the way ; and being once fed, dressed, protected and sent off to church or school, are otherwise ignored. A generation whose cradle has been rocked by revolution may work its way up to strength and self-subsistence ; but with great suffering to the gentler and more dependent spirits. *They* open best in a time of peace and evenness, when children are the ornaments of home, the measure of duty, the refreshment of care, the symbols of hope. Such was the nature of William Ellery Channing : and, notwithstanding the sterling worth of his parents and connections, it is impossible not to feel that in the notions and ways prevalent in the society of Newport, Rhode Island, he found but an ungenial nurse. His father, a lawyer in full practice, and barely able to do justice to the claims of his large family, followed rather the usages of the time than the kindness of his nature, in keeping his children at a respectful distance. His mother, of whom a good deal is said without leaving a very distinct impression, seems to have been a shrewd and lively woman, using the license of a good conscience with something of the sharpness of a censor, and with more of the strength to conquer troubles, than of the sweet art to smooth and charm them. Suddenly reduced, by her hus-

band's death in 1793, from moderate affluence to anxious economy, she seems to have conducted her household no longer with the light hand of power, and, with something of irritable solicitude, to have made her boys partakers of her cares. Her father, the same William Ellery whose signature appears at the foot of the Declaration of Independence, interested himself in the education of her two sons, and became in some sort their guardian, till the completion of their respective studies in Law and Divinity. The large and liberal culture thus secured, in spite of the *res angusta domi*, for future years, would not immediately tell upon the pressure of the home surroundings: and it is difficult to see, in the circumstances of William's childhood, anything which gives account of his later characteristics. He himself indeed was fond, in after life, of retracing the incidents of his young days, and fancying how they moulded him. With the gratitude of a modest memory, he attributed many a good within him to rigorous relations, indifferent schoolmasters, and sour-visaged divines. But it is a native delusion of a pure mind to consider itself the creature of surrounding conditions which do but let it grow, or cannot hinder it from growing; and we incline to a very humble estimate of Channing's obligations to his early nurture. Though he is said to have been "an idol from the first," this seems to imply rather admiration of his loveliness, than sympathy with the peculiar endowments of his nature: for his mind evidently followed a solitary course, and was never domesticated with the influences around it, except with the wild sea-beach and shaded glens of the island. Of his nature it was a law, that nothing should have power over him, except on condition of its being beautiful and being good: and he was thrown by birth upon a Society, of which one half appears to have been gross and profane, the other stiff-necked and Puritanical,—with the free heart all on one side, and the dutiful will upon the other. Both of them necessarily acted as repulsions to him,—the genial spirit

without purity, and the dull habits of religion without its ideality. He was like a poet-child doomed to live with a Franklin, and eat the dry powder of his precepts as antidote against the poisons of the world. It is no wonder that his mind was early driven inwards upon itself; was led to seek in books its first taste of genuine sympathy; and found at last a kindling joy in the stern but noble companionship of the Stoical moralists. From the many traces of a gentle and generous boyhood, we select the following anecdote, related by himself:—

“I can remember an incident in my childhood which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father’s field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feed them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat, for an hour at a time. They were now feathered, and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning, I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass round the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. The mother was on a tree, and the father on the wall, mourning for their young. I cried myself, for I was a child. I thought too that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more unhappy. I wanted to undeceive them. I wanted to sympathize with and comfort them. When I left the field, they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was too young and too sincere in my grief to make any apostrophes. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I ever cease to abhor every species of inhumanity towards inferior animals.”—I. 37.

In the following narrative, the mirror is held up to the early experience of many a thoughtful mind; and an insight gained into the many gradations of unreality by which the passage is treacherously smoothed from perfect veracity of heart to utter pretence:—

“His father, with the view of giving him a ride, took William

in his chaise one day, as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighbourhood. Impressed with the notion that he might learn great tidings from the unseen world, he listened attentively to the sermon. With very glowing rhetoric, the lost state of man was described, his abandonment to evil, helplessness, dependence upon sovereign grace, and the need of earnest prayer as the condition of receiving this divine aid. In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed would abandon all other things to seek this salvation, and that amusement and earthly business would no longer occupy a moment. The service over, they went out of the church, and his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said, with a decisive tone,—‘Sound doctrine, sir.’ ‘It is all *true*,’ then, was his inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They got into the chaise and rode along, but, absorbed in awful thoughts, he could not raise his voice. Presently his father began to whistle! At length they reached home; but instead of calling the family together, and telling them of the appalling intelligence which the preacher had given, his father took off his boots, put his feet upon the mantelpiece, and quietly read a newspaper. All things went on as usual. At first he was surprised; but, not being given to talking, he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the question rose,—‘Could what he had heard be true? No! his father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was *not* true!’ He felt that he had been trifled with; that the preacher had deceived him; and from that time he became inclined to distrust everything oratorical, and to measure exactly the meaning of words; he had received a profound lesson on the worth of sincerity.”—I. 32.

The peculiarity in Channing, indicated by these incidents, is not that he thus felt and thought; but that he never parted with his faith in such impulses, or allowed them to be laughed or worn away. Unspoiled childhood is always humane, always truthful: but there are few who do not learn to slight the divine guidance of nature, when the thronged and beaten track of custom leads away.

The scanty record of Channing's school-days (ended for him at the age of thirteen by his father's death), leaves throughout the same impression of an intense individuality. All that is told of the brave, graceful, and generous boy, leader of the mirth, until checked by the coarseness of his schoolfellows,—of his disgust at corporal punishments,—his sense of honour and of beauty,—his strength against supernatural fears,—his anguish at the sight of cruelty,—presents to us the image of a nature superior to the agencies that pretended to educate it, and working its solitary way to aims unthought of there. From the first indications of his character, it became evident that the power within him predominated over the influences without, and was destined to exert a constant, and sometimes an injurious ascendancy. His slowness of acquisition at school, arising, as it did, from no mental incapacity, already betrayed his inability to quiet the reflective activity and restless idealism within him, sufficiently to sit, with docile memory, on the steps of the grammatical oracles. The forms of communicated knowledge remained foreign and lifeless to him, till he caught their connection with the moving lights and shadows of his own heart; and even then, they became interesting only as materials for the study of spiritual design and colouring.

After a year's preparatory study, under the care of a clerical uncle at New London, William entered Harvard University in 1794; residing, during his academical course, with his uncle, Chief Justice Dana. His life had no more genial period than the four years spent at college. Not that there was anything very ennobling in the methods of study and discipline peculiar to the place; for the Professors seem to have been a set of formal officials, little able to conciliate the pedantic decorum of the receding age with the fervid spirit of a new time. Nor was it that the tone of feeling among the general body of undergraduates was by any means high: for the disorganizing principles of French philosophism were telling with full effect on the faith and conduct of the students. But to a pure and

thoughtful mind, nothing can prevent the College years from being a glorious time. The large draughts of knowledge at the moment of most eager thirst; the first trial of the wings of thought out of sight of the home-nest and high amid the mountain air; the fervid friendships springing from a common trust in what is true and good; the fair perspective, changing with the ideal colours, of promised and still promissory years;—these give an unconscious splendour to that time, seldom revealed but by the advent of a paler light in our maturity. The affection of classmates such as Story, Tuckerman, and Allston; the reunions of the Shakespeare Society and the Speaking Club; the discussion of great questions in history and philosophy, to which European movements seemed to give an immediate practical interest,—were sufficient, independently of the direct studies of the place, to afford an invaluable discipline to a mind like Channing's.

The reminiscences of him furnished by his distinguished friend, Judge Story, declare that he had little fondness for mathematical and metaphysical studies; and though this is denied by the biographer, the facts adduced do not really invalidate the statement. To put Euclid into the pocket as companion of a vacation ramble, is the act, not of the real, but of the *dilettante* geometer. It is not uncommon to find a transient and occasional relish for geometry in persons who have a vehement propensity to sentiment and reverie. The vague course, and unproductive excitement of their habitual meditations become wearisome and enervating; yet the tendency to musing is too strong to yield to any of the ordinary calls upon voluntary attention, and nothing less severe than the chain of demonstration itself, denying all advance except from link to link, can determine the mind to a line of deductive thought, and exchange its passive dreams of fancy for a momentary sense of active intellectual gain. The mathematical humour is, in such case, like a sudden fit of good resolve in a careless and irregular life, giving that feeling of

order and power, which always becomes positively delightful in proportion as confusion has ceased to be positively distressing. But good, whether intellectual or moral, which thus arises from reaction, perishes in relapse. It is an augury, rather of what the character *is not*, than of what it *is*, and in the long run, will be found to leave no trace behind. Of this kind, we suspect, were Channing's scientific moods, which no more produced any permanent effect, than the cold fit of a fever alters the burning character of the disease. His interests were never engaged with Nature, Time and Space, but with Man, Duty and God; and no problem could long fix his attention except the ancient mysteries ever proposed anew by the affections, and resolved again by faith. Even the philosophy of human nature seems to have had little attraction for him on its analytic and theoretic side. Questions of pure psychology, of logic, of the higher metaphysics awakened in him barely curiosity enough to make him acquainted with their existence. In seeking some second-hand acquaintance with the characteristic ideas of Kant, Fichte and Schelling, he was influenced only by a certain obscure sympathy of *sentiment*, which, being equally directed to them all, implied no true apprehension of the system of each.

Within the limits of the British Empirical School, Dr. Channing is said to have made himself familiar with Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Hartley, Priestley, and Stewart. Of these writers it is just conceivable that Locke, Reid and Stewart might pass before a mind of sound capacity with no other result than that of tranquil and inconspicuous instruction. But that the startling paradox of Berkeley, the cruel ease of Hume's sport with highest truth, the relentless mechanism of Hartley's philosophy, should create no agitation, and constitute no era, for a clear and earnest mind, is just matter of astonishment. These authors usually shake the whole fabric of the young philosopher's world. The questions which they stir, and the element of thought in which they move, lie so deep, that the ultimate

bases of belief heave and tremble at their power ; nor is it easy to conceive how stability should be restored, without many a vestige of internal strife subdued. In Channing, however, no reader would suspect more than the most ordinary and hearsay acquaintance with the works of these great thinkers : and you would say, that if ever he crossed the confines of the two spheres of thought which they divide, he must have been carried blindfold or asleep. His understanding, in short, was essentially practical, not scientific ; concerning itself with truth as subservient to action ; unable to dwell on the contemplation of reality, from the brilliancy of its ulterior visions of perfection. The point of departure for his whole philosophy was his own unresolved and, as he believed, irresolvable moral consciousness : the intensity of which was the determining cause of his characteristic beliefs and experience. Only in so far as they addressed themselves to this, do books or events appear to have sensibly affected him. Hutcheson, Butler, and Price echoed this personal feeling ; Ferguson applied it to Society : and these authors powerfully influenced him. But nothing is more striking than the exceedingly slight trace apparent in him of all his other reading, not only at College, but during his whole subsequent period of study. How early and passionately this direction of his nature declared itself is evinced by the following outburst of enthusiasm, described by himself :—

“ The two authors who most served to guide his thoughts at this period were Hutcheson and Ferguson. It was while reading, one day, in the former, some of the various passages in which he asserts man’s capacity for disinterested affection, and considers virtue as the sacrifice of private interests and the bearing of private evils for the public good, or as self-devotion to absolute universal good, that there suddenly burst upon his mind that view of the dignity of human nature, which was ever after to ‘ uphold and cherish ’ him, and thenceforth to be ‘ the fountain life of all his day, the master light of all his seeing.’ He was, at the time, walking as he read, beneath a clump of

willows yet standing in the meadow a little to the north of Judge Dana's. This was his favourite retreat for study, being then quite undisturbed and private, and offering a most serene and cheerful prospect across green meadows and the glistening river to the Brooklin hills. The place and the hour were always sacred in his memory, and he frequently referred to them with grateful awe. It seemed to him that he then passed through a new spiritual birth, and entered upon the day of eternal peace and joy.

"The glory of the Divine disinterestedness, the privilege of existing in a universe of progressive order and beauty, the possibilities of spiritual destiny, the sublimity of devotedness to the will of Infinite Love, penetrated his soul ; and he was so borne away in rapturous visions, that, to quote his own words, as spoken to a friend in later years,—'I longed to die, and felt as if heaven alone could give room for the exercise of such emotions ; but when I found I must live, I cast about to do something worthy of these great thoughts ; and my enthusiasm at that age, being then but fifteen, turning strongly to the female sex, I considered that they were the powers which ruled the world, and that, if they would bestow their favour on the right cause only, and never be diverted by caprice, all would be fitly arranged, and triumph was sure. Animated with this view, which unfolded itself with great rapidity and in many bearings, I sat down and wrote to this lady,' laying his hand on his wife's arm, who was listening by his side,—'but I never got courage to send the letter, and have it yet.'"—I. 62.

We have the secret here, not only of his unconquerable aversion to the Utilitarian Ethics, but of the apparent inoperativeness of his historical and classical pursuits ; which resulted in no scholarship or critical skill, though sufficiently extensive to have left perceptible effects of this kind on an understanding differently constituted. The truth is, we imagine, that the intensity of the moral sentiment within him absorbed everything into itself ; made his reflective activity wholly predominant over the apprehensive ; and determined it in one invariable direction. He meditated, where others would have learned ; and the materials of his knowledge disappeared as fast as they

were given, in the large generalizations of his faith. His mind thus grew, while his attainments made no show ; and while he missed the praise of learning, he won an affluence of wisdom. Now and then we meet with a mind presenting the direct antithesis to this ; in which acquisition takes place by external accretion rather than internal fusion ; and immense stores of producible erudition are accumulated, without the least progress or change in the nature of the possessor. It is a marvellous phenomenon,—a man assiduously sweating in the richest mines of knowledge, yet with utmost success remaining poor as before ; and, with whole histories, philosophies, archæologies in his head, being still as puerile in conception, as narrow in reason, as sterile in affection, as if he had never had contact with foreign speech and ancient wisdom. These two appearances, of a mind growing greater without visible acquisition, and of one remaining small under infinite accessions, are alike curious to the thoughtful observer of mankind.

To the happy and generous College period succeeded two years, the record of which fills us with unspeakable sadness. He went, under the name of tutor, to reside on the estate of Mr. Randolph, of Richmond, Virginia. He had the charge of twelve boys, to whom he devoted the greater part of the day. The remaining hours, left to his own disposal, were differently used by him at different periods of his stay. At first, under the attraction of a new position and with his fresh confiding spirit still unchecked, he seems to have enjoyed the society frequenting the planter's hospitable table ; to have acknowledged the charm of the free and genial manners characteristic of the South ; and to have been pleasantly roused, by the democratic politics of the place, to reconsider the Federalist opinions he had brought from New England. The collision between his own prepossessions and the sentiments which he heard advocated in the debates of the Virginian legislature, gave the final form to his political convictions. The French Revolution, in its operation on American

society, awakened two opposite tendencies. To the citizens of the young confederation it was flattering that their example should be so speedily followed, and a Republic be constituted by the most polished nation of the European continent; and the resemblance in the fates of the two countries seemed to prescribe alliance between the Governments. To the descendants of the Pilgrim-fathers, however, the impudent atheism of France was peculiarly offensive; and so degraded by its alliance the sacred doctrine of the Rights of Man, that they were anxious to keep distinct the basis of their own liberties. In the North, this religious antipathy, in the South, the political sympathy, prevailed; carrying with it in each case, a distinctive system of opinions as to internal affairs as well as foreign relations. Considerable inroads were made upon Channing's Federalist prejudices at this time. Without losing his abhorrence of "French principles," he did not suffer them to weaken his confidence in the great experiment of self-government; and he condemned the Alien and Sedition Laws as acts of arbitrary and unworthy fear. The impressions, however, of delight in the society of Richmond, under which this change was wrought, do not appear to have been lasting. Kindly and grateful words indeed drop from him still. But he saw beneath the gloss of fashionable manners, and was often shocked by what he found. He felt the constant presence of slavery, and was sickened by its corruptions. He discovered the universal prevalence of irreligion, and the consequent ascendancy of low aims and sordid ambition. He met with no response to his own pure tastes and aspirations. He withdrew almost wholly into his remote study, and limited himself to the companionship of his books. These *silent* associates afforded an inadequate check to the inordinate activity of his own emotions; and he lapsed into an ascetic enthusiasm: the pinch of poverty and the resolve of Stoicism conspired to lay him low, and fasten to him the chain of incurable infirmity. He denied himself his needful

food : he slept upon the floor : he made the clothes already threadbare in the summer serve amid the winter winds. In his recoil from the careless world around him, and his passionate aspiration after perfection, he retired further into himself. As his body became enfeebled, and his mind dizzy with its own intensity, study passed into meditation ; meditation, into reverie ; and reverie, into the sorrows of self-reproach. He rose into a delusion which is peculiar to lofty minds, and presents the paradox of excessive self-knowledge overbalancing itself, into self-ignorance. Consumed by wasting fires of emotion, he charged himself with utter apathy, and burst into tears of humiliation. He had gazed at the burning focus of his nature, till he was blind ; and then shuddered to think how dark it looked within. In truth, it is given to no man to estimate the *quantities* of his nature : only into its *qualities* does God permit him to have insight. Good and evil affections belong to the whole family of minds, and are just objects of accurate discrimination. But to gauge the temperature of spirits is a task beyond us ; for there is no common measure to furnish a true scale ; and the freezing-point of angels may be a white heat to men. In a letter to a College friend, written at this time, Channing says :—

“ I sit down to write to you, to disburden a full heart, and cheer a heavy hour. It is spring time, and a universal languor has seized on me. Not long ago, I was an eagle. I had built my nest among the stars, and I soared in regions of unclouded ether. But I fell from heaven, and the spirit which once animated me has fled. I have lost every energy of soul, and the only relic of your friend is a sickly imagination, a fevered sensibility. I cannot study. I walk and muse till I can walk no longer.”—I. 107.

And again, to the same correspondent :—

“ You told me, some time ago, that you had broken off the habit of musing. I wish I could say the same. You cannot conceive how much of my time, especially at this season, is

thrown away in pursuing the phantoms of a disordered imagination. Musing wears away my body and my mind. I walk without attending to the distance. Sometimes joy gives me wings, or else, absorbed in melancholy, I drag one foot heavily after the other for whole hours together. I try to read, but I only repeat words, without receiving an idea from them. Do give me a recipe for curing this disorder."—I. 104.

It is the character of these periods of sadness, that to those who pass through them with fidelity, their true nature does not permanently remain hidden. When from a point of riper wisdom Dr. Channing looked back upon this time, he was aware of its real significance, and saw its shadow of death turned into morning. In 1842 he wrote to a friend :—

"Your account of Richmond was very interesting. You little suspected how many remembrances your letter was to awaken in me. I spent a year and a half there, and perhaps the most eventful of my life. I lived alone, too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an outbuilding, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school-keeping. There I toiled as I have never done since, for gradually my constitution sunk under the unremitting exertion. With not a human being to whom I could communicate my deepest thoughts and feelings, and shrinking from common society, I passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements of heart and mind, so absorbing as often to banish sleep and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion. I was worn well nigh to a skeleton. Yet I look back on those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my whole soul for purity, truth and goodness, it was there. There, amidst sore trials, the great question, I trust, was settled within me, whether I would obey the higher or lower principles of my nature,—whether I would be the victim of passion, the world, or the free child and servant of God. It is an interesting recollection, that this great conflict was going on within me, and that my mind was then receiving its impulse towards the perfect, without a thought or suspicion of one person around me as to what I was experiencing. And is not this the case continually? The greatest work on earth is going on near us, perhaps under our roof, and we

know it not. In a licentious, intemperate city, one spirit at least was preparing, in silence and loneliness, to toil not wholly in vain, for truth and holiness."—I. 130.

A slight personal anecdote presents the young school-master to us in an aspect very distinct and characteristic :—

"In after years," says his biographer, "he thought himself at this time too strict a disciplinarian. But he may have found a display of decision more necessary from his youth and smallness of size, of which an amusing illustration is given in the following anecdote, related by himself. An old coloured woman came into the school to complain of some of the boys who had damaged her garden, broken her fence, and torn up her flowers, making loud complaint, and wanting to see the master. When he presented himself, she surveyed him for a moment, and said, —' *You de massa ?* you little ting, you can't lick 'em ; dey put you out de window ?' He assured her, however, that the boys should be corrected, and that she should be satisfied for her loss, remarking, 'Poor mamma ! she knows of no way of discipline but the *lash*.'"—I. 96.

The humane dignity of this remark, instantly restoring the threatened balance of authority, and diverting ridicule into compassion, impresses us with a sense of genuine greatness.

The experience of this period makes it evident that if Channing was not much of a philosopher, he knew how to resort to philosophy for the confirmation of his favourite beliefs. He wanted to give system and consistency to his faith in human disinterestedness : and his wish was fulfilled in the Ethics of Hutcheson. He wanted a basis for his implicit trust in conscience : and he found it in the sermons of Butler. The service thus rendered him by these writers made them his friends ever after. They did for him what we do not think he could have effected for himself,—placed a scheme of doctrine upon something like a scientific ground. He could more often feel and announce a truth in its insulation than attach it to its premisses ; he could think it *forward* to its *application*, but not *backward* to its *principia*.

With the glow yet upon him of the ethics of disinterestedness, his study of Christianity, in its evidences and structure, completely revealed to him at this time what he was made for ; and his consecration to the ministry was no longer doubtful. The first impressions produced upon his mind, when it was fairly laid open before the Scriptures, are very indicative of his predominant tendencies. The discipline of his Calvinistic education might have been expected to fix his attention upon the dogmatic element in the sacred writings. But in the record which he sends to his friend Shaw, it is the severe purity, the sublime humility, the divine affectionateness, of the Christian model and precepts, on which alone he dwells, as if he stood in awe before a new discovery : and he puts off the *doctrines* with the following apology, appended in a promissory postscript :—

“ P.S.—My intention was to have given you a delineation of the peculiar *doctrines* of our religion. But I had not room, and began with too little method. Should you desire it, I will hereafter give you my ideas in order on this subject. I assure you I was struck with the sublime *precepts* of Christianity, when I began the study of the Bible. I was struck, too, with observing how far I had deviated from them. I found that I had not a pure, an humble, a pious, or a charitable heart. I saw how Christian charity differed from what I used to call benevolence. Every thing was new to me.”—I. 121.

The sense of moral beauty, evidently operative here, was, indeed, one of the cardinal directions of his nature. He remembers how, when he was a mere child, his admiration of the delicate hands of his sisters and their playmates, degraded by no traces of the ferrule, deepened his resentment at the punishments inflicted upon boys. And throughout his life, a certain fineness of spiritual tact is discernible, enabling him to see many a good which escaped the common eye, and sometimes perhaps depriving his judgments of broad and massive wisdom by too subtle a complication of emotions. If this characteristic interfered with the soundness of some of his political views, it

eminently qualified him for the profound appreciation and reverential acceptance of Christianity. He found himself in his congenial element ; and dedicated himself thenceforth to the exposition of Christian obligation, in its bearing on the existing condition of the world, with the simplicity and courage peculiar to entire conviction.

He did not immediately exchange his engagement at Richmond for the ministerial office. Shattered in constitution, and anxious for riper theological knowledge, he employed the first two years and a half of the present century in study ; partly at Newport ; partly at Harvard, where he received a minor appointment, affording him the means and leisure for further self-improvement. In 1803, immediately after his first preaching, he settled in Boston, with the small and depressed congregation of the Federal Street church ; having declined on its behalf, a simultaneous invitation more tempting to ambition, but less suitable to the weakness of his health and the humility of his conscience. It little mattered, however, whether the society committed to his charge was large or small : his connection with it quickly determined it to the first rank among the churches ; and the full burthen from which his modesty had shrunk, was thrown upon him.

From the time of his father's early death, the resources of the family had been painfully inadequate to the wants of their position. In order to reinstate them in a condition which had never been affluent, the two eldest sons agreed that one of them should remain unmarried for ten years. The vow was fulfilled by William. His income from the first was liberal : and no sooner was he established as a householder in Boston, than he brought under his roof the whole domestic circle at Newport, and assumed all the responsibilities of a head of the family. The act was doubly graced by the happy ingenuity of love through which it was achieved, and the thorough self-forgetfulness with which it was carried out. He pleaded with his mother, that "he had a parsonage which he could not

occupy, and fuel which he could not burn, and that she would save him much waste and trouble by turning them to good use." He talked of the "necessity of punctually paying his board to his mother, and placed his funds in her hands, as he said, for safe keeping, withdrawing only such trifling sums as he absolutely needed."

"He had always been strict in his habits of self-denial, in food, dress, and every mode of expenditure; but he was now more simple than ever, and seemed to have become incapable of any form of self-indulgence. He took the smallest room in the house for his study, though he might easily have commanded one more light, airy, and in every way more suitable; and chose for his sleeping chamber an attic, which he shared with a younger brother. The furniture of the latter might have answered for the cell of an anchorite, and consisted of a hard mattress on a cot-bedstead, plain wooden chairs and table, with matting on the floor. It was without fire, and to cold he was through life extremely sensitive. But he never complained, or appeared in any way to be conscious of inconvenience. 'I recollect,' says his brother, 'after one most severe night, that in the morning he sportively thus alluded to his suffering: "If my bed were my country, I should be somewhat like Buonaparte; I have no control except over the part that I occupy; the instant I move, frost takes possession."' In sickness only would he change for a time his apartment, and accept a few comforts. The dress, too, that he habitually adopted, was of most inferior quality; and garments were constantly worn which the world would call mean, though an almost feminine neatness preserved him from the least appearance of personal neglect. The only luxury he would indulge himself in was annually to lay out a small sum in increasing his scanty library."—I. 198.

The scrupulous fidelity with which he addressed himself to every duty incident to the relations of the home and the church, awakens in us something of a sad and painful admiration. A more unreserved devotedness it is difficult to conceive: but it needs, for relief, the spring of happy trust. His vigilance reaches a preternatural strain; his

self-discipline, an unproductive severity : his energies waste themselves in repression : his feelings, in establishing their relations of equilibrium *inter se*. If every thought of the mind, every moment of the life, every word of social converse, the temper of every neighbour, the operation of every event, is to be made the distinct object of care and volition, we undertake a control possible only to Omnipotence, and assume an inspection disappointed by the first twinkling of an eye. It is hard indeed to hint at any thing amiss in such a lofty austerity of aim : criticism disappears in reverence. Compared with all ordinary standards of excellence, it can receive nothing but honour. It is only when placing it beside that highest measure, which was its own chosen rule, that we are inclined to ask, whether perfect faithfulness does not admit of more brightness and repose ;—whether, in demanding a style of character expressive of movement more flowing and disengaged, we are really compromising the dignity of the moral law. Conscientiousness, carried to an anxious stringency, proceeds upon the truth, that every soul is entrusted to itself. This truth, however, is balanced by another,—that every soul is under the care of God. Whoever is haunted by the impression of the one, lives in the presumption that, if ever the tension of his will is relaxed, all must go wrong. Whoever surrenders himself wholly to the other, lives in the presumption that, unless he falsely interfere to spoil, all will go right. The mingling influence of both can alone do justice to the *two* powers, human and divine, that dispose of us, recognizing the infirmity of the one, yet remembering the perfect security of the other. If the life on which we are afloat is not so smooth and fair, that we may leave the currents and the winds to bear us, while we lie stretched in happy contemplation ; neither is the stream so terrible that, if once we rest upon the oar, we are caught into the rapids, and swept away. When Dr. Channing looked back on this period of his early ministry from a more advanced point, he became aware that his rigour of conscience had

been excessive. But there was a peculiarity about his self-culture, which was too much a part of his nature ever to disclose itself to him. It was not, as with some men, a simple expression of *obedience* to a binding law: nor as with others, a moral *gymnastic*, resorted to for the sake of *health*; but a kind of spiritual *æsthetic*, adopted under the idea of *beauty*. Distaste predominates over disapproval in his expressions of self-depreciation; deformity strikes him prevailingly in whatever becomes obnoxious to his ethical criticism. He forms to himself the picture of a beautiful soul, full of "quickenings conviction," of "calm energy," of "overflowing sensibility,"—possessed with the spirit of disinterestedness,—speaking with "a voice of penetrating power," and "infusing into the whole manner an inspiring animation." This ideal he sighs and strives to realize: though it is obvious that the mind ought to be engaged in the pursuit of truth rather than the attainment of convictions,—in the doing of work rather than the exercise of energy, on the things it has to say, not on the expressiveness of voice and manner. A conscious aim at an inspired unconsciousness implies the same contradiction as an intense effort to forget. In the same mood, Dr. Channing is apt to place religion before him as a work of High Art in the minds of men; for the creation of which the external conditions and appropriate realities have to be found. The imagination has to be fired,—the soul to be stirred: for which purpose we must look out for "some sublime objects,"—"some great principles,"—"some truths fitted to work penetratingly." Alas! this advertising for the means of enthusiasm and elevation can elicit only incompetency and self-delusion. Not more vain are the sciolist's schemings for perpetual motion; which would always answer well enough, if he could only stand by for ever, and, in case of a dead-lift, work his own pump. The "oppressive" seriousness and reserve of Channing's early ministry arose, however, not less from the limitation than from the particular direction of his activity. His feeble

health imposed a sad check on his great aims, and drove him back upon his own mind as often the only sphere of effort open to a conscience that could not rest. A nature of high *moral* enthusiasm, almost denied the means of *action*, has a heavy cross to bear. Channing accepted, rather than chose, the life of Thought : and it was, we imagine, a sacrifice to him : for neither the poetic, nor the philosophic element of his nature had an ascendancy in him adequate to produce the permanent fruits of such a course. In the best sense, his mind had a certain *feminine* cast ; it was rich in sentiment ; delicate in sympathy ; quick of apprehension when aroused by any sufficient feeling ; difficult to bring to a fixed and definite conviction, but thenceforward heroically faithful. It has often been remarked how many an authoress will produce an essay, a sonnet, or a song ; how few have ever attempted a systematic treatise, a drama, or an opera. The same inability to *hold out* for any continuous intellectual effort is manifest, not only in the occasional character, but in the internal structure, of Dr. Channing's productions. Of this, however, we shall be in a better position to judge, whenever the posthumous Fragment is published of his great work on the "Principles of Moral, Religious, and Political Science." Now, to us it appears certain that this special type of character demands, for its perfection, the discipline of strenuous outward effort. As men are greater in the difficult passages of thought, women astonish us most in severe emergencies of action. May we not in short regard it as a general law, that an intense subjectivity requires, as a counterbalance, an external life proportionally provocative of action ? and that, where the two elements are not maintained at an equipoise, weakness and disarrangement must more or less ensue ? Thus, the profoundly internal religion of the Puritans, which was only a healthy power in an age of social insecurity and private heroism, may become morbid by simple transmission to times of easier habits and softer repose. And the retrospective musings which give some-

thing of a mournful character to Dr. Channing's early goodness, point to the probable greatness he might have achieved, had not physical infirmity turned the key upon him, and kept him prisoner within.

During an incumbency of the Federal Street church continued through nearly forty years, interrupted only by a year's journey in Europe in 1822-3 and occasional absences compelled by illness, his life was uniform and uneventful, and resolves itself mainly into a mental history, amid the natural development of external relations: so that portraiture under different aspects, rather than narrative, is needed to give a just idea of his personality. Debarred from the initiative in action, he had to wait for events rather than to mould them, and to influence his world by reverberating their impressions on himself. His characteristic thought, applied now to this, and then to that passage of human affairs, was the vehicle of his working power. It is condensed, therefore, into his writings, which are simply the expression of what he was: and the monotony sometimes charged upon them attests at once the unity of their theory and the limits of their range.

The key-note to the whole of Dr. Channing's character and convictions, is found in his sense of the inherent greatness of man. This feeling, of which his entire system of belief is but the manifold development, was not in him a mere fervour of romance, incident to the first youthful consciousness of generous power, and liable to be quenched by disappointment, or to grow pale and faint with age. It was early and deliberately adopted as a fundamental point of faith; engaged in its defence the first efforts of his philosophical reason; supported itself by the authority of his favourite authors; and remained the immovable centre of his reverence and trust, amid all the inroads of doubt and sorrow. It was, in fact, his *natural* creed. A mind distinguished for purity and quickness of moral apprehension, cannot but believe, at least, in the *occasional realities* of the excellence and beauty it discerns; and this will rise

into the belief of their *universal possibility*, if there be also remarkable strength of will and habitual self-conquest. It is difficult for genius, it is impossible for goodness, to suppose others incapable of seeing its visions and outstripping its achievements. Those vehement contrasts between divine aspirations and low vices, which take place in men of ideal elevation and imbecile purpose, and which burst out, in their despair, into the doctrine of human helplessness, were unknown to Channing's unimpassioned nature.

His estimate of human nature, once adopted, was successively directed, during the remainder of his life, upon the three grand divisions of human interest,—political, religious, and social; his views in relation to the first being unfolded between 1798 and 1814; to the second between 1813 and 1822; to the third, between 1823 and 1842. On each of these we must say a few words.

During the early manhood of Channing, the eyes of all civilized nations were fixed upon France. The intense interest and vast magnitude of the drama enacting upon that stage supplied, for once, a topic for the world; and the young States of America, whose detachment from the European family had introduced the great series of passing events, could not be indifferent spectators of the old-world struggle. The two parties into which the nation was divided, were, for the time, distinguished by their opinions on foreign rather than on domestic questions. The democrats, true to their creed and their antipathies, regarded it as a point of honour to look with suspicion upon England, and to hope every thing for France; and the career of the first consul did not break the delusion which treated that country as the sole example and asylum of European liberty. The federalists, unable to alienate themselves entirely from their old English attachments, and replace them by a set of French sympathies, saw the advance of Napoleon in its true light, except that they exaggerated its danger to themselves. Boston was the head-quarters of federalism; whose ascendancy, however, was not so undis-

puted even there, as to exclude bitter and fierce contention ; the democrats being denounced as Jacobins, the federalists as tools of England. Channing strongly espoused the federalist opinions ; not, however, from the mere influence of the political climate in which he lived, not even for the historical and constitutional reasons operative on the statesmen and leaders of the party to which he was attached, but as a direct consequence of the doctrine of human nature, which he applied to all affairs. It was his reverence for individual man that lay at the root of his attachment to free institutions. He trusted the natural forces of reason and conscience, and thought them adequate to the work of self-government, provided the State and the Church were made the means, not of their repression, but of their development. He required, therefore, from every country pretending to superior freedom, a scrupulous respect for the personal rights of its citizens, and a profound sense of international justice ; and could endure no government which did not render, in all its relations, a public homage to the right. The disappointment of every noble hope for France, the degradation of her aims—from self-renovation to foreign conquest,—her astounding strides towards continental empire, the gloomy grandeur of her military throne, as corrupting to its admirers as it was relentless to its foes,—vehemently agitated Channing's imagination, and drew from him, on days of public Fast or Thanksgiving, a number of political sermons which, with some occasional exaggeration, appear to us rich in genuine wisdom.

The very source of the French republican liberties, rather from struggling egotism than from mutual reverence, was odious to Channing. A government, swept by the storms of revolution from all moral restraints, and using the plea of necessity or destiny to justify every lawless aggression, was to him an object of unqualified abhorrence. And a ruler like Napoleon, the representative of irresponsible self-will, the organ of an iron fatalism, who used his country instead of serving it, who treated men as his

puppets, and kingdoms as his merchandise,—who had lost all affection and veracity in the desire to turn history into a romance of which he should be the hero, concentrated in himself every thing from which Channing most recoiled. Hence, the vehement anti-Gallicism which broke out in his well-known review of Scott's "Life of Napoleon." The opinions there avowed have often been accused of extravagance. In making his estimate, he has certainly not occupied the historian's point of view ; and, perhaps, he imperfectly apprehended the difficulty of applying the highest principles of duty to governments, whose function it is to step in precisely where duty has failed, and of comprising *within* the moral code, the use of that *unmoral* element of force which lies behind it. But this inability to reconcile the historical with the Christian method of judgment, is not peculiar to him. He shares it with almost every moral critic of political events. It was no less conspicuous in Arnold than in Channing. Both of them had the same desire to bring all public polity before the eternal law of right to which private life already rendered its account ; and the main difference was, that Channing attempted by unflinching application of the principles of individual morality, what Arnold sought to accomplish by a compromise between historical admiration and Christian ethics. There is a singleness and decision of judgment in Channing's estimate of the military career of France, which, at least as a personal trait, is highly interesting ; showing the presence within him of an autocratic moral sentiment, which the rhetoric of a pretended freedom could not deceive, or the splendid fiction of emancipated nations for a moment dazzle. There is, moreover, a breadth of view in his critiques, a mastery of the whole picture of the period, which altogether separates them from the thin and poor abstractions of the peace societies ; and, if we mistake not, modern opinion so nearly approaches his estimate, that his editor might have spared the apology which he makes for

the following passage, as too “manifestly coloured by the prejudices of the time:”—

“Am I asked, What there is so peculiar in our times? I answer, In the very heart of Europe, in the centre of the civilized world, a new power has suddenly arisen on the ruins of old institutions, peculiar in its character, and most ruinous in its influence. We there see a nation, which, from its situation, its fertility, and population, has always held a commanding rank in Europe, suddenly casting off the form of government, the laws, the habits, the spirit by which it was assimilated to surrounding nations, and by which it gave to them the power of restraining it, and all at once assuming a new form, and erecting a new government, free in name and profession, but holding at its absolute disposal the property and life of every subject, and directing all its energies to the subjugation of foreign countries. We see the supreme power of this nation passing in rapid succession from one hand to another. But its object never changes. We see it dividing and corrupting by its arts, and then overwhelming by its arms, the nations which surround it. We see one end steadily kept in view—the creation of an irresistible military power. For this end, we see every man, in the prime of life, subjected to military service. We see military talent everywhere excited, and by every means rewarded. The arts of life, agriculture, commerce, all are of secondary value. In short, we see a mighty nation sacrificing every blessing in the prosecution of an unprincipled attempt at universal conquest.

“The result you well know. The surrounding nations, unprepared for this new conflict, and absolutely incapacitated by their old habits and institutions to meet this new power on equal terms, have fallen in melancholy succession; and each, as it has fallen, has swelled by its plunder the power and rapacity of its conquerors. We now behold this nation triumphant over continental Europe. Its armies are immensely numerous; yet the number is not the circumstance which renders them most formidable. These armies have been trained to conquest by the most perfect discipline. At their head are generals who have risen only by military merit. They are habituated to victory, and their enemies are habituated to defeat.

“All this immense power is now centred in one hand, wielded

by one mind—a mind formed in scenes of revolution and blood,—a mind most vigorous and capacious, but whose capacity is filled with plans of dominion and devastation. It has not room for one thought of mercy. The personal character of Napoleon is of itself sufficient to inspire the gloomiest forebodings. But, in addition to his lust for power, he is almost impelled, by the necessity of his circumstances, to carry on the bloody work of conquest. His immense armies, the only foundation of his empire, must be supported. Impoverished France, however, cannot give them support. They must, therefore, live on the spoils of other nations. But the nations which they successively spoil, and whose industry and arts they extinguished, cannot long sustain them. Hence they must pour themselves into new regions. Hence plunder, devastation, and new conquests are not merely the outrages of wanton barbarity ; they are essential even to the existence of this tremendous power.”
—I. p. 332.

The apprehensions for the independence of his own country, with which the course of Napoleon’s ambition filled him, were indeed founded on a miscalculation of the forces required to grasp the sceptre of two worlds. But from what is now known of the gigantic schemes of the French Dictator, it cannot be doubted that he was rapidly completing the organization for a universal sovereignty, and contemplating an empire of dependencies from the Neva to the Atlantic, from Scandinavia to Sicily. And no one who has studied the internal condition of the countries submitted to the influences of the Corsican family,—Spain, Italy, Westphalia,—will be disposed to think Channing’s picture of the European dangers of that time any more overcharged in its colour than overdrawn in its scale. The anxiety which he felt to keep his country free from the entanglement of French alliance explains itself in the following passages :—

“ Can we then suppose that the ambitious, the keen-sighted Napoleon overlooked us in his scheme of universal conquest ? But he wants nothing of us, and is content that we should prosper and be at peace, because we are so distant from his

home. Has he not already told us that we must embark in his cause? Has he not himself declared war for us against England?

Will it be said, he wants not to conquer us, but only wishes us to be his allies? *Allies of France!* Is there a man who does not shudder at the thought? Is there one who would not rather struggle nobly, and perish under her open enmity, than be crushed by the embrace of her friendship,—*her alliance!*

“Will it be said that these evils are *political* evils, and that it is not the province of a minister of religion to concern himself with temporal affairs? Did I think, my friends, that only political evils were to be dreaded—did I believe that *the minds, the character, the morals, the religion* of our nation would remain untouched—did I see in French domination nothing but the loss of your wealth, your luxuries, your splendour,—could I hope that it would leave unsullied your purity of faith and manners—I would be silent. But religion and virtue, as well as liberty and opulence, wither under the power of France. The French Revolution was founded in infidelity, impiety and atheism. This is the spirit of her chiefs, her most distinguished men; and this spirit she breathes, wherever she has influence. It is the most unhappy effect of French domination, that it degrades the human character to the lowest point. No manly virtues grow under this baleful, malignant star. France begins her conquests by corruption, by venality, by bribes; and where she succeeds, her deadly policy secures her from commotion by quenching all those generous sentiments which produce revolt under oppression. The conqueror thinks his work not half finished until *the mind is conquered*, its energy broken, its feeling for the public welfare subdued. Such are the effects of subjection to France, or, what is the same thing, of *alliance* with her; and when we consider how much this subjection is desired by Napoleon, when we consider the power and the arts which he can combine for effecting his wishes and purposes, what reason have we to tremble!”—I. p. 336.

With the European reaction after the year 1811, terminating in Napoleon's overthrow three years later, the absorbing interest of political questions ceased: and, after a strong protest against the American declaration of war with England in 1812, we find a new class of subjects en-

gaging Channing's attention, and materially affecting, not only his local relations, but his whole influence and reputation. The time had come for him to define his theological ideas. The general body of Congregationalist Churches in New England had hitherto travelled on together; all of them, probably, receding from the old Puritan standard of doctrine: but to such various extent, that it became more difficult every year to consider them parts of the same company. The tendency of the divergent movement had declared itself in Great Britain, where Mr. Belsham had become distinguished as an heresiarch; and the leaders of the orthodox centre at Boston determined to insist upon the return of all stragglers, or else to cut them off. The usual arts of schism were accordingly put into operation. A periodical,—“The Panoplist,”—was created, to give anonymous expression to all the jealousies and suspicions which are so familiar to clerical sensitiveness, but which it requires some courage personally to own. The ambiguous language of the latitudinarian divines, corresponding no doubt with the indeterminate condition of their ideas, was treated as an hypocrisy: and to suggest an interpretation of its real though hidden meaning, a list was given of all the obnoxious doctrines held by the *extreme gauche* of English Liberalism. In defence, the heretics set up “The Christian Disciple” in 1813: and both in its pages, and in detached writings of the same period, we have memorials of the gradual development of American Unitarianism; and especially of the form it assumed in the mind of Channing. It was with evident reluctance that he brought himself to take a side in controversial discussion;—the reluctance, not of amiable weakness, desiring peace on any terms; much less, of conservative prudence, softening or suppressing the utterance of real conviction;—but of a peculiar intellect, not liking to be too closely pressed for definitions on matters transcending our measures of expression and thought. The eager demand for precise and severe statement, the fondness for a closely

connected system, is not more strictly a characteristic of the schools of Calvin and of Priestley, than is the love of indeterminate and widely suggestive language an inseparable part of Channing's religion. The distinction is far from being one merely of manner and form. It is deeply seated in the modes of thought from which the theologies severally proceed : and requires that we should compare these at their foundations. In doing so, we shall set aside all the differences of mere Scriptural interpretation ; supposing it to be incontrovertible, that the psychological tendencies of men predetermine the grand features of their belief, and in the work of exegesis itself, leave only the subordinate details at the disposal of historical attainment and acquired skill.

The whole of Channing's scheme of thought took its departure from a profound and natural *Moral* faith. The sense of *Obligation*, infinitely solemn and sacred, was predominant over every thing else, in his own consciousness : its intensity secured for it a solitary dignity in his estimation ; prevented his confounding it with any other feeling, or resolving it into ignoble ingredients, or assigning to it a derivative place. That man is endowed with knowledge of the right, and with power to realize it, was the fundamental axiom in his Science of human nature. Hence his attachment to the doctrine of Free-will ; the compromise of which he justly regarded as rendering the sentiment of Duty illusory. A mind, entrusted with responsible power, is at once a Cause in itself, and subject of a Higher Cause ; so that the ethical principle completes itself in religious truth ; and in the Conscience itself there is both a Revelation and a Type of God. Its suggestions, by the very *authority* they carry with them, declare themselves to be his Law ; its aspirations, to be the whisper of his spirit. Concurring with our highest nature, and present in its action, he can be thought of only after the pattern he thus gives. He therefore is a Free Cause, like ourselves : he perceives the infinite difference between moral good

and evil, and places his power at the disposal of this perception. The distinctions which are thus objects of the Divine Mind must be eternal and immutable ; inherent in the nature of things : and we must have been created in adaptation to them,—not they created in adaptation to us. Hence pain and pleasure are attached to them as retributory appendages, not prefixed to them as physical sources. And finally, since the preferential power of the Will is the original type and sole model of Causality, *Mind* alone, to which this attribute is peculiar, fulfils the requisites of a Cause : and it is only in the inferior sense of *force without choice*, that the word can be applied to a physical agency. The primitive and ultimate synthesis of force with choice may undergo temporary analysis : Mind may transmit force indefinitely through matter,—or so as to constitute matter,—but the element of *choice* remains at home.

Now what, in consistency with this mode of thinking, will be the relative position of God and man ? *Both* will be conceived as standing in the august presence of certain Moral possibilities, presenting a species of criterion of their nature. God, through an eternal existence, has made the good the sole object of his choice and love. To us, whom he has created in the image of his own Free-will, he has imparted power to do the same, and put us on our trial here ; giving us such participation in his own spiritual perceptions as may accord with the limited conditions of our being ; disposing around us external opportunities for the exercise of such perceptions ; and planting within us the voluntary force to realize their suggestions. In our personal essence, therefore, we are, and must ever remain independent agents,—associates or “joint-workers” with God. He may change the field of our probation ; may strengthen the discipline of our life ; deepen the intimations of his spirit : but, under every variety of appeal, must respect the conditions of our being, and in the inmost circle, leave us to ourselves. Whatever revelation he

makes of himself must deal with us as free beings, living under natural Laws : and must be merely supplementary to that law, enlarging our consciousness of it, and our aspirations after conformity with it. Everything arbitrary and magical, everything which despairs of us or insults us as moral agents, everything which does not address itself to us through the Reason and Conscience,—must be excluded from the relations of intercourse between God and man.

—In such a system of ideas did Channing's theology find its base. Far different was the method of Priestley's thought. As the one was the result of moral reflection, the other followed the lead of material Science. It was to be expected that the successful chemist and electrician would carry the intellectual habits of the laboratory into the meditations of the church. His Theism, accordingly, is a conclusion of Inductive philosophy : a detection of the earliest term of Causation ; a discovery of the Fountain-head, whence all the streams of force flow through the universe, and produce its collective phenomena. This *First Cause*, reached by the same reasoning that discloses other physical agencies, must be supposed a Cause in the same sense, and must be interpreted by the same rules. The nature of the effects declares him to be rational : by position he is prior to all things ; as an unintelligent step is impossible to him, and no collateral power exists to limit him, he designs all that is produced, and produces all that he designs. Every object and event is therefore derivative from his intending Will ; independent agency is impossible ; and however completely the mechanism may be concealed, the human mind is included in the vast system, and implicitly subject to necessary laws. Hence, we can never stray from our appointed end : the impression that we could have chosen a different course is an illusion : the feeling that we *ought* to have done so, simply means, it is unfortunate for us that we did not : and even this is at bottom never true ; since our decision would not

have obtained admission into the system, had it not, in spite of its ill looks at present, really been the best. Thus, the distinctions of good and evil which the moral feelings recognize, are apparent only, not ultimate: the two things are not oppositely regarded by God, but merely oppositely felt by us, as rendering us happy or miserable. Into this distinction of pleasure and pain, all others affecting the will reduce themselves. This alone remains, irresolvable, to be the object of the Divine sentiments: and his love of giving happiness, or Benevolence, is the single affection which we can ascribe to him.

The relations which this scheme establishes between God and man are wholly different from the former. The first voluntary activity of God took place, either for the sake of a benevolent end; in which case, there were already objects of choice to him, and he stood in the presence of certain tendencies to pleasure and pain: or for no end at all; in which case it was not rational, but arbitrary, and itself gave rise to the distinction and allotment of pleasure and pain. In creating men, God set in motion an instrument of his own, whose mechanism was complicated by the reflex action of self-consciousness. They have no range of independent choice: but are determined along the line they take as inevitably as if no other ever entered their thought. *Why* their minds should be made the theatre of this mock competition is an inscrutable mystery: but among the forces which take part in it, none is more important than a knowledge of the consequences of action. By administering more or less of this, any given conduct may be obtained from mankind; and it is quite conceivable that, in order to the realization of his purposes, God may introduce this element progressively; and at certain times increase it by additional disclosures. In this view, Revelation consists in certain fresh information given respecting the procuring causes of happiness and misery. Whenever imparted, it is not in remedy for any real evils, or in help amid its struggles to any associate will: but in execution of the original

scheme, which laid out this agency in the distance, and computed the crisis of its introduction. No sincere *probation* remains for man ; and his aspirations after moral good are but a provision, like hunger, for his sentient well-being.

The theory of Calvinism is less extreme than this in its exclusion of any moral element from the Divine administration. Its advocates wish to represent the Providential scheme as at least *beginning with* a probationary experiment ; by the very proposal of which, and until its failure, the perception of duty and the capacity for it are recognized in man. The original lapse, however, abruptly closed the ethical history of our race : the first violence committed by the conscience against itself was an act of *felo de se* : and thenceforward, the dealings of heaven make no appeal to our sentiment of right (unless to convince us of its futility), place no reliance on our reverence for law,—but snatch us out of peril by a method wholly *unmoral*, devised by arbitrary goodwill.

Thus, in Channing's view, the whole system of God's rule over our world is a Moral Probation, for the sake of holiness : in Priestley's, of Educational Development, for the sake of happiness : in the scheme of Calvinism, of incipient but disastrous Law, corrected by autocratic Love, in simple assertion of its own Sovereign glory. The three schemes are at issue as to the place and proportion assignable to two contending principles,—Liberty in man, Absolutism in God. In the third, the problem of human destiny is *set* on the principle of human Free-will ; and *solved* on that of divine Absolutism. In the second, the monarchical principle is carried through, to the entire exclusion of the other ; and the problem of redemption, being never set, is never solved : for it is, in its very conception, a *moral* problem, and apart from the conditions of responsibility, cannot exist at all. Hence we may see why these two schemes were both regarded with unconquerable aversion by so earnest an advocate of the remaining one as Channing. The *exclusion* of all moral conditions

by Priestley, and the *contradiction* of them by the Genevan School, were alike offensive to one who held them to be all-pervading, and who saw, in a constant fidelity to them, the sole ground of reverence and trust. Of the two, we do not wonder that he looked on Calvinism with the milder antipathy: for while it rendered some homage to a Moral Faculty at the outset of human things, it also promised the re-appearance of such power at their consummation: but the necessarian scheme swept through the eternal universe, relentlessly shutting out, everywhere and always, the least possibility of merit or obligation. It was impossible for one whose whole worship was paid to the *Holy Spirit*, to sympathize with Priestley's submissive adoration of the *Causal God*. And this fundamental antithesis,—the Porch and the Garden of Christian theology,—necessarily affected the whole form of their evangelic doctrine. In the monarchical Theism of Priestley, all beings are *implements* in God's hands: the idea of *instrumentality* prevails: and Christ becomes his *Message-bearer*, performing a function of transmission. In the moral Theism of Channing, all spiritual beings, of every rank, are of the same *kind* with God, and partake of his essence in proportion to their perfection: the idea of *likeness* therefore prevails; and Christ becomes his *Image*, representing his method of appeal to conscience, and performing the function of awakener to our sleeping perceptions of the highest good. So with respect to the human soul: while in the one view, it is the *automaton* of God, all whose movements are but definite sequences of physical or quasi-physical law, leaving no room for Divine Influence: in the other, it is akin to God, engaged with interests not unworthy of his sympathy, and conscious of affections that may well belong to the secret methods of his help. Priestley, ranking the beings that occupied his attention by the scientific distinction of *species*, saw no reason for detaching Jesus Christ from the race of mankind, and adopted the humanitarian doctrine. Channing, assuming a classification according to spiritual worth, could not gaze

at the meek sublimity of Christ, and suppose him only a man : he favoured therefore the Arian scheme. But the angelic essence in the son of Mary was but the permanent and intenser mingling with his mind of that Divine nature which, in the visitings of a holy spirit, has a fainter presence with the human soul. The relationship of minds through goodness is a favourite topic with him, drawing from him often a strain of high and tender thought :—

“There is something most affecting in the thought of resembling God. It is a reflection which ought to fill and almost overwhelm our minds, that we have a nature capable of bearing the image of God’s perfections. This single view of our nature throws round it a lustre infinitely surpassing all the honours of the world ; and this thought of resembling God is not a presumptuous one. The purity, the virtue, to which we are called in the Gospel, and which men have in a measure attained, is *the same in nature* with that which constitutes the glory of God. In particular, that disinterested love, that diffusive benevolence, to which Jesus Christ so emphatically calls us, forms the highest glory of the Divine character. The language of John on this subject is remarkable. ‘God is love, and he that dwells in love dwells in God.’ Astonishing thought ! By Christian goodness we are made partakers of God’s nature, we shine with a ray of his light, we share his highest perfection, we become temples of the Divinity, God dwells in us. This grand reality is too faintly felt by us. We do not with sufficient force conceive the intimate relation which we may sustain to God. We do not heartily believe that Christian virtue constitutes us his children, by making us like him. We do not bring it home to ourselves, that in sinning we are extinguishing a ray of Divinity within ourselves, and that by every step in moral progress we are ascending towards God, the Original and End of all excellence and felicity.”—II. II.

It is not difficult to see, in Channing’s modes of thought, why his Unitarianism presented so little that was obnoxious to the feeling of most orthodox persons, not decidedly Calvinistic. Though he rejected the *names*, he left the *functions*, of the Trinity. In England the development of Unitarian doctrine was different. The “Association of

ideas" was found to account for everything that had previously been referred to Divine influence; and the office being superseded, the third person in the Godhead disappeared from the faith. The law of cause and effect, pushed further and further through Creation, had diffused philosophical notions of the Deity; had rendered incredible and distasteful the ideas of ruin and disaster in the universe, of which the theory of redemption is but the counterpoise; had reduced the great human want to that of a better assurance of a future life: and no work being left which was beyond the compass of a miraculously enlightened man, the Divine nature fell away from the Christ; and the *second* person also withdrew. There remained the *first*, to be adored by the Unitarian as his God. How must a religion consisting of such a residue appear to one who retains the whole? It is needless to say, that "the Father" of the creeds is the most unapproachable and awful object of Trinitarian worship; the infinite Creator, and Ruler inexorably just, whose existence *alone* and without the "persons" who supply the complement of his perfections, would render the life of man a fearful thing. We are far from saying that the Unitarian conception of God ever agreed with this representation. It could not do so; because the same change of belief which withdrew the work of salvation from "the Son" cancelled the damnatory terrors of "the Father." Still, this modification in the element of faith left is less conspicuous than the positive disappearance of the part removed: and it is not wonderful if many an orthodox person imagines that, were he to become Unitarian, he would be in the condition of a man believing only in the first person of the Trinity. Now Channing's theology gives no opening to such mistake. He leaves the office of the Holy Spirit undisturbed, and simply adds it on to the One Infinite Father. He retains so profound a sense of the evil of sin, regards it so constantly as an abuse by man of his Free-will, and treats it so much as a defiling intrusion on a world capable of being fair, that abundant scope remains

for a restorative process ; he holds accordingly by the Mediatorial agency of Christ ; assigns him, for its exercise, a rank more than human ; and, by the doctrine that all spirits are "of one family," makes it of the less moment what that particular rank may be. A churchman of the school of Bishop Butler might reasonably say, that Channing does not remove, but only re-distribute, the Divine offices of the Trinity. And Channing, in his turn, ought not to be complained of for declaring, "I have little or no interest in Unitarians as a sect. I have hardly anything to do with them. I can endure no sectarian bonds. With Dr. Priestley, a good and great man, who had most to do in producing the Unitarian movement, I have less sympathy than with many of the orthodox." And again : "I am little of a Unitarian,—have little sympathy with the system of Priestley and Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light, who look for a purer and more effectual manifestation of Christian truth."—II. 390.

In truth, the English and the American divine represent views of religion as fundamentally opposed as any which can arise within the limits of a common Theism. Of this a striking practical evidence is afforded by the remark of Coleridge,—the most scornful enemy of the Hartleian Unitarianism :—

"I feel convinced that *the few differences in opinion* between Mr. Channing and myself, not only are, but would by him be found to be apparent, not real—the same truth seen in different relations. Perhaps I have been more absorbed in the depth of the mystery of the spiritual life ; he, more engrossed by the loveliness of its manifestations."—II. 222.

We are far from thinking either Priestley's scheme or Channing's adequate to the demands of a theory of religion. Neither of them succeeds in reconciling with each other the deductions separately drawn from the objective and from the subjective point of view, and bridging over the chasm between the Causal and the Moral God. We

feel this more forcibly in Channing than in Priestley : because the latter, by the sacrifice of completeness, has preserved a more thorough consistency, and with logical one-sidedness, has kept out of view the phenomena that are out of character with his structure of belief : while the former, at the suggestion of sentiment, wanders beyond his own field, joins in the worship of devout science ; and appealing to external miracles, relies upon the distinction between Nature and not-Nature for that religious truth, for which elsewhere he seeks too exclusively in human consciousness. We do not esteem these tendencies irreconcilable in themselves : but he had omitted to bring them into systematic harmony. Sometimes, as in a most interesting letter to Mr. Simmons (II. 438), he appears to make too much of the inner light of the soul : at others, too little, as in his letters to Miss Peabody on the Parker Controversy. But in both instances it is apparent that he had worked out no clear and satisfactory theory as to the objective conditions of religious truth. He visits the *human mind* for the meditations of philosophy : *nature*, for the excursions of sentiment : and it is curious to observe, how his thought, even when expanding through the sublimest fields of the universe, collapses by natural feeling upon the soul of man, and settles there again with intensest reverence :—

“ I have been reading Nichol’s *Architecture of the Heavens*, which you named to me, and it has filled me with adoration, humility and hope. It reveals a stupendousness in God’s works, a silent, slow, solemn unfolding of his purposes, before which I bow in a kindred silence. I cease to wonder that six thousand years have not done more for the race, when I see so clearly that a thousand years are but a day to the Eternal. The connections of human life stretch before us, and are lost in the endless ages which are needed to accomplish God’s designs. And yet I do not feel myself sinking into insignificance under the weight of these thoughts. I am amazed by the grandeur of the human spirit, which out of a few signs detected by the telescope can construct the universe. My joy and

reverence assure me that this universe is my school and everlasting home."—III. 373.

During the period which has suggested our remarks on Channing's theology, many changes had taken place in his private relations. The death of his brother Francis, in 1810, and of his sister, Mrs. Allston, in 1815, had deeply affected him, and had left him, apparently the frailest of them all, the responsible head of the family. His own marriage, in 1814, conferred upon him a happiness worthy to crown the years of self-forgetful duty by which it had been postponed. His first child was born only to pass away: and when, in 1822, he was obliged to leave his three children, and with Mrs. Channing seek health in Europe, his stay at Rome was marked by the tidings of a second bereavement; the youngest boy having died, after an illness too short for any warning intelligence to reach the absent parents. The return home in 1823 begins a new and brighter era in Dr. Channing's life. The European journey itself presents in these volumes a strange blank: and we scarcely know which is more mysterious; the absence of nearly all memorials of a year so various in its impressions; or, the sudden transformation it occasioned of the anxious martyr-spirit, somewhat valetudinarian in mind as well as body, into the free, clear, and almost joyous servant of God, and interpreter of human things. The year of absence, invisible in itself, declares itself in its fruits. He throws himself, with greater courage, upon his real feelings, and distinguishes, with greater ease, between the genuine convictions and the conventional judgments of his conscience. He had for years been reproaching himself, in a way familiar to many an earnest heart, for his "timidity on the subject of religion," in conversation; and for his inability to substitute for "mere calls," truly "serious and ministerial visits." He now felt that he had been striving after conformity with a mere professional expectation; that it was not possible to make more than a

very subordinate instrument of "what is sometimes called pastoral duty,—the personal intercourse, that is, of the minister with his congregation;" that, in such "an outdoor age" as this, "the acquisition of exalting truth, and the clear, powerful expression of it, are the minister's chief labours, implying much solitary thought." He acquiesced accordingly in that work of meditation, apart from the disturbances of custom and passion, which enabled him, from time to time, to come down with something of a prophet's power upon a world not often reached so soon by the voice of retired wisdom. His correspondence too, enriched by new connections, became various and interesting: and the record it contains of his most characteristic judgments on matters too personal and transient for more formal treatment, is perhaps the most attractive portion of this Memoir. But, above all, his attention was more and more turned to questions of social reform; and he laboured at the direct application of his own lofty Christianity, to the correction of guilty usages and wrongful institutions.

It must be confessed that Channing's generous and hopeful estimate of human nature had early prepossessed him with some opinions now obnoxious to philosophical reproach. Like many a social regenerator, he had his dream of *Communism*: and there is a very remarkable letter, written during his residence at Richmond, in which he advocates anti-property doctrines with the zeal of a red republican, and appears to contemplate some scheme for their practical application. He was half-reasoned, half-laughed, out of his project; but we doubt whether he ever lost his tendency to this way of thinking, or perceived the fallacies which it involved. His letter is a curious example of argument from mere sentiment,—just in its lamentation over the present miseries and vices of society, charming in its picture of the future by which he would replace this condition; but when he attempts to bridge over the chasm separating the one from the other, failing to show the slightest connection between his means and his end. No

proof is even attempted, that the collective wealth of a community could be created and distributed in any better way than by the operation of individual desires, under the establishment of individual rights. He simply *assumes* that the institution of property is identical with the recognition of selfishness, is the grand cause of its activity, and, by its mere disappearance, would let in the reign of universal benevolence.

“But stop, I hear you say, you are too impetuous. How will you lead mankind to educate their children in this way? Ay, there is the rub, there lies the difficulty. It is only by implanting benevolence and love of science in the mind of the parent, and rooting out his avarice and selfishness, that we can hope to see the child educated as we wish. ‘But how can this be effected? Do you mean to war with nature?’ No! I am convinced that virtue and benevolence are *natural* to man. I believe that selfishness and avarice have arisen from two ideas universally inculcated in the young, and practised upon by the old,—(1) that *every individual has a distinct interest to pursue from the interest of the community*; (2) that *the body requires more care than the mind*.

“I believe these ideas to be false; and I believe that you can never banish them, till you persuade mankind to cease to act upon them; that is, till you can persuade them (1) to destroy all distinctions of property (which, you are sensible, must perpetuate this supposed distinction of interest), and to throw the produce of their labour into one common stock, instead of hoarding it up in their own garners; and (2) to become really conscious of the powers and the dignity of their mind. You must convince mankind, that they themselves, and all which they possess, are but *parts of a great whole*; that they are bound by God, their common father, to *labour* for the good of this great whole; that their wants are but few, and can easily be supplied; that *mind, mind* requires all their care; and that the dignity of their nature, and the happiness of others, require them to improve this mind in science and virtue. Believe me, my friend, you can never root out selfishness and avarice, till you destroy the idea, that private interest is distinct from the public. You must lead every man to propose to himself, in all his actions, the good of the whole for his object.

He must plough and till the earth, that all may eat of the produce of his labour. *Mine* and *thine* must be discarded from his vocabulary. He should call everything *ours*. Here would be no robbery, for a man could steal nothing but his own. No man would be idle where such sentiments and such examples prevailed; and where there was no luxury to enervate him, every man would have leisure to cultivate the mind. We should sleep securely, we should live long and happily, and perhaps, like old Enoch, when the time came, be translated to heaven.”—I. p. 114.

His later sentiments on this subject, though very little corrected by any improved acquaintance with political economy, are less wild than these. They occasionally betray, however, a disposition still to coquet with socialist theories, and continually assume that the pursuit of wealth is answerable for the amount of poverty, and that, if less were accumulated, there would be more to divide. In a letter to Mr. Thornely, he says:—

“Did I not look on our present state as merely a *transitive* one, I should be tempted to think that, had we never known a bank, canal, steamboat, or railroad, we should be far better off at this moment. We have been made drunk with the spirit of rapid accumulation, and the imagination has been maddened with prospects of boundless wealth. England is suffering from the same causes. What a comment on the present commercial spirit is the condition of England! Thousands and ten thousands starving in the sight of luxury and ostentation! Does the earth show a sadder sight than this? England seems to be teaching one great lesson, namely,—that art and science, skill and energy, and all the forces of nature, concentrated by selfishness for the accumulation of wealth, produce degradation and misery; that nothing but the spirit of Christianity, which is in direct hostility to the present spirit of trade or accumulation, can heal the woes of society. I have faith that this great truth is to be learned, and that the present deformed social state is not to last for ever.”—III. p. 131.

Nothing can be more just than the lamentation here and elsewhere so pathetically made over the monstrous inequali-

ties of condition in English society ; nothing more noble than the writer's perpetual sighing after some means of elevating the toiling mass of men into consciousness and enjoyment of their nobler faculties. But what help towards such a result do we get from an invective against "the commercial spirit ?" If we had had but half the commerce, should we not have had double the misery ? If production had been lessened, would enjoyment have been increased ? If all persons, who by their skill have increased their possessions by one half, had rather chosen by charity to diminish them by one half, would our store have been greater, or better distributed ? These obvious questions should, at least, have been pondered before declaiming so freely against a people's industry as the specific cause of its penury. It must be confessed, that Channing entertained very loose and vague notions as to the peculiar social condition of this country, and the agencies to which it must be traced. Sometimes he thinks the "Established Church" "the great scourge of the country" (III. 288), an opinion in which he would hardly be joined by even the members of the Anti-State-Church Association. At other times, he ascribes the different condition of the labouring classes in Europe and in America, to "the spirit of aristocracy !" and, in all his treatment of this favourite topic, he overlooks the different relations in which the people of the New World and the Old stand towards the physical nature around them, and towards one another. His offences against the doctrines of the Economists, were, for the most part, altogether unconsciously committed ; but in opposition to their alms-denying precept he was a deliberate rebel ; regarding it as the Protestant doctrine of self-dependence run-mad, and feeling that, in a world of so much helplessness, room must be left for a special helpfulness, whose action cannot be systematized, and from which a living spirit of compassion will extract the chance of harm.

" " It is sometimes objected to almsgiving, as I have intimated,

that to prevent poverty is better than to relieve it ; and that there is but one way of prevention, which is, to take from men all expectation of relief if they become poor. They will then, it is thought, have motives which can hardly fail to keep them from want. But unluckily for such reasoning, there is one way only of cutting off this expectation, and God forbid that we should ever resort to it. That only way is, to drive all human feeling from our breasts ; for as long as any kindness exists in a community, so long there will be resources open to the poor, let their poverty come how it may, and so long relief will be expected by the improvident. I repeat it, there is but one way of suppressing this hope of relief. We must cast from us all kind feeling. We must turn our hearts to stone. We must bring ourselves to see, unmoved, the beggar die at our doors. We must make up our minds sternly, inflexibly, to give nothing, let misery assail us with ever so piercing a cry, with ever so haggard, and worn, and famished a look ; for nothing but this will prevent the improper dependence which is said to generate poverty. Let sympathy survive, and it will act and be a hope to the improvident ; and can any man seriously think that the evils of this hope are so great, that to avoid them we should turn ourselves into brutes, dry up the fountains of humanity within us, part with all that is tender and generous in our nature ? I am free to say, that the most injudicious almsgiving is an infinitely less evil to society than this extinction of sympathy. Better multiply beggars, than make ourselves monsters. Kind affection is the life of a community, and the excesses of these affections are to be chosen before a frozen selfishness.”—II. p. 76.

It was not, however, any leaning towards the feudal relations of dependence and protection, any reliance upon eleemosynary resources for the abatement of indigence, any hopeless acquiescence in the prediction that “the poor shall never disappear from the earth,” which brought from Channing this plea for occasional alms. No one was more impatient of every remnant of serf-like doctrine, more indignant at the humiliations of poverty, more eager to see the union of manual labour and mental culture ; and if his demands upon the rich are sometimes large, it is not for

charity, but for social justice. He did not think that the contract between the employer and the employed should lead to nothing beyond the acceptance of work and the payment of wages : he felt that, though no more might be written in the bond, more was implied by the very presence, in face of one another, of human beings so similarly made, yet so differently placed as the master and the servant ; and that if the contrast of conditions were never to be relieved by any community of sympathies and interests, service for hire would become intolerable in an age of growing intelligence and independence. This feeling, though obscure and indistinct, and expressing itself too much in vague complaints against the rich, is, perhaps, essentially correct. It is not likely that the school, the press, the Mechanics' Institutes, the Trades' and Political Unions, can continue to do their work upon the habits of the industrious classes, and that the present relation between capitalist and labourers shall continue for ever without change,—the labourers having no interest in the capitalist's adventure, the capitalist none in the labourer's well-being. And if a change be inevitable,—if the wearisome competition between the two classes is to find its euthanasia in some method of partnership, the move can only be made by the capitalist, and the duty of inaugurating such a future must devolve on him. In a progressive civilization, the mere fulfilment of the bargain of the hour does not acquit any capable and educated man of his obligations ; justice to the immediate relation includes the use of it as means to a better.

From the earliest period of Dr. Channing's settlement in Boston, he had interested himself in projects for improving the condition of the poor, and raising them to self-respect. There is scarcely a scheme of judicious benevolence now in operation, however recent its origin, which may not be found already sketched in his journals of 1805-10 :—improved dwellings at low rents,—public places for exercise and recreation, —mechanics' libraries,—public bake-houses,—facilities for the collection of small debts,—provident

societies,—primary schools, temperance movements. It is true that no record is given of the realization of these designs upon any large scale at that early time. They appear simply to have guided the hand of his private charities. His feeble health disqualified him for the working part of a town reformer ; and the times, pre-occupied with political excitement, were not favourable to the quiet prosecution of such plans. But when they afterwards rose into notice, one after another, he was prepared with a knowledge of their merits, and the zeal for their support. We find him often fixing his attention on practical matters which few would suspect to be interesting to the retired and somewhat mystic thinker, as in the following judicious queries sent to Dr. Tuckerman, whose answer, we have no doubt, would go to confirm Dr. Channing's own original impression :—

“What is the influence of the credit system on the poor and the labouring classes? Is it good or bad for them, that they take up articles on trust? I have believed that they were much injured in this way ; that they were kept from forming habits of providence ; that they were led to purchase luxuries, which they would forego, were they obliged to earn before they spend ; and that habits of deceit are formed. But a friend tells me it is not so,—that the labouring classes, in order to get credit, are obliged and induced to be honest ; that the dishonest are soon detected, and cease to be trusted ;—and that, as a matter of fact, little is lost by the shopkeeper. The subject, I think, is an important one, and has wide bearings. Will you give me the fruits of your own and others' observations?”
—III. 51.

As his influence extended, and the scale of his life enlarged, his thoughts were necessarily carried beyond the small circle of town benevolence. The whole question of popular education was brought before him, when the noble-minded Horace Mann turned aside from the prizes of statesmanship, and virtually created and assumed a ministry of public instruction for the state of Massachusetts. He

was the personal friend of Channing, and received from him a hearty sympathy and co-operation. We find a difficulty in gathering Dr. Channing's opinions on the main topics which this great question opens. At one time he makes the emphatic declaration, "Religion should be professedly and conspicuously a main end of education," (II. 130); at another, he hopes that a certain "Chartist project of education (which provides for the exclusion of religion) will be carried out," (III. 294). He argues at length (III. 66) against resort either to the state or to the rich for the provision of schools for all; yet elsewhere (III. 57) advises the working classes of England to demand from the government a system of national education, "with an importunity which will take no denial." We cannot reconcile these sentiments, unless by supposing that they proceeded from one who sometimes indulged himself with sketching the best possible, at others was content to advise the best practicable.

Channing did not confine his interest in educational reform to the case of the primary schools. He felt himself surrounded, even in Boston, by *uneducated gentlemen*,—by men whose knowledge and refinement bore no proportion to their social station and their moral worth. He saw the utter inadequacy of the present school system, which stops short just where the faculties quit their puerile feebleness, to prepare the merchant, the capitalist, and the landowner for the enlightened discharge of their duties as citizens. It was a favourite project with him to introduce, among persons of competent fortune, the practice of appending for their sons, at least two years of college study to the ordinary school course. He sketched the plan of instruction suited to this supplementary period, and urged the subject, in various forms, upon the notice, both of the leading statesmen of Massachusetts, and of the authorities of Harvard University. In one of his papers he says:—

"Very many parents, who are unable or indisposed to give their children an education for a profession, are still able to

afford them more extensive advantages than are now found in our schools ; and to procure these advantages is among their first obligations. If any class of men should be well educated, it is the commercial. In this are found a very large proportion of our most opulent and influential men. None do more to determine public measures and to give a character to the community ; and yet how little is now done to train up men of business for this high responsibility ? ”

“ It is believed, that after the training of our common schools two years should, if possible, be devoted to the study of branches which have a direct tendency to task, strengthen, and elevate the mind. These branches are—first, natural history and philosophy ; second, civil history ; third, moral science, including both intellectual and moral philosophy ; fourth, politics, including the principles of government generally, and of our own constitution in particular ; political economy, the true interest of our country, &c. ; fifth, the evidences of natural and revealed religion, and the general principles of interpreting the scriptures.

“ This course should be decidedly *philosophical*, that is, it should aim to lead the mind to the comprehension of great principles in every department ; at the same time, it should have a *practical* character, by teaching how all knowledge may be applied to the formation of a virtuous character, and to the discharge of our duties as citizens and members of families, as related to the human race, and to God. Two years’ faithful study of the branches now enumerated, would not only store the mind with important truth ; but would awaken new life and energy, and probably give a new character to the life.”—II. 77, 78.

Channing’s faith in human nature inspired him with a hearty attachment to Republican institutions. He regarded direct self-government as the ultimate perfection of all rule ; entertained no doubt that his own countrymen were capable of doing justice to the privileges they had won ; and shared the American feeling of amiable pity for nations still tolerating the historical child’s play of monarchy. We do not think his political creed will bear a close philosophical criticism ; but if it wanted logical coherence as a whole, it

was full of good sense and magnanimity of heart in its details and applications. He held to the doctrine of natural rights, which the metaphysics of the last century had laid as the basis of American independence. In his work on Slavery he expounds and justifies this doctrine ; yet so far is he from embracing its legitimate consequence, that every citizen, simply in virtue of his human nature, must possess the same political privileges,—that he disapproves of universal suffrage, and insists on the necessity of an educational, if not a moral test for voters. The following passage, though presented by the biographer in evidence of federal prejudice, shows, in our judgment, how the fine practical feeling of Channing corrected his errors in speculation :—

“ I have endeavoured, on all occasions, to disprove the notion that the labouring classes are unfit depositories of political power. I owe it, however, to truth to say, that I believe that the elective franchise is extended too far in this country. No man, I think, should be entrusted with this high privilege, who has not been instructed in the principles of our government, and in the duties of a good citizen ; and who cannot afford evidence of respectability in regard to morals. One of the principal objects of our public schools should be, to train the young of all conditions for the duties of good citizens, to furnish them with the necessary knowledge of principles for the judicious use of political power. The admission of the young to the privilege of voting should be the most solemn public act, the grand national festival. It should be preceded by an examination of the candidates. It should be accompanied by the most imposing forms, fitted to impress the young and the whole community with the great responsibility and honourableness of this trust.

“ None of us seem adequately to understand, that to confer the elective franchise is to admit a man to the *participation of SOVEREIGNTY* of the supreme power of the State. The levity with which this dignity is conferred, the thoughtlessness with which it has been extended, constitutes one of our great political dangers. Were the proper qualifications for it required, they would not exclude one class rather than another. The

aim should be to exclude the unworthy of all classes. A community is bound to provide for itself the best possible government, and this implies the obligation to withhold political power from those who are palpably disqualified, by gross ignorance or by profligacy, for comprehending or consulting the general welfare ; who cannot exercise the sovereignty without injuring the commonwealth."—III. 257.

In the same spirit is the following admirable remark :—

"As to our political state, we are contending and croaking as usual. We are very unreasonable. We choose to have a popular government, but are not willing to accept its essential condition, namely, that it shall have the imperfections of the people. An absolute sovereign may get in advance of his people, but a people cannot get in advance of itself, and it must govern according to its own character. If, instead of croaking, we would try to improve our sovereign, we should show a little comprehension of our situation."—III. 264.

Channing's trust in the institutions of his country is the more to be honoured, because it was undoubtedly exposed to many a shock, severe enough to shake the hope of a less steadfast mind. His tastes and temperament were altogether conservative. Constitutionally sensitive, and eager for silence and repose, he might naturally have been glad to accept any securities against popular conflict, and the din of ceaseless agitation. To no man could the heated passions, the coarse speech, the party rhetoric of calumny and adulation, which constitute the friction-noise of democratic machinery, be more unwelcome. He had formed his political faith at a time when mighty questions were discussed in the legislature, and statesmen worthy to handle them applied themselves to their solution ; when Washington, Jefferson and Adams were the representative names, defining to the world the genius of the republic. He lived to hear it debated, whether a State with an insolvent exchequer might not decline to pay ?—whether the right of petition should not be withdrawn from persons who entertained objections to slavery ?—whether Mexico, being but

a foolish State, had any business to exist and brag, so near the chosen people of the New World, and had not better subscribe to be half-conquered and half-annexed? The humiliation of so degenerate a position Channing bore with a dignity which concealed no truth, yet resigned no hope. Sometimes, indeed, he is tempted to urge a plea of palliation for the delinquent States, which, if it could be allowed, would constitute a fatal objection to the popular institutions he would defend. In writing, for instance, to Mr. George Combe, he says :—

“ I do not wonder that Europe raises a cry of indignation against this country. I wish it could come to us in thunder. My patriotism does not incline me to cloak the sins of my country. I wish them cured. You, however, must understand how unjust these sweeping censures are. Not a stain rests on the good faith of New England and New York, and of the great majority of the States.

“ Bad faith in public matters and private integrity are not seldom found in strange union. To measure the guilt of these people, you must suppose our countrymen placed in the same situation. You must suppose universal suffrage introduced into Great Britain. Do you think that your national debt would be safer than that of Mississippi? I do not say this by way of excuse, for none can be made, but only to show that, in the most hopeless parts of our country, you meet nothing worse than you find everywhere. Is not your national debt secure, chiefly because the creditors hold the reins of government? ”—
III. 272.

We will not dispute, though we by no means accept the supposition, that a Chartist parliament would refuse to keep faith with the public creditor; but we submit that the grounds of their repudiation would be of a kind to which the non-paying American States can present nothing parallel. In England, the defence would be, that the money had been borrowed by governments whom the people did not sanction, at a time when the parliamentary representation was a farce, and then spent in wasteful wars, without the national approval. In short, the refusal would be to pay

other peoples' debts. This case bears no analogy to that of a State, already self-governed, borrowing capital for internal improvements selected by the public will ; and, in a few years—while, indeed, the works are yet incomplete—declining to acknowledge the obligation. But if the cases were parallel, and if universal suffrage introduced into Europe would entail universal repudiation, what argument could be offered for a democracy which cannot co-exist with truth and honour in the State ?

With all his confidence in the operation of popular institutions, Channing was never indulgent to the vices and assumptions of the majority, and most jealously watched the privileges of free thought and free speech, which are the best guarantees of a people's progress, yet most liable to passionate arrest. In 1834, a journalist named Kneeland was indicted on a charge of blasphemy, for having advocated atheistical opinions, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The man himself was in no respect a desirable hero ; on the contrary, he had published scurrilous and indecent matter in immediate proximity to the article on which he was condemned, and the occasion was not one which a clergyman, of most reverential mind and of great reputation, would have chosen for the advocacy of an abstract right of discussion. Channing, however, with his usual eagerness in presence of a disagreeable duty, to do it first, and be the first to do it, would not let the opportunity pass, and headed with his name an admirable petition praying for an unconditional pardon ; among other reasons—

“ Because the freedom of speech and the press is the chief instrument of the progress of truth and of social improvement, and is never to be restrained by legislation, except when it invades the rights of others, or instigates to specific crimes.

“ Because religion needs no support from penal law, and is grossly dishonoured by interpositions for its own defence, which imply that it cannot be trusted to its own strength, and to the weapons of reason and persuasion in the hands of its friends.”—III. 104.

The petition did not gain its immediate end. But it gained a larger result, in rendering future prosecutions for atheism impossible in Massachusetts.

Living in that quiet faith which rises above fear and anger, Channing had no part or lot in the eagerness of partisan antipathies. The incredulous wonder with which he looked on real, hearty intolerance is strikingly evident in the following passage from a letter to Blanco White :—

“I have been reading, or rather am just finishing, a book which I doubt not you have read, with great interest,—Ranke’s ‘History of the Popes.’ I confess I was not before fully aware of the powerful reaction of Catholicism against Protestantism at the close of the sixteenth century. It is plain that the civil power was the right arm of the Church, and that she reconquered her lost possessions chiefly by force. But the civil power did not act wholly, or perhaps mainly, from policy, but very much from religious impulses, so that the religious principle lay at the foundation of the mighty movement which rocked all Europe. What so formidable as this principle in its perversions? Men really believed, from the throne to the cottage, that a fellow-creature, holding what was called a *heresy*, was God’s *personal foe*; that their hatred of him was shared by the Creator, and that to drive him into the Church, or to drive him out of the world into hell, was the most acceptable service they could render to Heaven. It is comforting to think that this horrible doctrine was really held, that it was not a mere *pretext* of tyranny, that the pope and emperor yielded as hearty assent to it as the common man. But, on the other hand, it is a fearful thought that men are liable to such delusions; that God’s name may be enlisted conscientiously on the side of the fiercest passions; that tyranny, in its most terrible forms, may be grounded on ideas of duty and religion. Are we sure that we are safe now against illusions equally pernicious, though of a different character? We have certainly gained something. The fundamental error of Catholicism was an utter distrust of human nature on the subject of religion. It was universally believed that religion was to be imposed on a man from abroad, that there was nothing in his intellect or affections to carry him to God,—an opinion not very strange in an age of darkness; and

nothing more was needed for the superstructure which was reared on it."—II. 387.

A similar union of enthusiasm and dignity marks his course in relation to all the philanthropic movements of the age. He could not surrender himself to the extreme views of the Societies created for the promotion of the several Reforms. Yet his distaste for their methods could not damp his sympathy with their aims; and while he silently held aloof from their organization, he found a solitary way of aiding their best tendencies. His name was not in their local lists: but his voice was for their cause all over the world. The wise and gentle words by which he justified his middle course on the subject of war, are applicable to every similar problem:—

"I know it is objected, that, if any war is allowed to be just, all will be found so; that no lines can be drawn between the lawful and unlawful. So the fanatic says no line can be drawn between innocent indulgence and luxury, between moderate and excessive ornament, and therefore all indulgence and ornament must be renounced. I do not believe in the wisdom or virtue of escaping the labour and responsibility of moral discrimination by flying to an extreme principle. Every moral question is as open to this objection as war. Perhaps a sound mind can make the right distinctions on war as easily as on most of the solemn concerns of life. I cannot, however, explain myself now."—III. 18.

Dr. Channing was brought by the earnest rebuke of a young abolitionist, to reproach himself with procrastination in his protest against Slavery. We will not contest the judgment which, in the tenderness and humility of his conscience, he was led to pronounce upon himself. But if, in the delay of two or three years, he was influenced, not merely by ill-health, but in part by a fastidiousness too scrupulous, there is another lesson to be learned besides that of censure upon him. It is one of the worst effects of the indiscriminate invective and exaggerated language indulged in by the leaders of a popular or unpopular agitation,

that they disgust men of fine and large justice, and alienate those who are best fitted to aid them, by infusing an element of humility into their dogmatism, and blending a purer wisdom with their fire. We do not however wish to enter into disputes about the relative chronologies,—the originalities or plagiarisms,—of a noble philanthropy. Honour be to all who, in their season and according to their gifts, yield themselves to work so high !

We speak on such a matter with the diffidence befitting our remote station ; but the question oppresses us, why is there no party in the States, even no individual writer, that has studied with effect this enormous evil in their social condition, or obtained any such mastery over its relations, as to help forward the prospect of its cure. The total absence of any attempt at a statesmanlike survey of the problem, terminating in any practical scheme of policy for its solution, is a singular proof of the blindness which may be induced by the passions, whether of selfish interest, or of philanthropic enthusiasm. It cannot really be, that any sensible American expects the present relation between the black and white races to go on for ever, or for any very long period : yet, among all the men of high capacity and political experience in the United States, there seems not one of sufficient foresight and resolution, to seize the helm of this floating danger. Is the question to be left in some reckless fashion to settle itself ? The Abolitionists, professing not to advance beyond the abstract question of right, really commit a practical wrong, by fixing all the odium on the individual possessor of slaves, and demanding from him a private manumission, impossible by law, and not likely to be felt binding in conscience. It has always appeared to us strange, that a body of devoted philanthropists should actually make it their boast and pride, that they will never show the way out of this evil ; they will only denounce it, and say that men ought not to have got into it. It would better answer to the duty they have nobly taken in hand, did they condescend to the most patient

removal of every difficulty in feeling, in law, in economy which lies in the path of their enterprise. The slaveholders again simply display the exasperated conservatism of threatened interest. And, with some recent exceptions, the most eminent men on both sides, including Channing, have deprecated "political action" on the question. We cannot understand this. Is not property in men and women a creation of wicked *laws*? How can it be abolished, but by a rescinding of those laws? And who can rescind them but the legislative chambers, now upholding their authority? Where, then, but in those chambers, and on the hustings of the previous elections, *can* the battle of emancipation be really fought? To aim at the extinction of this property *without* the law, instead of *through* the law, so far from deserving the praise of moderation and restraint, appears to us, of all courses, the most revolutionary in its aim, and the most disastrous in its probable results. This general remark, as to absence of any distinct anti-slavery policy in America, applies, it must be admitted, even to Channing. He was critic, not lawgiver, upon this question. But his moral position in relation to it, presents a faultless example of dispassionate justice and courageous humanity. We are not inclined to reckon the heroism of reformers chiefly by their readiness to endure stripes, and to peril life from tumultuary fury; for these things may be needlessly incurred by their own incontinence of speech, and however borne, prove only a fortitude irrespective of wisdom. We rather measure our admiration by the power of self-conquest shown,—the ability to resist tastes usually innocent, and prejudices invariably generous, to rise above servitude even to enthusiasm, and be just and gentle where injustice and violence might pass for the higher virtue. This power, inconspicuous because it has no physical expression, and results in harmony rather than in force, Channing's course upon the slavery question evinces in a remarkable degree. It is a characteristic evidence of his superiority to present impressions, that his lofty theory of human nature grew up

while he was living on a plantation, served by slaves in the house, and often having charge of the gang in the field. Daily he could look in the African face, without disturbance to his faith in man, as the highest expression of external beauty ; and as he mused, of a summer evening, at the open window of his study, the chatter of the negro village did not jar with the theme of his hymn-like meditations. At that early time, he gave the freest utterance to the horror with which the system affected him : and when, forty years after, the incipient discussions in the North elicited from him his work on slavery, he recorded no new convictions, but only the old feelings, powerfully revived in 1830 by a winter residence on a plantation at Santa Cruz, and now converted into a call of duty by the changed condition of the public attention. In the pulpit he declared himself immediately after his return to Boston ; from the press, not till 1835, when his work on Slavery was published. Garrison and his associates were before him in the field ; and even his biographer revives the complaints that have been made at the delay of his testimony for three or four years. From that hour, at least, the sternest Abolitionist must acknowledge that he was always true, and promptly true, to his worthiest impulses on this matter. When mobs threatened to suppress liberty of speech, he threw himself into the defence of the injured and insulted reformers. When Lovejoy, editor of an Anti-slavery journal, was murdered at Alton, he even entered into a civic contest with the authorities of Boston for the use in public meeting, of Faneuil Hall, to protest against tumultuary invasions of the liberty of the Press : and having overcome resistance by his firm appeal to the better feelings of the citizens, he broke through his usual habits of retirement, and himself opened the proceedings by a speech designed at once to vindicate the assemblage, and to give dignity of tone to the discussion. It was no cowardice, but simply the judicial character of his mind which fixed his proper mission at a later stage ; and his peculiar wisdom first made itself felt,

when copious pleadings had confused the thoughts and kindled the passions which his word could reduce to order, and convert into media of truth. The storm around him, of platform invective and conservative rage, was inoperative upon him : he sat tranquilly in the midst, and told the truth to both parties, in a way to secure from either side unacknowledged conviction and avowed hostility. That he was just to the inheritors of slave property, could allow them a conscience, and appreciate the honest difficulties of their case, obtained him no forgiveness for his exposure of a gainful guilt. That he tore open the very heart of the slave system, exposed every decorative pretence, and produced the deepest impression, not only of its inherent iniquity, but of its fatal external operation on morals, education, and politics, availed him nothing with the Abolitionists, and could not save him from being denounced as an enemy in their public journals. The course, however, which made his own community look coldly on him, raised his reputation to its highest pitch in Europe. His lecture on Self-culture, and other similar productions, had long been familiar to our Mechanics' Institutions, and endeared him to the artisan. And above all, when the encroachment of adventurers from the States upon the territories of Mexico began to indicate their results, and threatened to overrun a free soil with the curse of Slavery, he threw off, with the rapidity of indignation, that masterly state-paper—the Letter to Henry Clay on the Annexation of Texas ; a production which, for force of exposition, acuteness of vaticination, penetration through the guile of party selfishness, and boldness of just expostulation, stands pre-eminent, in our opinion, among the writings of Channing, and alone among essays on political morals. The prophecy it contains of the very war, which is now about to give a military President to the United States, is so remarkable that we must turn aside from Channing's life for a moment to put it on record :—

“Henceforth, we must cease to cry, Peace. Our Eagle will

whet, not gorge, its appetite on its first victim ; and will snuff a more tempting quarry, more alluring blood, in every new region which opens southward. To annex Texas is to declare perpetual war with Mexico. That word, *Mexico*, associated in men's minds with boundless wealth, has already awakened rapacity. Already it has been proclaimed, that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to the sway of this magnificent realm ; that the rude form of society, which Spain established there, is to yield and vanish before a higher civilization. Without this exposure of plans of rapine and subjugation, the result, as far as our wills can determine it, is plain. Texas is the first step to Mexico. The moment we plant our authority on Texas, the boundaries of those two countries will become nominal, will be little more than lines on the sand of the sea-shore. In the fact, that portions of the Southern and Western States are already threatened with devastation, through the impatience of multitudes to precipitate themselves into the Texan land of promise, we have a pledge and earnest of the flood, which will pour itself still further south, when Texas shall be but partially overrun."

The whole of Dr. Channing's course, but especially in reference to slavery, reminds us, by its balanced yet fervent wisdom, of the following remark made by him to one of his correspondents :—

" You seem to be subject to an impulse which you cannot resist. Happily, it is a good one ; but this circumstance does not reconcile me to the want of self-direction. There is such a thing as being slaves to our own *past good impressions*. I think perfection lies in a *present power* over ourselves, in a superiority to what is good, as well as evil in our past course, in acting from a fresh present energy. Few of us attain this. Most good men turn their benevolent objects into hobby-horses, and ride them most furiously, or rather are hurried on by them—passively, unresistingly. Such is the weakness of our nature. Our tendency is to slavery. The difference is, that some are the slaves of good, others of bad impulses. That blessed freedom in which we govern ourselves according to our ever improving and daily changing perceptions of right, is an eminence to which we slowly rise. I am too far from it, myself, to reprove others who fall short of it."—III. 330.

The last effort of his mind was to celebrate, by some worthy commemorative thoughts, the abolition by the British Legislature of Colonial Slavery—a national act of which he always spoke as one of the grandest passages in human history. He was at Lenox; surrounded by the friendly and cultivated family of Sedgwicks, and in a country yielding him the full refreshment of beauty and repose. On the 1st August, he uttered from the desk of the Village Church that memorable tribute to the repentant justice of England; and, in the glad and hopeful spirit which seemed to be ever growing within him as the physical energies of life declined, he closed with an invocation soon to be answered by a counter-call:—

“Mighty powers are at work in the world. Who can stay them? God’s word has gone forth, and ‘it cannot return to him void.’ A new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men’s relations to the common Father—this is among the signs of our times. We see it; do we not feel it? Before this, all oppressions are to fall. Society silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for peace. The power of selfishness, all-grasping, and seemingly invincible, is to yield to this diviner energy. The song of angels, ‘On Earth Peace,’ will not always sound as fiction. O come, thou kingdom of heaven, for which we daily pray! Come, friend and Saviour of the race, who didst shed thy blood on the cross, to reconcile man to man, and Earth to Heaven! Come, ye predicted ages of righteousness and love, for which the faithful have so long yearned. Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children, to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy son, through the whole earth.”

In the letters written from this summer retreat, there is a richness and depth of sentiment—a freedom of hand and heart in blending without contrast the incidents of the hour with thoughts belonging to all time,—that affect the

reader with anticipations unspeakably grand. To Mrs. Follen he says :—

“ I am sorry to learn from your letter that your solicitude about me has continued so long. Ever since I began to improve in health, I have gone on very slowly, to be sure, but steadily, until now I am in my usual condition. Perhaps I insensibly let down my standard of health, and after every convalescence am satisfied with a little less vigour than I had before. But ‘ I have all things and abound.’ It is not necessary to me ‘ to *learn* to be content.’ I have been imbued with that lesson without effort. Life presents to me, as yet, her more cheering aspects. Is it that my condition has been happier, or my temperament happier, or that I have *resisted* evil less than most people? I have not gone through life fighting with my lot. When evil has come, I have accepted it at once. This looks like insensibility, and yet I am not stone.

“ What mysteries we are to ourselves ! Here am I finding life a sweeter cup as I approach what are called its dregs, looking round on this fair, glorious creation with a serener love, and finding more to hope for in society at the very time that its evils weigh more on my mind. Undoubtedly the independent happiness which I find in thought and study has much to do with my freedom from the common depression. The man who lives in a world of his own, and who has contrived to make or find a bright one, has struck one mine at least. But enough. This page of egotism is not to my taste, and, what is more, I have not gone to the root of the matter, but have touched only on superficial influences.”—III. 484.

And again he dwells upon his new discoveries of privilege in his lot :—

“ Our natural affections become more and more beautiful to me. I sometimes feel as if I had known nothing of human life until lately—but so it will be for ever. We shall wake up to the wonderful and beautiful in what we have seen with undiscerning eyes, and find a new creation without moving a step from our old haunts.

“ I mix freely with conservatives and with the hopeful, and am more and more inclined to extend my intercourse with men.

Everywhere our common nature comes out. I have kept up by books an acquaintance with all classes ; but real life is the best book. At the end of life I see that I have lived too much by myself. I wish you more courage, cordiality, and real union with your race."—III. 486.

The next month (September) he was seized, during a journey among the Green Mountains of Vermont, with a feverish attack, which rapidly wasted his slight store of strength : and at sunset, on the 2nd October, he breathed his last : having left, during these lingering weeks of decline, no impression, by word or look, out of harmony with the invariable gentleness and grace and sanctity of his life.

In casting our eye backward over Channing's career, it is easy to assign him his place in literature and life, and to name his characteristics. It would be absurd to range him in the first class of writers, or of men : he produced,—he could have produced,—no great work in history, philosophy, or art, to enter into the education of other times : what he has written will not, perhaps, very long be read. His influence, however, though not fitted for permanence, has been both wide and deep ; and he must be placed as far above the ordinary heroes of sectarian and pulpit popularity, as he is below the noble peers of letters, who have their irrevocable patent to represent our language. Perhaps no one, in whom a single tendency or feeling rules over the whole nature, can produce an enduring work : it would seem, that while particular faculties achieve the tasks of each passing generation, *whole* minds perform the work of all time. Channing's profound *moral sensibility* became the source of all his thought ; supplied his clue through every question ; gave a complexion to his view of nature, history, and life ; and imparted to him that mixture of reserve and refinement with enthusiasm and fire, which his portrait so curiously expresses. The same feeling which made him shrink from every thing *immoral*, rendered him indifferent to what was *unmoral* : and hence he had only a

side-view into the whole realm of art. Beauty, simply as such, did not affect him, but must carry with it some congenial suggestion. Grassmere gives him a retreat, where he may "resign himself to visions of *sublime virtue*;" Helm Cragg bars out "the profanation of *worldly passion*;" the sea "fills the soul with a consciousness of its greatness," or speaks "of the mercy and the rest of God." Whatever object, grand or fair, expresses, in its lineaments, the attributes of mind which constitute his ideal, awakens his perceptive power; all others pass before him in vain. The emotions thus predominant in him over all others, were also highly intense in themselves; they possessed a self-activity which interfered with his thorough reception from without of ideas even of the same order. It has been said that Channing was indebted for many of his best thoughts to the conversation of others, and especially of his constant companion Nathaniel Phillips, whose noble powers do indeed give plausibility to the assertion. But if he used the talk of his friends, as he used his books, his travels, his experience, and all the externals of his life, there is little call for so disparaging a remark. From all these sources he imported nothing ready-made into himself; they simply served to set his mind in action; and though the materials were doubtless reproduced, they were treated like the handful of airy unwrought silk held within snatch of the ever-whirling machine,—caught up into the dance of a thousand evolutions, and turned out with texture created and identity destroyed. It was impossible for him to be a learned man. He spread himself sometimes beneath the tree of knowledge; and, for a while, the leaves would drop through the air of motionless attention, and rest upon the silent grass of thought; but the winds that swept over his soul were so frequent and so fresh, that nothing could lie where it fell, and the forms of fancy displaced the order of deposition. There is a peculiarity in his composition, which is traceable to the same cause. His writings exhibit nothing logical, nothing architectonic in their structure.

They are not put together in demonstration of a particular truth, or to show the perspective of a complex system ; but in exposition of a profound sentiment. He never thinks in a line, but always from a centre, to which he returns again and again, in order to radiate forth in new directions. Thus he does not *survey* a subject, he does not *prosecute* it ; he *dwells upon* it. This mode of writing is not fitted to satisfy the demands of a severe intellect, or of a large culture ; and it is not wonderful that he has obtained little favour from men of erudite or philosophic training ; but he falls in with the order of natural meditation, and meets the wants of thoughtful and affectionate goodness. The sleeplessness of his reflective power contrasted curiously with his slowness in action. But in him many thoughts were requisite to make up one movement of will. The impulses from which most men are content to step forth into conduct, were with him but the beginnings of deliberation ; all the forces which could either urge or restrain, must be brought to the bar of his circumspect conscience, before the volition could be passed. And as his sympathies were comprehensive, action was thus rendered difficult and insulated ; and he could seldom throw himself completely into the same course with others. But in proportion to his carefulness beforehand, was his moderation and fidelity afterwards ; so that, often, apparent irresolution issued in a course of heroic and imperturbable determination.

In reading these volumes, we have been forcibly struck with the contrast of the picture they present to that of another biography, evidently in the author's view throughout the preparation of his work. Blanco White and Channing were attached friends ; and in the memoir of each, the correspondence of the other constitutes one of the chief ornaments. On the most momentous topics of human thought, their opinions for many years concurred ; yet how different the whole structure of their mental nature ! White, of most perceptive senses, quick in apprehension of form and colour, fond of music, and only

prevented from being a critic in art by defect of imagination : Channing, with his life so wholly inward in his activity, that all this world of sight and sound was to him but a note-book which registered abstractions. White, with a most exact and facile memory, was made for a man of erudition, and was actually, in spite of late beginnings, a man of large and various accomplishments, master of many languages, and of a great reach of history : Channing, with also a good deal of reading, had no acquisitions, and could quote nothing from his stores, unless the book that imparted them were still open upon the table. White, of understanding naturally acute and consequential, was also a practised dialectician, and conquered his reader, if at all, by a subtle logic : Channing, stranger, apparently, to Aristotle and Bacon, never thought in any form which could win scholastic approbation, and carried away his readers by methods which it would puzzle an Aquinas to reduce. White, dependent upon sympathy, not indifferent to praise, was quick and tender in the formation of personal friendships, and adorned with his wit the societies surrounding him in his best days : Channing, also, with warm affections, was essentially self-dependent ; reserved and without *abandon* in private life ; bestowing all his most enthusiastic love on a great and beautiful image of human nature in his heart. So far the comparison looks, though without intention, unfavourable to Channing. But for want of his moral enthusiasm and ideality, White, with all his power of intellect and apprehension, missed the springs of strength, and joy, and faith. His successive changes of opinion were produced by a series of repulsions, rather than attractions to new truth ; and were attended by alienations not *wholly* due to the prejudices of those whom he had left. His sense of the errors he had thrown off obscured his sense of justice and reverence for freedom : he resisted the claims of the Catholics, and afterwards felt the incubus of the Established Church on English society as a matter almost of despair. His love of truth, detached

from any overpowering moral enthusiasm and indigenuous conviction, left him, especially in the weakness of his last years, exposed too helplessly to the impression of any powerful mind that might bear down upon him; he had no adequate resistance to offer to Strauss, Feuerbach, and Hegel, and went into captivity. His end, reached with patience and fidelity unbroken, but with declining hope, and contracting love, and evanescent faith, was sad enough; and seems doubly so, when we place beside it the growing freedom, the hearty cheerfulness, and genuine glow of trust with which Channing turned his face to the sinking sun, and lay down to die. That same ideal faculty, which is reputed to be fickle as a cloud, would appear, after all, to give the steadiest light to life, and the surest warmth to age.

IV.

THEODORE PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION.*

It is a dishonourable characteristic of the present age, that on its most marked intellectual tendencies is impressed a character of FEAR. While its great practical agitations exhibit a progress towards some positive and attainable good, all its conspicuous movements of thought seem to be mere retreats from some apprehended evil. Its new sects are the results of certain prevalent antipathies, and are like herds flying from a common repulsion. The open plain of meditation, over which, in simpler times, earnest men might range with devout and unmolested hope, bristles all over with directions, showing which way we are *not* to go. Turn where we may, we see warnings to beware of some sophist's pitfall, or Devil's ditch, or Fool's Paradise, or Atheist's desert, or inclosure of the elect, with its "*procul este profani*." A despair of truth seizes our timid and degenerate men. Checked and frightened at the entrance of every path on which they venture, they spend their strength in standing still ; or devise ingenious proofs, that, in a world where periodicity is the only progress, retrogradation is the discreetest method of advance. The first Tractarians were evidently men not unused to

* "A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion." By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. Boston. 1842.—*Prospective Review*, February, 1846.

explore the grounds and seek the limits of religious faith ; and having pushed forward over this vast field till it was trackless except by heretic feet, they were startled at their position ; hid their faces, and refused to look into the distance ; grew terrified at their own lengthening shadow, and felt as though at its further extremity it were already dipping into some dread abyss. The recoil of Coleridge, and more recently of the Cambridge men, from the philosophy of Locke, is no less clearly an act of repugnance ; a shrinking from consequences which it was not expedient to meet. And now a certain spectral monster, called "Transcendentalism," disturbs the serenity of conventional believers, and produces an excitement greatly disproportioned to its alleged feeble and unsubstantial nature. Those who report upon it declare that they plainly discern it in many places, and can trace all its approaches ; they pronounce it, at the same time, the most bewildered of chimeras,—in fact, entirely destitute of eyesight : yet, wherever it gropes its way, it produces, like the hunter in blind-man's-buff, first an audible rustling in the childish crowd, and then a shooting off in all practicable radii. But it has always been the way with ghosts to do little, and to scare much. This intellectual cowardice—connected, like all cowardice, with an unloving and cruel temper—is a fatal indication of a religious decline ; and a source of the imbecility of the pulpit, compared with the power of the secular press. Religion no longer thinks, soliloquizes, and is overheard in worship ; but stands consciously in the presence of a host of enemies, and elaborates its defence and plans of attack. Theologies, philosophies, arise, not now as the simple tent which the soul would pitch, and where it would abide, and whence look forth, under the shelter of sufficient faith from the natural inclemencies of this universe ; but as shot-proof fortifications, built with engineering skill, to protect some threatened treasure, and defy some formidable artillery. Anxiety for a *safe* creed, and, from reaction, indifference to all creed, are the two bad sentiments with

which priestly influence has impregnated the mind of Europe, in place of the natural desire for a *true* creed. The rarity with which doctrines connected with morals and divinity are looked at with a single eye to their truth or falsehood, is disheartening to those who know what this symptom implies. The fear of doubt is already a renunciation of faith. With all the talk of "infidelity" in this age, no one has more certainly a heart of unbelief than he who cannot simply trust himself to the realities of God ; who cannot say, "If here there be light, let us use it gladly ; if otherwise, let us go into the dark, where Heaven ordains : owning our helplessness, we shall feel the Invisible Presence near us keeping his holy watch ; but pretending that we see, we shall be left to a bleak and lonely night."

To those who are haunted with fears lest "neological" speculation should undermine the foundations of religion, it must be consolatory to remember, that though mankind, according to the testimony of divines, have always been on the point of renouncing their belief in God, they have never actually done so. On the appearance of every great class of discoveries in physical science, every large extension of ancient chronology, every new school of metaphysics, the danger has been announced as imminent : yet the Atheism of the world, like the Millennium of the Church, is a catastrophe which continues to be postponed. The researches which assigned a high antiquity to the dynasties of Egypt, and the mythologies of India, were charged with audacity for trespassing beyond the Flood, and even passing without notice by the gates of Eden ; as if, in fixing the place of Menes, and finding the origin of the Sagas, the Creator was superseded, and the world abandoned to fatalism. The great geological periods, descending by colossal steps down into the darkness of the past eternity, were thought to conduct into the chambers of a godless necessity. The theory which admits, and the theory which denies, the "Necessary Connection" between Cause and Effect, have both been accused of

hostility to the first principles of natural theology, and have both been employed to invalidate them. And the attempt to evade the danger by resolving all assignable powers into the activity of God, is condemned as mischievously Pantheistic, melting away every divine element from life in the solvent of indiscriminate mysticism. Yet, after all these shocks, the theoretic faith of men stands fast, and the shelter of a divine rule is felt to overarch us still. Amid the vicissitudes of the intellect, worship retains its stability : and the truth which, it would seem, cannot be proved, is unaffected by an infinite series of refutations. How evident that it has its ultimate seat, not in the mutable judgments of the understanding, but in the native sentiments of Conscience, and the inexhaustible aspirations of Affection ! The supreme certainty must needs be too true to be proved : and the highest perfection can appear doubtful only to Sensualism and Sin.

Gladly then do we gird up our hearts to follow the bold and noble steps of Theodore Parker over the ample province of thought which he traverses in his Discourse on Religion. However startling the positions to which he conducts us, and however breathless the impetuosity with which he hurries on, the region over which he flies is no dream-land, but a *real* one, which *will* be laid down truly or falsely in the minds of reflecting men ; his survey of it is grand and comprehensive, complete in its boundaries, if not always accurate in its contents ; and the glass of clear and reverential faith through which he looks at all things, presents the most familiar objects in aspects beautiful and new. The book treats in orderly succession of every topic interesting to the religious philosopher, and needful to be handled in the construction of a positive faith. It opens with a discussion of the Metaphysics of Religion, distributed over two Books ; in the first of which the psychological sources of worship are investigated and traced through their manifestations in Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism ; while in the second, the passage is made to

the Ontological conclusions which the religious sentiment demands, and, in determining the relations of God to Nature and to the Soul, the questions of Miracle and Inspiration are reviewed. This leads to the Historical and Critical theology of the two succeeding Books ; the first treating of Jesus of Nazareth personally, the source of his authority, the essence of his religion, the attributes of his character ; the second, of the Hebrew records by which his nation is known to us, and the Greek, in which the impression of himself and his disciples is handed down ; the claims of their origin, the credibility of their contents, and the just limits to our veneration for their statements. A concluding Book examines the origin, organization, and distribution of the Church ; and estimates the merits and defects of its Romish, its Protestant, and its Philosophical parties. So vast a mass of matter, requiring for its management a very various skill, cannot, it may be supposed, be dealt with by one man, and in one volume, otherwise than superficially. Yet there is a mastery shown over every element of the great subject, and the slight treatment of it in parts no reader can help attributing to the plan of the work, rather than to the incapacity of the author. From the resources of a mind singularly exuberant by nature and laboriously enriched by culture, a system of results is here thrown up, and spread out in luminous exposition : and though the processes are often imperfectly indicated by which they have been reached, they so evidently come from the deep and vital action of an understanding qualified to mature them, that an opponent who might stigmatize the *book* as superficial, would never venture to call the *author* so. There are few men living, we suspect, who would like to have a controversy with him on any one of his many heresies. The references in his notes, though often only general, are, when needful, sufficiently specific and various to show an extent of reading truly astonishing in so young a writer : yet the glow and brilliancy of his page prove that the accumulated mass of other men's thought and learning has been but the

fuel of his own genius. The copiousness of German erudition, systematized with a French precision, seems here to have been absorbed by a mind having the moral massiveness, the hidden tenderness, the strong enthusiasm, of an English nature. The least perfect of his achievements appears to us to be the metaphysical: he is too ardent to preserve self-consistency throughout the parts of a large abstract scheme; too impetuous for the fine analysis of intricate and evanescent phenomena. His philosophical training, however, gives him great advantages in his treatment of concrete things and his views of human affairs: and in nothing would he, in our opinion, more certainly excel than in history,—whether the history of thought and knowledge, or of society and institutions. As to the *form* in which our author presents his ideas, our readers must judge of that from the passages we may have occasion to quote. We have small patience at any time with the criticisms on style in which “Belles Lettres men” and rhetoricians delight: and where we speak to one another of the solemn mysteries of life and duty and God, such things affect us like a posture-master’s discussion of Christ’s sitting attitude in the Sermon on the Mount, or some prudish milliner’s critique on the penitent wiping his feet with her hair. Men who neither think nor feel, but only learn, pretend, and imitate, may make an *art* out of the deepest utterances of the human soul: but from these histrionic beings, who would applaud the “elocution” of Isaiah, and study the “delivery” of a “Father, forgive them!” such a man as Theodore Parker recalls us with a joyful shame. “Thought,” said Plato, “is the soul’s hidden speech”; with our author, and all such, we have the obverse of this, viz. Speech, which is the soul’s open Thought. He reasons, he meditates, he loves, he scorns, he weeps, he worships, *aloud*. It may be thought very improper that a man should thus publish *himself*, instead of some choice, decorous excerpts, “fit for the public eye.” As, in prayer to God, it is deemed, in these days, no sin to utter, instead of our real desires,

something else which we should hold it decent to desire ; so, in addressing men, it is esteemed wise, not to say, or even to inquire, what we *do* think, but to put forth what it might be as well to think. Weary of all this, and finding nothing but a holy dulness and sickly unreality in the conventional theology of the pulpit and the press, we delight in our author's irrepressible unreserve. No doubt there are rash judgments ; there is extravagant expression ; the colouring of his emotions is sometimes too vivid ; the edge of his indignation too sharp. But he believes, and *therefore* does he speak. You have his mind. These things are true to him : and if not true in themselves, that is an objection to their substance, not to their style ; the excessive force of which, while it drives the truth the deeper, lays the error more open to reply. It has become the practice, in matters of theology, always to suppose that a writer acts upon the "doctrine of reserve,"—which, by the way, Tractarian Jesuitry might have saved itself the trouble of recommending ;—it is thought impossible that a divine should say simply what he means, nothing more, nothing less. Especially if he recedes from the traditional standard of his class, he is supposed to have "gone away backward" immeasurably beyond his apparent position. The heresies he produces are concluded to be a mere sample of the store he carries in his satchel : and every doubt he avows becomes a multiplying factor, capable of indefinite involution, and sure to reappear in terrible dimensions from the imagination of some accuser. We propose it as a problem to the curious, "Why men, particularly preachers, are rarely supposed to believe *more* than they profess ; continually, *less* ; scarcely ever, precisely that, and nothing else ?" Is the instinctive shrewdness of the world mistaken in this impression ? Not in the least. Secular common sense sees the matter as it is. And if the very existence of such a rule of interpretation does not show how habitual to the clerical character pretence or self-sophistication has become, we know not how to explain it. Nay, so well understood is

the shameful fact, that it is openly alleged as a reason for further untruth. Experienced counsellors speak as if it were a regular law of the human mind to believe, not just what is told it, but something different. They advise us to compute this deflection, and allow for it. To the young soul, burning with guileless truth and love, they say, "Be cautious; do not disturb men's minds by novelties; let their harmless mistakes alone; they cannot safely do without them. Besides, you will be sure to be misunderstood, and supposed to go further than you do. You will really leave 'the truest impression' by a judicious silence, or a mere hint that these things are not to be put upon a level with 'essentials.'" That is to say, if we would obtain credence, we must give forth, not truth, but a lie. Past falsehoods are made the plea for present ones; and such as to-day is, will the morrow also be; and so on to the end of the chapter of hypocrisy; unless men arise who cannot hold the word that is in them, and will cast this diplomacy to the winds. And after all, it is only the false men that can long "misunderstand" the true; natural speech is not hard to the upright; it can put no one out of his reckoning but those who miss in it the "hints" they have been accustomed to calculate, and their favourite "silence which speaks for itself." Honour then to the manly simplicity of Theodore Parker. Perish who may among Scribes and Pharisees,—*"orthodox liars for God,"*—*he* at least *"has delivered his soul."*

Of the noble spirit of truth that is in him, some idea may be formed from the following sketch of the preaching of Jesus :—

"Yet there were men who heard the new word. Truth never yet fell dead in the streets: it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed, however broadcast, will catch somewhere, and produce its hundredfold. Some kept his sayings and pondered them in their heart. Others heard them gladly. Did priests and Levites stop their ears? Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before

them. Those blessed women, whose hearts God has sown deepest with the orient pearl of faith ; they who ministered to him in his wants, washed his feet with tears of penitence, and wiped them with the hairs of their head,—was it in vain he spoke to them? Alas for the anointed priest, the child of Levi, the son of Aaron, men who shut up inspiration in old books, and believed God was asleep. They stumbled in darkness, and fell into the ditch. But doubtless there was many a tear-stained face that brightened like fires new stirred as Truth spoke out of Jesus's lips. His word swayed the multitude as pendant vines swing in the summer wind ; as the spirit of God moved on the waters of chaos, and said, ' Let there be light,' and there was light. No doubt many a rude fisherman of Gennesareth heard his words with a heart bounding and scarce able to keep in his bosom, went home a new man, with a legion of angels in his breast, and from that day lived a life divine and beautiful. No doubt, on the other hand, Rabbi Kozeb Ben Shatan, when he heard of this eloquent Nazarene, and his Sermon on the Mount, said to his disciples in private at Jerusalem, This new doctrine will not injure us, prudent and educated men ; we know that men may worship as well out of the temple as in it ; a burnt-offering is nothing ; the ritual of no value ; the Sabbath like any other day ; the Law faulty in many things, offensive in some, and no more from God than other laws equally good. We know that the priesthood is a human affair, originated and managed like other human affairs. We may confess this to ourselves, but what is the use of telling it ? The people wish to be deceived ; let them. The Pharisee will conduct wisely like a Pharisee,—for he sees the eternal fitness of things,—even if these doctrines should be proclaimed. But this people, who know not the Law, what will become of them ? Simon Peter, James, and John, those poor, unlettered fishermen on the Lake of Galilee, to whom we gave a farthing and the priestly blessing in our summer excursion, what will become of them when told that every word of the Law did not come straight out of the mouth of Jehovah, and the ritual is nothing ? They will go over to the Flesh and the Devil, and be lost. It is true, that the Law and the Prophets are well summed up in one word, Love God and man. But never let us sanction the saying ; it would ruin the seed of Abraham, keep back the kingdom of God, and ' destroy our usefulness.

Thus went it at Jerusalem. The new word was 'Blasphemy,' the new prophet an 'Infidel,' 'beside himself,' 'had a devil.' But at Galilee, things took a shape somewhat different; one which blind guides could not foresee. The common people, not knowing the Law, counted him a prophet come up from the dead, and heard him gladly. Yes, thousands of men, and women also, with hearts in their bosoms, gathered in the field and pressed about him in the city and the desert place, forgetful of hunger and thirst, and were fed to the full with his words, so deep a child could understand them; James and John leave all to follow him who had the word of eternal life; and when that young carpenter asks Peter, Whom sayest thou that I am? it has been revealed to that poor, unlettered fisherman, not by flesh and blood, but by the word of the Lord, and he can say, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. The Pharisee went his way, and preached a doctrine that he knew was false; the fisherman also went his way; but which to the Flesh and the Devil?

"We cannot tell, no man can tell, the feelings which the large, free doctrines of absolute Religion awakened when heard for the first time. There must have been many a Simeon waiting for the consolation; many a Mary longing for the better part; many a soul in cabins and cottages and stately dwellings, that caught glimpses of the same truth, as God's light shone through some crevice which Piety made in that wall Prejudice and Superstition had built up betwixt man and God; men who scarce dared to trust that revelation,—'too good to be true,'—such was their awe of Moses, their reverence for the priest. To them the word of Jesus must have sounded divine; like the music of their home sung out in the sky, and heard in a distant land, beguiling toil of its weariness, pain of its sting, affliction of despair. There must have been men, sick of forms which had lost their meaning, pained with the open secret of sacerdotal hypocrisy, hungering and thirsting after the truth, yet whom Error and Prejudice and Priestcraft had blinded so that they dared not think as men, nor look on the sun-light God shed upon the mind."—B. III. Ch. VII. p. 305.

To discuss worthily any one of the many great topics over which this volume carries us is impossible within the compass of a review. We shall endeavour to go at once

to the bottom of the matter, and fix our attention on the real point of divergence between the author and his opponents. It is useless to dispute about the proof of the miracles, while we are at issue respecting their value when proved ; to inquire into the inspiration of prophets and apostles, without first determining what "inspiration" means ; to talk about the evidences of "Revealed" Religion, till we have agreed upon the distinction between "Nature" and "Revelation" ; to balance the comparative claims of the Bible on one hand, and "Reason and Conscience" on the other, till we are sure that a book and a mental faculty *can* become proper competitors, and find a common field of rivalry. An inconsiderate reasoner is little aware how completely figurative are all theological formulas, implying a whole system of conceptions which they do not name, and which may not be held in common by himself and his opponent. It is in the *suppressed matter* of every religious controversy that the real disagreement will be found : and until the moral and psychological assumptions are drawn out, which dictate the phraseology of belief, discussion must continue to be an aimless battle of words.

The scheme of belief, which has given rise to Theodore Parker's reaction, may be summed up in these words : That Christianity is a divine *message*, imparted to *teach us our duty*, and to *present the sanctions of a future life* : and that this message is *proved to be from God*, by accompanying *miracles*,—the characteristic marks of his agency. We are so accustomed to this kind of language, that the real contents of it escape our notice. Let us carefully draw out the conceptions which it involves, with respect both to the divine nature and to the human mind.

As divine agency has an appropriate mark by which we may distinguish it, it is thus separated from other agencies, to which we should else refer the phenomena submitted to our examination. By the help of this mark we are enabled to say, "This is from Heaven." Take away this mark,

and we can no longer say, "This is from Heaven." God, therefore, is *one of a plurality of causes* now operative in the universe : and is discriminated, by a characteristic of his own, from other members of the general class of "powers."

The characteristic in question by which his phenomena are recognized is their *miraculous* nature. Without pausing to make any exact analysis of this phrase, we may consider it as denoting *departure from Law*. This will be admitted to be no incorrect statement of the feature we expect in any event claiming to be a miracle. In order, therefore, to rescue a phenomenon from other Causes and refer it to God, it must be exceptional and out of course in relation to the general order of the known world.

So long as this peculiarity *cannot* be shown to belong to it, the other causes retain their claim upon it, and the attempt to refer it to the divine agency is unsuccessful. That is to say, *wherever Law is, God is not ; and where God is, Law is not*. The boundary line thus drawn,—where does it pass ? what lies within it,—what beyond ? The realm of Law is coextensive with Nature, as an object of human study. *Science* is but our register of phenomenal laws ; and nothing which can ask for entry there can be anomalous. Science, however, is excluded from no department of the material or mental creation. From the bed of the ocean to the clusters of the milky way, it passes with its detective instruments of Number and of Measure, and never without the discovery, or at least the augury, of order. Whenever it alights on a fresh region, the first confusion begins instantly to show signs of an incipient symmetry, and the ranks of established law pass the confines which had arrested them, and spread their lines over the new realm. This, then, is a province actually conquered from God ; as science, with its "forces," advances, His power is dislodged in our belief, and retreats ; and every fresh occupation effected by human knowledge is an expulsion executed upon the divine energy. That this is the

sentiment really entertained by the upholders of the prevalent theology, is evident from the reluctance with which they admit any unexpected extension of the dominion of law. To find a rule of order, where they had fancied only insulated and anomalous volitions, seems to them like a loss of God. Who can doubt that this feeling is at the foundation of the hostility displayed against the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation?" The author has no doubt committed errors in detail, and availed himself of questionable hypotheses, in order to connect the parts of his system, and complete his generalization. But the detection of these imperfections has been sought with an eagerness not to be misunderstood; and has brought relief to the awe-struck imagination of many a reader, to whom the spreading tracks of law, as they pushed their perspective deeper and deeper into the wilderness of phenomena, seemed but a highway for the exile of his God. Science thus becomes burdened with a tremendous responsibility: wherever it works, it is engaged in superseding Deity: it drops, as a deadly nightshade, on a cluster of phenomena, benumbing all that was divine; and as the narcotic circle widens, the awful sleep extends.

It would be unjust, however, to stop at this point in our development of the scheme in question. Nothing can be further from the minds of its advocates, than to snatch the whole domain of law from the Supreme Ruler. They bring this also under the sway, not indeed of his present, but of his past volition; completing their system by the maxim, implied if not expressed, that where Law *is*, God *was*. Order, they affirm, requires a *Mind* to set it on foot, and carries with it the traces of antecedent Thought: no other causes are adequate for its explanation. The theory therefore sums itself up in this: that God, as an Agent, is excluded from the sphere of Order during its continuance, but is required for its commencement. "True," may the objector say, "*if* it ever commence at all. Putting myself back in imagination, as I doubt not you are doing, to a

state of supposed chaos, and stripping the universe, as far as my conception can effect it, of all the forces which you admit to be operative *now*, I may grant that, out of this lawless confusion, law could not spontaneously arise; and that, *if* ever there were a time when Space was yet a seed-field of infinite, undetermined possibilities, nothing but a Mind could make election from such prior conditions, and elicit this definite creation and no other. But what reason have we for assuming the antecedence of any such state of things? Why am I to suppose a time when there were no dynamic elements? What trace has electricity or gravity of a modern origin,—of origin at all? If such power acts now,—acted yesterday,—and has left its traces on structures immeasurably old,—where is the date past which it is irrational to run back its agency? Your proposition therefore is true as an hypothesis; but your hypothesis cannot be legitimated as a reality."

That *Order commencing* requires a *Mind* to produce it, may therefore be acknowledged by Atheist as well as Theist: that *Order existing* is beyond the reach of other and mere "natural" causes, must be denied by both. Indeed, the assertion is manifestly false, upon the principles of the scheme under review, and stands in direct contradiction to its assumption, that where Law is, God is not. What *are* those "other causes" which are incompetent to the case? Doubtless, such physical forces as we have before referred to,—electricity, gravity, &c. And to what *are* these powers adequate, if *not* to produce orderly phenomena? Name the sphere within which their explanation is valid, since it fails wherever uniformity is found. How do we know them as causes at all, except by the regularity of their effects, completing a determinate cycle of successions, and affording us fixed rules of expectation? What are all our books of Science but expositions of regular and beautiful phenomena,—nay, of *all* the regularity and beauty within the circle of our knowledge,—distinctly referred to these very

causes? They account for order; or they account for nothing.

Everything, then, in this form of Theism, depends on our ability to find some proof of the recency or commencement of the existing "forces of nature." Can any one produce such proof? Dr. Crombie confesses the failure of every attempt at metaphysical demonstration of this point: and resorts, as a last refuge, to certain physical and other indications impressed on the system of the world, at variance, as he thinks, with any great antiquity in the dynamics of the universe.* Of what kind are these indications? Why, the supposed resistance of an ether or of the sun's light to the planetary revolutions,—showing that the solar system will have an end and must have had a beginning: and the recent origin of the human species. The known energies of nature being inadequate to account for the origination of these structures, a divine source is indispensable. But what if, with our advancing knowledge, the "energies of nature" should be found *not* inadequate to the explanation, and the effects in question should enter the dominion of law? Are we in that case to turn Atheists? It would appear so, on this theory;—a theory, in which God is invoked only as a supplementary Cause, to eke out the imperfections of other powers, for ever spreading their acknowledged achievements to the prejudice and peril of his sovereignty; and all is staked on our *not finding a solution* for this or that scientific perplexity. Religion poises itself on a trembling apex, if this be really the footing on which it stands.†

* Natural Theology, Vol. I. Ch. I. §§ 10, 11.

† M. Comte, in his remarkable work, "Cours de Philosophie Positive," assumes this to be the real state of the relation between Science and Religion: and accordingly decides that there is "an inevitable antipathy between research into the real laws of phenomena and the inquiry respecting their essential causes": he treats as chimerical all attempts to remove the "radical incompatibility" between Theology and Positive Philosophy: and, relying on the irresistible scientific

The truth is, the Theist who takes this ground has made a concession false in itself, and fatal to his argument. Yielding to the tendency, invariably created by inductive science, to confound together the notions of *Law* and *Cause*, he has admitted physical agencies to be real powers : and has thus put instruments into the hands of Atheism, with which he will in vain struggle to contend : his utmost skill can give him only a drawn battle. Once allow that Causes are of two sorts, living Will and Dead Forces, and the competition between them for the governance of the universe can never be determined. How alone can we proceed to make choice between two causes, both claiming the parentage of a given system of effects ? Assuredly, by seeking throughout these effects for some feature exclusively belonging to one or the other of the causes in question. And where we have to account for a *limited series* of phenomena, we may hope to detect such signature of their origin ; they will display some peculiarity in which they differ from other assortments of phenomena, and will so teach us something of the nature of their cause. But where the facts are absolutely infinite in number, and comprise all things, this method can lead to no result : because the phenomena observed, not being *this* set, or *that* set, but *all* sets,—the sum total of what exists and what happens in the universe,—can have *no characteristic*,—no common property which other things have not ; for those “other things” are in your list as well as these ; and it is only by characteristics in the effect, that you can infer the nature of the Cause. A theology, therefore, which relinquishes the unity of causation, and permits Science to dismember the idea and create a whole class of powers, performs an act of suicide. By equating the distinction between divine and non-divine with the difference between natural and non-natural, it surrenders, in our opinion, the very citadel of faith : turns the universe from a monothendency of the modern European mind, entertains confident hopes of getting rid of the “Hypothesis of a God” ! Tome IV. 51^e Leçon.

istic temple into a Pantheon of philosophy, and whips out the worshipper to make way for the experimentalist.

The same system makes assumptions respecting man, to which it is quite as difficult to give assent, as to its representation of God. Revelation, we are assured, is to be conceived of as a *message*, proved by attendant miracles to be from Heaven, and designed to *teach us our duty* and present the *sanctions of a future life*. Our duty, then, is authenticated by the message ; and the message by the Divine mark. What is this but to say, that from *God as known* we learn *duty as not known* ? Nay, it is worse ; for there is no other knowledge of God here supposed than a recognition of his *power* ; and what is really implied is this,—that our Senses may know his *physical* mark, when our Conscience cannot tell his *moral* mark. The moral faculty is the dunce whose dulness the senses, with their hornbook, undertake to instruct in the laws of right and wrong. When the lesson is learned by rote, it is enforced by the announcement of future retribution ; and when carried into practice under this influence, the specific purpose of the Revelation, as above defined, is perfectly fulfilled. Yet it is plain that from a nature, assumed to be insensible to the intrinsic obligation of what is taught, nothing but external conduct, imitative of genuine and affectionate duty, can be obtained by this preceptive appeal to self-interest. And it would seem to follow, that Revelation accomplishes its characteristic end, when it has brought us to act, from prudential hope and fear, *as though we loved our neighbour and our God*. We are well aware that the supporters of this scheme do not practically attribute to human nature the moral stolidity which their theory suggests : they allow a considerable, but imperfect, perception of right and wrong. This, however, relieves no difficulty, and is an ineffectual compromise. The duties taught by the Revelation either accord with the moral perception addressed, or do not accord with it. If they do, then nothing beyond the natural law is given us. If they do not, then a collision arises between the require-

ments of miracle and the dictates of nature ; and as the physical sign of God is assumed by the theory to be better known by us than his moral trace, and for this very reason adopted as the instrument of instruction, we ought at once to renounce the suggestions of Conscience, and do any wickedness which "the wonderful work" may recommend. Whoever shrinks from this conclusion acknowledges that miracle cannot override Reason and Conscience ; that these powers have a *veto* on all professing enactments of almighty law ; and supply a paramount natural inspiration diviner than any that is supernatural.

We are convinced that, notwithstanding all that is said in praise of the "miraculous evidence," it is gradually loosening its hold on the minds even of its defenders. The indications of this are not to be mistaken. Attention is more and more drawn in and concentrated upon the great stronghold—the resurrection of Christ—an event whose *testimonial* character is, to say the least, very subordinate to its higher relations. The other miracles, so far from being deemed available as *media* of proof, are usually treated as the great *objects* of proof. They were once the affidavit ; they are now the brief. And only those of them are heartily referred to, in which the *credential* element is lost and absorbed in their character of majesty or mercy, which enables the moral affections to quiet the cross-questionings of the understanding. Miracles in which the pure evidential ingredient is found unmixed, lie in the most unaccountable disuse, and appear even to excite an uncomfortable feeling. That Jesus paid a tax by having a fish caught with a shekel in his mouth, is not adduced to convince the doubting of his divine authority : nor do we hear Paul's mission argued from the miracles wrought by his apron. Why not ? These are genuine "*signs*," empty of all value *except* their significance as evidence : *this* however remains quite perfect in them ; for they are surely as good proofs of superhuman power as any other miracles. They rest on the same testimony as the events most firmly believed. Yet is there any

one who does not feel, that the testimony will scarcely bear the strain of these events? And who then will deny, that it is the *moral* element of Christian history that must authenticate the miraculous, not the *miraculous* that authenticates the moral?

The whole language of this scheme involves conceptions unworthy of the present capabilities, often below the present state, of religion among thoughtful and devout men. For the first disciples, themselves on earth, and constantly looking for Christ's return hither, it was only natural to imagine two spheres of being, with the wilderness of clouds and space between; the one, the scene of God's local presence, where Jesus "sat at the right hand of God": the other, this world of waiting and of exile, which had nothing divine but as an express emanation from that upper sphere. Filled with the fancy of a physical distance between heavenly and human things, they fitly spoke of *Messengers* and *Ambassadors* of God, as we should of visitants from a foreign potentate. To treat the miracles as *Credentials* was a suitable thing, when such acts, though out of nature upon this lower earth and among ordinary men, were regarded as the established ways of the upper world to which Messiah belonged, and accepted as the overflow of his diviner nature upon his mortal career. And there was something in the way of positive information, startling enough to be described as a *Message* from God, to those who thought themselves apprised of the speedy Advent and approaching end of the world. This was to them a notice of an historic event, which would affect their whole course of action in the meanwhile. But all this is incapable of harmonizing with our altered state. Our outward universe, our personal expectations, are totally different from theirs. Their one world, storehouse of heavenly things, has burst into ten thousand spheres, not one of which is nearer to the awful presence than our own. We are not remote from our Father, that he should have to *send* to us; there is no interval between. Nor are the universal principles of Faith

and Duty, which constitute the essence of Christianity, so strange to our nature, that we should treat them as a communication from foreign parts. There is no going and coming, no telegraph, or embassy, no interposition and retreat, no divine sleeping and waking, in pure religion. The human race is for ever at home with God ; and his Inspiration, intensest in the soul of the Galilean, is fresh and open for every age.

The recoil of Theodore Parker from the received system is vehement, and, we think, excessive. But there is great difficulty in giving an account of his scheme as a whole ; for he is not an exact writer, scarcely a consistent thinker ; and his convictions are rather a series of noble fragments, waiting adjustment by maturer toil, than a compact and finished structure. His vast reading, and his quick sympathy with what is great and generous of every kind, have given an eclectic character to his philosophy. His mind refuses to let go any thing that is true and excellent ; yet in adopting it takes insufficient pains to weave it into the fabric of his previous thought ; so that the texture of his faith presents a pattern not easy to reduce to symmetry. At one time he hates evil, like a Dualist ; at another, pities it, like a Fatalist ; now, melts away the human soul and becomes lost in the Universal Being, like a mystic ; and then, brings out the individual will again with force and prominence worthy of a Stoic. Zeno and Spinoza seem to us to co-exist in his mind ; but they have not struck up a mutual acquaintance.

Our author argues from the religiosity of man to the reality of God ; and concurs with Schleiermacher in regarding the *Sense of Dependence* as the source of human faith. The Sentiment of religion, like any other primitive want of our nature, doubtless directs itself to an object, not illusory, but actual ; and that we "feel after" a perfect Being is enough to prove that he exists, and that we can "find Him." Thus is legitimated the "intuitive Idea of God," which is said to be the idea of "a Being infinite in

Power, Wisdom, and Goodness." Of this "Idea" many things are affirmed, to which, we must confess, we can attribute no defensible meaning. It is said to be the "logical condition of all other ideas" (p. 21); and yet to be "afterwards fundamentally and logically established by the *à priori* argument" (p. 23). What media of proof can "establish" that which is the logical condition of those very media? It is also said to be primitive and simple, like the idea of "existence" (p. 22): and it puzzles us to think how that which is perfectly unique and simple, and destitute of characteristics, can be "logically established."

And the account which our author gives of this Idea does "*not*," he assures us, "*define* the nature of God, *but does distinguish our idea of him from* all other ideas and conceptions whatever." This appears to us simply self-contradictory; and we cannot deny that there are many other things of the same sort. We could easily dismiss blemishes of this kind, arising from insufficient precision, if the looseness did not accumulate and condense itself into a doctrinal conception very seductive, but, in our opinion, very erroneous. The oscillation back from the atheistical tendencies of a cold and mechanical philosophy has generally flung the reasoner into Pantheism: and our author has not, in our opinion, escaped the danger,—if, at least, we must judge by the words of his theory, rather than by the spirit of his mind. Offended at the usurpation effected by "natural powers," he has swept them *all* away, and drowned them in the ocean of the One Supreme. Shocked at the banishment of God as a living Agent from the actual scenes and recent ages of this world, he has recalled the Almighty Presence with such power as to make an absence of all else; and when we look round for the objects that should be his correlatives, the beings that should receive his regards, the theatre that was waiting for his energy, they are gone. Perhaps we shall be asked, "What then? Can there be in human faith an *excess* of Deity? Is there any thing you would care to save from

the general merging of all inferior causes?" Yes; we reply, there *is* one thing that must not be overwhelmed, even by an invasion of the Infinite Glory. Let all besides perish, if you will; but when you open the windows of heaven upon this godless earth, and bring back the sacred flood to swallow up each brute rebellious power, let there be an ark of safety built (it is Heaven's own warning word) to preserve the *Human Will* from annihilation: for if this sink too, the divine irruption designed to purify, does but turn creation into a vast Dead Sea occupied by God. Theodore Parker has failed to perceive this. The more effectually to contradict the system which makes the Creative Power only One Cause among many, he has represented it as the Solitary Cause. Our author seems aware that he is open to this criticism: and as we should be sorry to be confounded with the alarmists who have raised the cry against him in his own land, we will state more precisely the ground of our objection to his theory. He observes:—

"The charge of Pantheism is very vague, and is usually urged by such as know least of its meaning. He who conceives of God, as the *immanent* cause of all things, as infinitely present, and infinitely active, with no limitations, is sure to be called a Pantheist in these days, as he would have passed for an Atheist two centuries ago. Some who have been called by this easy and obnoxious name, both in ancient and in modern times, have been philosophical defenders of the doctrine of one God, but have given him the historical form neither of Brahma nor Jehovah."—B. I. Ch. V. § 2, p. 94.

Now, if one who denied the Divine absenteeism from creation and life, as they now are, or, what is equivalent, the Divine inertness within them, were justly called a Pantheist, we should glory in the name. We do not believe in *epochs* of Creative activity, exceptional to the general constancy of a godless repose. With the prophet of old, we should be ashamed to think of the everlasting Hope of men, "as a Stranger in the land, and as a Way-

farer that turneth aside to tarry for a night.”* His work is bounded by no chronological condition, and is neither old nor new. His dial indicates always the same hour of eternity: its infinite shadow never moves; flung across the universe, it eclipses no living world, but darkens only death and the abyss. His agency is no intermittent tide carrying a shifting wave of glory from sphere to sphere, from century to century, and leaving a dreary strand of desertion between, strewed only with the wrecks of the receding God. The legendary Creation-week, the consecrated date of our childish thought, has long since burst open, as the capsule of illimitable ages, through all of which the Productive Will has been as fresh and fertile as at the moment when “light was.” We protest against the ascription of causality to the “laws of nature” which Science investigates. The methods of Science can teach us nothing but the order of phenomenal succession to which our expectations are to adjust themselves; and this, in spite of all the special pleading of “acute analysis,” does *not* fulfil our idea of Causation. The mind demands a Power beneath the surface over which sense and observation range, to evolve this serial order, to marshal the punctual ranks of beneficent and beautiful events, to measure the invariable cycles, and beat time to the listening seasons. We think that that Power cannot in reason be otherwise conceived than as the Living Will of God. So far, therefore, as outward nature is concerned, we are far from objecting to sink all its so-called “forces,” and to regard them as so many manners of divine agency. “This view seems” to us, not only “at first,” (as our author says,) but to the end,

“ . . . congenial to a poetic and religious mind. If the world be regarded as a collection of powers,—the awful force of the storm, of the thunder, of the earthquake; the huge magnificence of the ocean, in its slumber or its wrath; the

* Jer. xiv. 8.

sublimity of the ever-during hills : the rocks, which resist all but the unseen hand of time ; these might lead to the thought that they were God. If men looked at the order, fitness, beauty, love, everywhere apparent in nature, the impression is confirmed. The All of things appears so beautiful to the comprehensive eye, that we almost think it is its own Cause and Creator. The animals find their support and their pleasure ; the painted leopard and the snowy swan, each living by its own law ; the bird of passage that pursues, from zone to zone, its unmarked path ; the summer warbler which sings out its melodious existence in the woodbine ; the flowers that come unasked, charming the youthful year ; the golden fruit maturing in its wilderness of green ; the dew and the rainbow ; the frost flake and the mountain snow ; the glories that wait upon the morning, or sing the sun to his ambrosial rest ; the pomp of the sun at noon, amid the clouds of a June day ; the awful pomp of night, when all the stars with a serene step come out, and tread their round, and seem to watch in blest tranquillity about the slumbering world ; the moon waning and waxing, walking in beauty through the night ;—daily the water is rough with the winds ; they come or abide at no man's bidding, and roll the yellow corn, or wake religious music at nightfall in the pines ; these things are all so fair, so wondrous, so wrapt in mystery, it is no marvel that men say, this is divine. Yes, the All is God. He is the light of the morning, the beauty of the noon, and the strength of the sun. The little grass grows by his presence. He preserveth the cedars. The stars are serene because he is in them. The lilies are redolent of God. He is the One ; the All.”—B. I. Ch. V. § 2, p. 89.

Our author professes to discard the view which he has thus unfolded with so much beauty. Yet he appears to us to adopt it entire, and to complete it by applying the very same mode of thought to the mental world, which is here restricted to the material. He is like many a deep thinker, who, when sent by Spinoza into his field of speculation, might say, “ I go not ” ; but afterwards *went*. We wish he had definitely stated the reasons for either his supposed repudiation, or his apparent adoption, of the doctrine. In the absence of such guidance from him, we must explain,

that the very ground of our own assent to the physical half of the theory, as just presented, is also the ground of our dissent from the other half. With our obstinate notions, the reasons for advancing thus far absolutely forbid us to move a step further: but, with more open temper, our generous friend, if Philosophy compel him to go one mile, will go with her (or, may be, *without* her) twain. In the present instance, *what* is it which induces us to put denial on the whole system of scientific "forces"; to insist that God—Spirit though he is—is not hindered, by any veil of "nature," from *himself* putting the beauty and the wonder into the smallest of his works; and to proclaim all the laws of the unreflecting universe the action of his Mind? It is simply this,—the conviction that there is, and, for us, can be, no other Causation than the intelligent and voluntary; that no second sort of originating energy is at all conceivable; and that, in the last analysis, such phrases as "inanimate power" involve a contradiction. We are persuaded that no observation of consecutive phenomena could ever give us the notion of power; that the conscious rising of effort against resistance is the real source of the idea; and that *Cause* and *Will* mean at bottom the same thing. The experience of Causation in ourselves is the birthplace of all our knowledge and thought upon this matter: our whole language on the subject has no meaning whatever, except as it keeps close to this experience; for nothing new is afterwards added to it, though the benumbing influence of time may take something from it. When the wondering child asks what it is, or, as he will always say, *who* it is, that bends the rainbow, or hangs up the moon, he dreams of nothing else than of some living hand directed by intending thought. *That* is an originating cause well known to him: there is no other possible to his conception *then*; no one can pretend that his subsequent experience gives him any closer insight into the nature of power: we believe, therefore, that he will never be nearer the truth than when, under the intuitive feeling, common to him and

Herschel and Archimedes, that 'every phenomenon must have a cause,' he attributes what he sees to an unseen and acting mind. No later discoveries, we do submit, can show the faintest right to correct this earliest impression. They only stupefy the first startled sentiment, and turn aside the questionings of reverent curiosity to make room for the researches of practical utility. For the satisfaction of faith we want to conceive of the *Cause*, for the service of life we want to find the *order*, of the events around us. The latter inquiry, in which we make continual progress, encroaches on the former, which remains to the manhood of our race the same mystery that brooded around its infancy. And while Custom gradually lays devout wonder into sleep, Science unhappily pilfers its language lying unguarded by its side; *antecedents* are labelled *Causes*, and laws become *powers*; the knowledge of nature gets surreptitiously baptized into the waters of faith, and goes through the world with a Christian name, but with a Pagan spirit. When thus arrogating the place of Religion, Science, with its stock of "forces" behind every cluster of phenomena, is but the *atheistic Fetichism* of our days; and there is at heart no meaner superstition than its dynamic worship. The Indian makes gestures in his wigwam before his "medicine-bag," praying to the *Spirits of power* that rule his world: and the philosopher,—down he goes prostrate in the musings of his library, before his electricity and his nebular hypotheses, and his corpuscular attractions,—putting his trust in *powers of Matter* that govern the universe. Fetichism was wrong *not* in setting a background of living Will behind the objects and appearances of nature; but in the multitude and isolation of its unseen Agents. The Idolatry of Science has retained the multitude, and taken away the living Will. The simplicity of Monotheism cancels the pretended host, and takes the collective universe as the symbol of the Omnipresent and the Omni-active Mind.

Now if it is the consciousness of Will in ourselves that sets us on search for a Will that rules the world, we must

attribute to Him whom our faith may find the very kind of power which belongs to us ; and we must retain in us the power we ascribe to him. But this is what Pantheism declines to do. As soon as it has found its Source of the world, it abdicates the very faculties that impelled it on its holy pilgrimage. It recognizes in him, not only the pervading Life of nature, but the very Essence and totality of the Soul. The believer insists on self-annihilation ; says he has no power of his own ; is as water under the finger of God ; is cause of nothing ; scarcely even an effect ; only a phenomenon ; a flake of snow falling on the mighty river. And so he dissolves himself away. Now, if this be true, and he could only have perceived it at first, then, having no causation within him, he would have sought and discovered none without him ; and to him there would have been no God. By knowing the truth, he would have been plunged into the most tremendous of falsehoods ; and it is only by assuming a falsehood that he can reach the sublimest of truths ! Religious faith can never be of this parricidal nature, devouring its own premisses.

And it is curious to observe the action and reaction of this mode of thought, in its alternate influence on life and on religion. When the theorist has got rid of his Free-will and individuality in his sense of Deity, he has stopped, as far as practicable, and sealed up the proper sources of his feeling of causality ; he seeks to be disposed of with a serene fitness to the Divine Thought : his active energies decline ; his only aim is to suffer without a murmur in evidence of utter self-renunciation : he dreams and mortifies his life away. Human nature, attenuated to this state, is no longer qualified to furnish, from its self-consciousness, the true and noble type of God : voluntary purpose, with the mental and moral attributes associated with it, is less and less attributed to him : the sickness, which descended at first from the too overshadowing thought of him, returns upwards and infects the conception of his Infinite nature ; till he is identified with Nature's animal life or transmigrating

principle: the spiritual mysticism completes its revolution ; and having lifted itself into too thin a metaphysic air, plunges down and dies in the mire of a gross idolatry.

For these reasons among others, we esteem it of the highest moment to protect from embarrassment the consciousness in man that he is a Cause in himself ; and to prevent the slightest loosening of the idea of WILL from the conception of God. And as the Will is that in which *Personality* resides, this is the same thing as to say, that we must hold fast to the faith of a Personal God. We strongly object to much of Theodore Parker's language on this subject. If, indeed, he uniformly adhered to the definition already given, "a Being infinite in Power, Wisdom, and Goodness," all would be well ; for it is to save these very attributes from being frittered away, that we insist so strenuously on retaining the analogy between man and God in the quality of Will. Without this, as we have shown, there is no "Power" : without this,—the faculty which directs itself to preconceived ends,—how can there be "Wisdom" ? without this, by which selection is made among undetermined possibilities, how can those exclusions take place which leave the ways of Heaven "good," and good alone ? And if Will be indispensable, we know not how it is possible to satisfy our author's yearning after a God wholly "Absolute" and "without limitations." Is it possible to conceive of Will, and the moral attributes involving it, as entirely insulated, and acting without any extrinsic conditions ? Can there be *quæsitæ* without any *data* ? We do confess that our notions of either *Mind* or *Character* lose their ground and vanish in this attempt to destroy all the Divine *relations*. A Deity, to be thought of first as a lonely Unity, then self-evolved into a creation, whose material forms are the development of his extension, whose minds of his consciousness, appears to us to be fatally remote from any possible trust and love, and aspiration in our hearts. We lament, therefore, that our author should have committed himself to

such positions as these : that God is “not Personal nor Impersonal” (p. 160) ; that “our human *personality* gives a false modification to all our conceptions of the infinite” (p. 27) ; that He is “the reality of all appearance” (p. 164) ; “the Absolute ground” of “nature” and “the soul” (p. 21) ; “*the substantiality of matter*” (p. 170) ; “*the spirituality of spirit*” (p. 182). If God be thus both the essence and the phenomena of matter on the one hand, and of mind on the other, his Being coincides with the whole of the two hemispheres which compose our universe : nothing is left over to *be* matter, or to *be* mind : He and the “All of things” are identified ; and scarcely even does the distinction remain between the “*natura naturans*” and the “*natura naturata*.” The relation of *Cause and Effect* is exchanged, in the phraseology we have quoted, for that of *Substance and Quality* ; and whenever *this* is resorted to in order to represent the connection between God and the world, we are on the traces of a Pantheism far from harmless.

On the whole, the fundamental formulas of the several theories may perhaps be justly presented thus. The prevalent system says : Phenomena require a Cause ; Where Law is not, the Cause is God ; Where Law is, God *is* not, but *was* the Cause. Pantheism says : Transient phenomena require an Absolute ground, as quality is the predicate of substance ; that Absolute ground is God. The scheme which appears to us most true says : Where phenomena are, a Cause is ; Cause implies Will ; and (within the sphere of our observation) all beyond the range of Human Will is Divine Will. According to the first view, God is, to us, one Cause among many ; according to the second, He is one and All ; according to the third, He is one of Two.

And now that we have discharged our conscience in this matter, let us say that our protest against Theodore Parker's statements is occasioned more by the probable tendencies of thought in his readers' minds, than by what

we suppose to be his own. We do not believe that he is at all deeply tinctured with Pantheism. Expressions drop from him continually which are wholly incompatible with the doctrines we have condemned. He speaks, for instance, of the different orders of things "receiving each as high a mode of divine influence *as its several nature will allow*" (p. 174); and he, therefore, undeniably recognizes some *rerum naturam*, as a condition or *datum* for the reception of divine power. Indeed, the whole spirit and character of the book proclaim its affinities with a school quite remote from the Spinozistic. The author has nowhere stated the principles of his *ethical* doctrine, or bridged over the chasm which separates it from his theology. But the purity and depth of his conceptions of character, his intense abhorrence of falsehood and evil, the moral loftiness of his devotion, and the generous severity of his rebuke, are in the strongest contradiction to the serene complacency of a mind suspended in metaphysic elevation *above* the point where truth and error, right and wrong, diverge, and looking down from a station whence all things appear equally divine. Hear the account he gives of "Solid Piety," or "Love before God":—

"Its Deity is the God of Love, within whose encircling arms it is beautiful to be. The demands it makes are to keep the Law he has written in the heart, to be good, to do good; to love man, to love God. It may use forms, prayers, dogmas, ceremonies, priests, temples, sabbaths, festivals, and fasts, yes, sacrifices if it will, as means, not ends; symbols of a sentiment, not substitutes for it. Its substance is love of God; its form, love of man; its temple, a pure heart; its sacrifice, a divine life. The end it proposes is, to reunite the man with God, till he thinks God's thought, which is Truth; feels God's feeling, which is Love; wills God's will, which is the eternal Right: thus finding God in the sense wherein he is not far from any one of us; becoming one with him, and so partaking the divine nature. The means to this high end are an extinction of all in man that opposes God's law; a perfect obedience to him as he speaks in Reason, Conscience, Affection. It leads through

active obedience to an absolute trust, a perfect love ; to the complete harmony of the finite man with the infinite God, and man's will coalesces in that of him who is All in All. Then Faith and Knowledge are the same thing, Reason and Revelation do not conflict, Desire and Duty go hand in hand, and strew man's path with flowers. Desire has become dutiful, and Duty desirable. The divine spirit incarnates itself in the man. The riddle of the world is solved. Perfect love casts out fear. Then Religion demands no particular actions, forms, or modes of thought. The man's ploughing is holy as his prayer ; his daily bread as the smoke of his sacrifice ; his home sacred as his temple ; his work-day and his sabbath are alike God's day. His priest is the holy spirit within him ; Faith and Works, his communion of both kinds. He does not sacrifice Reason to Religion, nor Religion to Reason. Brother and Sister, they dwell together in Love. A life harmonious and beautiful, conducted by Rectitude, filled full with Truth and enchanted by Love to man and God,—this is the service he pays to the Father of All. Belief does not take the place of life. Capricious austerity atones for no duty left undone. He loves Religion as a bride, for her own sake, not for what she brings. He lies low in the hand of God. The breath of the Father is on him.

“ If joy comes to this man, he rejoices in its rosy light. His Wealth, his Wisdom, his Power, is not for himself alone, but for all God's children. Nothing is his which a brother needs more than he. Like God himself, he is kind to the thankless and unmerciful. Purity without and Piety within ; these are his Heaven, both present and to come. Is not his flesh as holy as his soul,—his body a temple of God ?

“ If trouble comes on him, which Prudence could not foresee, nor Strength overcome, nor Wisdom escape from, he bears it with a heart serene and full of peace. Over every gloomy cavern, and den of despair, Hope arches her rainbow ; the ambrosial light descends. Religion shows him, that, out of desert rocks, black and savage, where the Vulture has her home, where the Storm and Avalanche are born, and whence they descend, to crush and to kill ; out of these hopeless cliffs falls the river of life, which flows for all, and makes glad the people of God. When the Storm and Avalanche sweep from him all that is dearest to mortal hope, is he comfortless ? Out

of the hard marble of Life, the deposition of a few joys and many sorrows, of birth and death, and smiles and grief, he hews him the beautiful statue of religious Tranquillity. It stands ever beside him, with the smile of heavenly satisfaction on its lip, and its trusting finger pointing to the sky."—B. I. Ch. VII. § 3, p. 145.

The objections which we have brought against our author's Theistical doctrine extend themselves to his views of Inspiration. To examine them, however, within the remaining limits of this article, is impossible. To draw a precise line of discrimination between the Divine and the Human mind, and pronounce, as to the range of our own faculties, what may be included without presumption, and what excluded without enthusiasm, is one of the most difficult problems of religious philosophy. That Dr. Priestley's denial of all Divine Influence, because no miracles could be found going on in the mind, did *not* settle the question, is acknowledged by a piety that is wiser than philosophy, if not by a philosophy that would be wiser than piety. We feel no less assured that Theodore Parker has not settled it, by simply calling the ordinary faculties of men by the name of God's Inspiration, and treating the Principia of Newton as the work of an inspired man. Were we to attempt a solution, we should commence from the division, before stated, of all Agency into the two categories of the Human *Will*, and the Divine Will: we should endeavour to determine the circle of the former; and whatever lay wholly beyond it, though still within the limits of Consciousness and of Law, we should refer to the latter. Not every thing, however, that must be ascribed immediately to God, can be called *Inspiration*. He acts *out of* the Spirit, or in *Nature*, as well as *within* the Spirit, or in our *Soul*; and we must, therefore, again exclude the whole of the former sphere, and reserve only the *characteristic faculties of Man*. If it were maintained that there were a plurality of these, a further reduction might be allowed, till the attribute alone remained which manifests itself in

worship,—the consciousness of moral distinctions, and reverence for moral excellence and beauty. Whatever gifts are found in this province of the soul, which are *not* the produce of human will ; which have been neither learned nor earned ; which, without the touch of any voluntary process, appear in mysterious spontaneity ; are strictly the Inspiration of God. Thoughts of God, purposes of constraining pity, sanctities of duty, rising above the level horizon of the mind, silent, self-evidencing, holy, clearing themselves, like the pure stars, as they ascend, of the low mists of doubt and fear,—these will ever be deemed true heaven-lights kindled from the eternal fires, whatever volumes be written to prove them only gas-lamps, distilled from the embers of past pain and pleasure in the transforming alembic of the brain. Inspiration would thus be to the highest faculty what Instinct is to the lower ; a guidance coming of its own accord,—which we know cannot lead wrong, yet which we cannot prove to be right. Happily, it needs no proof ; for there is the same conscience, latent, though not awake, in all ; sunk no doubt in various depths of slumber, but in some ever ready to apprehend and recognize the truth which higher souls may find. To such it passes, telling, as at first, its own divine tale. To others, with whom, when they have heard it in the word, and *seen it in the life*, it does *not* authorize itself, it simply cannot pass at all. “Surely,” it will be said, “these are just the cases for a miracle,—and where the Resurrection would powerfully tell.” Not in the least ;—“If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.”

We differ, then, from our author in this : that he admits, and we exclude, in treating of Inspiration, the *voluntary products* to which the mind gives birth. All learning, all Science, all work in achievement of a preconceived end, we take to be disentitled to the name. In justification of his question, “Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter ?”

Theodore Parker, substituting Moses for Simon Peter, observes :—

“No candid man will doubt that, humanly speaking, it was a more difficult thing to write the Principia than the Decalogue. Man must have a nature most sadly anomalous, if, unassisted, he is able to accomplish all the triumphs of modern science, and yet cannot discover the plainest and most important principles of Religion and Morality without a miraculous revelation.”—B. II. Ch. VIII. p. 218, note.

Now that the amount of *inspiration* in an achievement should be measured by the *difficulty* and labour spent upon it, appears unreasonable on the principles which we have stated. Let the product be at all of a kind to be yielded by the successive steps of a toilsome process, and it is a thing of voluntary fabrication ; and, by those who can so conceive of it, will never be regarded as an inspired creation. The disposition to extend the idea of inspiration to abstract or scientific truth appears also in an attempt, on which we look with strong repugnance, to render Christianity independent of the individuality of Christ. “If,” says our author, “Christianity be true at all, it would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it.” (p. 244.) Yet the same writer who could set down this painful paradox has said, within thirty pages of it, “A foolish man, as such, cannot be inspired to reveal wisdom ; nor a wicked man to reveal virtue ; nor an impious man to reveal religion ; unto him that hath, more is given. . . . The greater, purer, loftier, more complete the character, so is the inspiration.” (p. 221.) Then surely the suggested combination of a “true Christianity” with a wicked Christ, is no less absurd than it is revolting. If, indeed, as is usually assumed, inspiration implied intellectual infallibility in matters of doctrinal knowledge, and could be evidenced by displays of miraculous power, character *might* be dispensed with in a divine messenger ; and the alleged grounds of supernatural authority in the religion would be undisturbed, though

its revealer *were* “a Herod or a Catiline.” On the principles of this system, the moral perfectness of Christ is not an essential, but a subsidiary, support to Christianity ;—a delightful confirmation of his mission, but not a condition on which we are at liberty to stake our faith in him. “Prove what you will against his life,” might it then be said, “his attested doctrine remains.” “Prove what you will against his doctrine,” would we rather say, “his divine life remains ; and with more ‘truth’ in it, than in any proposition in the Bible or out of it.” No revelation of duty is possible except through the Conscience ; and Conscience cannot be effectually reached but by the presence of a holier life and a higher spirit. From the spectacle of devoted excellence and saintly beauty of mind, as from nothing else, flashes down upon us the awful and redeeming sense of new obligation : the thing seen in the concrete becomes conviction in the abstract : and a religion lived passes into a religion believed. And so we regard it as a rule in matters of devout faith, that it is *reverence for persons which gives perception of truth in ideas*.

Had our author shared our full persuasion that this rule is true, he would not have diffused his “inspiration” so widely over the human race. Filled with the idea, that religious and moral guidance are the most indispensable of God’s gifts, he loosely infers their universality. He is resolved to snatch such precious blessings from all dependence on special causes. He esteems the Reason, Conscience, and religious Sentiment, with which God has endowed us, fully adequate to their manifest end ; and has the firmest confidence that every man, faithful to their suggestions, may know what is true of God, love what is good in life, and do what is right in duty. He not only scorns the claim of any possible outward *authority* over these powers, but makes light of any outward helps to them ; and though devoutly thankful for the disclosure in Christ of “the highest possibility of human nature,” is anxious to disclaim the kind of *reliance* on him which is

usually welcome to the disciple's heart. We confess that this sometimes gives to our author's position an air of Stoical isolation, on which we look, at best, with more admiration than sympathy. Moreover, the doctrine of which it is the result is, we are persuaded, a mistake. Outward sources of religion are just as needful to us as inward faculties; and without the *beings* given to our experience, an utter barrenness would attach to the *constitution* given to our souls. Reason and Conscience are not, as sometimes called, "*the light*," but only the *eye*, of faith; which first has *vision*, when the lustre of pure and great natures is shed on it through the atmosphere of life. Not only are *some* external conditions indispensable to us; but these *human* experiences, and no other; this commerce of souls; this wondering look, to see how greatness and wisdom manage the problem of life. For what is called "Natural Theology," which a man is supposed to get by studying all sorts of things inferior to himself, and making a lonely scientific expedition through earth and air and water, we have but a small esteem. Well as a supplement, it is naught as the substance, of religion. Faith comes, we are persuaded, through the *moral* elements of our nature, by the presence of spiritual causes above us, not by the observation of material effects beneath us. Hence all great religions have been *historical*: the thorough interweaving of all the roots of Christianity with the history of the world on which it has sprung, is at once a source of its power and an assurance of its divineness; and the attempt to give it an abstract character, to loosen its connection with the individuality of Christ, and disengage from it a metaphysical indestructibility called "Absolute Religion," is a mistake, in our opinion, not only of its particular genius, but of the universal springs of human Faith.

In fact, we can find no rest in any view of Revelation short of that which pervades the fourth Gospel, and which is everywhere implicated in the folds of the Logos-doctrine; that it is *an appearance, to beings who have something of a*

divine spirit within them, of a yet diviner without them, leading them to the Divinest of all, that embraces them both. No doubt, this conception, while it adheres to the necessity of an historical mediator, generalizes the idea of Inspiration; renders it impossible to affirm, that God has never touched any human heart out of the circle of the Hebrew nation; and leaves to Jesus simply a transcendent preëminence,—the very preëminence claimed for him, that he “had the Spirit without measure” that we can gauge. That this was the doctrine of the Christian Fathers, who did not deny a portion of the divine Logos to the wise and good among the Heathens, is known to every reader of the ancient Apologies,* and ought to protect it in the eyes of those who want an authority for their truth more than truth for their authority. And is it not childish to insist on putting out all other lights, in order to make sure that the Christ may shine? Is his glory so doubtful and obscure, that it is discernible only in the dark, and that the faint fires of God, eternal in the human soul, must be damped down, ere we can see the bright and morning star? If the elevation of Jesus is real, it is not changed by filling up the approaches to him with ranks of glorious minds and groups of holy lives, fitted, by the glow of the same spirit and fraternity of the same class, to own him as the Perfecter of their faith, and look up to him in his Kingly height as the crown of their pyramid of souls. That the “authority” of Christ should require his cold isolation from men, so that, in his particular characteristics as our guide, he should be extrinsic to our race, is perfectly inconceivable to us. Why, God himself has no “authority” over us, but in virtue of attributes which he has made common to our nature with his own, and in which we are separated from him in degree

* See Justin Mart. Apol. II. cap. 13. Οὐκ ἀλλότριά ἐστι τὰ Πλάτωνος διδάγματα τοῦ Χριστοῦ, ἀλλ’ οὐκ ἔστι πάντη ὁμοία, ὥσπερ οὐδὲ τὰ τῶν ἄλλων, Στωϊκῶν τε, καὶ ποιητῶν, καὶ συγγραφέων. ἕκαστος γὰρ τις ἀπὸ μέρους τοῦ σπερματικοῦ θεοῦ λόγου τὸ συγγενὲς ὁρῶν καλῶς ἰφθέγγατο.

and not in kind. And where, after all, is the ultimate "authority" of our religion to be found? Who will show us the real seat of the "primitive Christianity" of which all disciples are in quest? Shall we take the first four centuries, and interpret the concurrent tones of their voices into the certain oracle of God? Not so, you say; for the writers of that period were full of the errors prevailing around them; and they themselves refer us to an anterior generation, as imparting legitimacy to the doctrines which they teach. Shall we go, then, to that earlier generation, and abide by the words of the Apostolic age? Scarcely this either, you will say; for the marks are too plain that there is no unerring certainty here: the Apostles themselves were not without their differences; and even their unanimity could mistake, for they confessedly taught the near approach of the end of the world. They, too, still refer us upward, and take every thing from Christ. To Christ, then, let us go. Wherein resides the "authority" in him which we are to accept as "final"? Shall we say,—in his reported *words* wherever found;—his statements are conclusive, and exempt from doubt? Impossible! Who can affirm that he had, and that he uttered, no ideas imbibed from his age, and obsolete when that age was gone; that he grew up to manhood in the Galilean province without a sentiment, an expectation, native to place and time; or that he disrobed himself of his whole natural mind from the instant of his baptism; that he did not discern evil spirits in the poor patients that came to him, and so misinterpret his own miracles; that he raised no hopes in others of sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel; of drinking with him of the fruit of the vine at his table in his kingdom; and of his own return to fulfil all these things "within that generation"? Will any one plainly say, with these things before him, that Jesus was infallible, and that in his spoken language we have a standard of doctrinal truth? And if error was possible, who will give us an *external* test by which we may know the region of its ab-

sence and of its presence? for, without this, to talk of his words being “a rule of faith” is a delusion or a pretence. But why this Heathenish craving for an “oracle,” turning the Galilean hills into a Delphi, Jesus into a Pythoness, and degrading the Gospels into Sibylline books? Did Christ ask for this blind, implicit trust? Did he wish his disciples to believe his word, because it was true,—or the truth, because it was his word? Nay, did not *he* also refer us to something higher, and hint at an authority needful to authorize his own? Thither, then, we must retreat, if indeed we would find “Primitive Christianity.” Behind all the *communicated* beliefs of Jesus lie his *felt* beliefs, with the question, “What made them his?” Whence his holy trust in them? for in his soul, also, they had a justifying origin. He thought them, he loved them, he worshipped in them, he struggled under them, before he published them: by what mark did he know them to be divine? Does any one really suppose that he would refuse to believe them, unless his senses could have a physical demonstration, unless the Infinite Spirit would talk audibly with him in the vernacular tongue, and give him His word for them, and show off some proof-miracles to satisfy his doubts? And if it were found out that there was no breach of the Eternal Silence; no phantasms floating between the uplifted eye of the Nazarene and the quiet stars, would you say that it was all over with our faith, and its divine original clean gone? Surely not. It will not be questioned that the Inspiration of Jesus was *within* the soul: by the powers that dwelt there, he knew the thoughts to be divine and holy as they dropped on his meditations; and the authorizing point of all his treasures of heavenly truth and grace dwelt in his Reason, Conscience, and Faith. Here, then, is the fountain of all, the primitive seat of inspiration, the true *religion of Christ*,—that which he *felt and followed*, not that which he *spoke and led*. And those are the most genuine disciples, who stand with him at the same spring; who are ready for the same trust; and can disengage themselves from tradi-

tion, pretence, and fear, at the bidding of the same source of Inspiration.

The critical opinions of Theodore Parker on the origin and contents of the Hebrew and Christian records, we do not propose to discuss. Indeed, they are so cursorily presented in his book, that to examine the grounds of them would be to travel far beyond the materials before us. His judgment against the historical evidence for the miracles is open to question. But if there is any one who, for that judgment, chooses to denounce him as "no Christian"; who conceives that a literary verdict, referring the Gospels to the second century instead of the first, outlaws a man from "the kingdom of God"; who can read this book, and suppose in his heart that here is a man whom Jesus would have driven from the company of disciples; we can only wish that the accuser's title to the name were as obvious as the accused's. Alas for this poor wrangling! To hear the boastful anger of our stout believers, one would suppose that to take up our faith on too easy terms, and to be drawn into discipleship less by logic than by love, were the very Sin against the Holy Ghost! Jesus thought it might not be too much to expect of his *enemies*, that, being eyewitnesses, they might "believe *his works*"; but of his friends it was the mark, that they would "believe *him*." But now-a-days who are our "patent Christians," ever busy with indictments against all counterfeits? Why, men who think it supremely ridiculous to accept any thing or being as divine, unless visible certificates of character be written on earth, air, and water, and Heaven will pawn the laws of nature as personal securities.

We part with Theodore Parker in hope to meet again. He has, we are persuaded, a task, severe perhaps, but assuredly noble, to achieve in this world. The work we have reviewed is the confession, at the threshold of a high career, of a great reforming soul, that has thus cleared itself of hindrance, and girded up itself for a faithful future. The slowness of success awaiting those who stand apart

from the multitude will not dismay him. He knows the ways of Providence too well :—

“Institutions arise as they are needed, and fall when their work is done. Of these things nothing is fixed. Corporeal despotism is getting ended ; will the spiritual tyranny last for ever ? A will above our puny strength marshals the race of men, using our freedom, virtue, folly, as instruments to one vast end,—the harmonious development of man. We see the art of God in the web of the spider, and the cell of a bee, but have not skill to discern it in the march of man. We repine at the slowness of the future in coming, or the swiftness of the past in fleeing away ; we sigh for the fabled Millennium to advance, or pray Time to restore the Age of Gold. It avails nothing. We cannot hurry God, nor retard Him. Old schools and new schools seem as men that stand on the shore of some Atlantic bay, and shout, to frighten back the tide, or urge it on. What boots their cry ? Gently the sea swells under the moon, and, in the hour of God’s appointment, the tranquil tide rolls in, to inlet and river, to lave the rocks, to bear on its bosom the ship of the merchant, the weeds of the sea. We complain, as our fathers : let us rather rejoice, for questions less weighty than these have in other ages been settled only with the point of the sword and the thunder of cannon.

If the opinions advanced in this discourse be correct, then Religion is above all institutions, and can never fail : they shall perish, but Religion endure : they shall wax old as a garment : they shall be changed, and the places that knew them shall know them no more for ever ; but Religion is ever the same, and its years shall have no end.”—p. 484.

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LESSING'S THEOLOGY AND TIMES.*

FROM long-standing recollections, we cannot but feel a certain fascination hang around the name of Lessing. Our earliest impressions of German literature were from him. We well remember hearing the eccentric William Taylor of Norwich read a scene or two from "Nathan the Wise," with the peculiar pomp of elocution and artifice of rhythm, which, though most akin to his paradoxes of thought, could assume dignity and sweetness when penetrated by his humaner feeling. Nor shall we ever forget the wonder and delight, the awful sense of intellectual *space*, brought to us by the grand essay on the "Education of Human Kind." No one, probably, could fall upon it in the eager season of inquiry and conviction, without being haunted for years by the shadows of great thought it flings around him, and returning again and again to its pregnant sentences, lest something of their terse significance should still be lost. And so little is this estimate of its *fulness* an illusion, that we doubt whether any one, recurring to it after a considerable interval of self-culture, ever failed to find what had escaped him before, and to interpret anew what he had seemed to read with open eye. Yet Lessing was no mystagogue, working up

* "Gotthold Ephraim Lessing als Theologe." Dargestellt von Carl Schwarz, ausserord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität Halle. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Theologie im 18ten Jahrhundert. Halle: C. E. M. Pfeffer. 1854. — *Prospective Review*, August, 1854.

indeterminate thoughts into enigmatical oracles ; but a man of sharply-discriminating vision, and faculty of expression peculiarly clear and firm.

An interest, in fact, attaches to Lessing quite independent of any accidents of personal obligation to him ; and the monograph of Professor Schwarz does well to single out his figure from the groups around him, and place it in front of the last century's theologic history. Not that we find in him either of the two chief sources of intellectual repute and influence ;—intensity of genius to mould his age into likeness of himself ; or sequacious sympathy with its spirit to make him its favourite interpreter. In every department of human culture his superior may be found without searching beyond the limits of his own times ; Ernesti in erudition, Semler and Michaelis in theology, Jacobi in philosophy, Herder in history, Winckelman at least in external knowledge of art. He attained the highest eminence in no one of these directions. Still less did he represent the characteristic tendencies and dominant prejudices of contemporary society : every party was afraid of him, and not one would own him. Theologians were terrified by his free-thinking ; the Free-thinkers said he had too much theology. That he allowed a free “enthusiasm” to the workings of genius, was an offence to the classical pedants in art : that he showed no mercy to mere groundless admirations and tinted sentiment, made him a severe presence in the eyes of incipient romanticism. A Protestant who could set “tradition” above “Scripture” ; a Rationalist, who could vindicate the doctrines of a Trinity and of endless punishment ; a German Liberal, who could distrust the “enlightened” court of Frederick the Great, and disdain the one-sided freedom to gibe and disbelieve ; a Theist, who believed God immanent and the universe something else than His machine ; an Optimist, who questioned neither the reality nor the possible eternity of sin ; so curiously crossed, in almost every direction, the lines of current opinion, as to perplex pre-occupied judgments, and

appear for the moment a marvel of moral and dialectic paradox. The greatness of Lessing consists rather in this, that he neither led nor followed, but stood alone ; with inherent strength to repel from him the false pressures of his time ; yet not through the mere negative resistance of good taste, but with the positive and polemic force of distinct conviction. In him two different ages, and many opposite tendencies of thought, seem to us to find their point of equilibrium. He marks the transfer from France to Germany of the intellectual sceptre of Europe. He took something from the naturalism of the English Deists ; yet brought nature and miracle to meet in a higher sphere. From the experience-philosophy he derived a taste for the real and concrete ; yet pushed forward with strong faith into the ideal and transcendent. He inaugurated the modern methods of biblical criticism ; appreciated and *named* the superstition of "Bibliolatry ;" applied to Revelation the idea of perpetual development ; and so dealt with history that it never again can dispense with a philosophy. Impelled by his nature to struggle for neglected elements of truth, he was acutely sensitive to all narrowness and confusion in the prevalent modes of thought ; and setting himself to war with their exclusiveness, demanded for the future the needful complement to the wisdom of the past. It is frequently remarked that the characteristics of each generation are produced by reaction from the errors and defects of its predecessor. To Lessing's quick critical feeling the reaction was immediate and required no time : and hence he exhibits in the germ most of the marking features of the next age, and comes into comparison at various points with the leading scholars, philosophers, and theologians of a century beyond his own.

The extraordinary freshness and vigour of Lessing's writings to the present hour are apt to make one forget that he was the contemporary of men whom no one reads except from historical curiosity,—of Reimarus and the Wolfian

metaphysicians ; of Nicolai and his coterie of literary coxcombs ; of Zollikoffer and the vapid latitudinarians in religion. Flung upon a cold and barren era (1729-1781), his youth had no generous spiritual nurture. Kant had not yet written, or Schleiermacher preached, or Niebuhr lectured, or Goethe sung. An arid learning, which toiled among the remains without reproducing the life of antiquity ; a formal logic and ontology which divided and subdivided the universe, and labelled it (heart and all) like an anatomical museum ; canons of taste extracted by Gallic analysis from Grecian genius ; a Christianity afraid of every nobler inspiration, and used as the mask of orthodox intolerance or liberal conceit ; these were the influences surrounding the early years of Lessing. In religion, all the nerve of the old Lutheranism was gone. Constructed for aggression on formalism, rather than for resistance to philosophy, it had no sooner ceased to conquer than it began to recede. Even Melancthon, when he had gained breathing time for thought, had been unable to remain faithful to it ; and when, for near a century, successive inroads had been made upon it, first by Calixtus and his school, next by the Pietists, and then by the metaphysics of Wolf, its tone became depressed and its adherents few. Even among the parochial clergy, its representatives were probably in a minority, composed of the least active-minded of their class ; and they could not but be conscious that their severe dogmatism had become an unwelcome presence, like a guest that had lingered beyond his time. They raised, therefore, no such voice as had been heard in the days of Calovius and Meissner ; but, soured and saddened, bore their testimony with anxious and repulsive rigour. Hope is perhaps a necessary sweetener of human temper ; certain it is, that a sect conscious of decline grows snappish and ungenial ; its compassionate affection turns to gall, and its piety becomes an indictment against the world. So was it with the Wittenberg orthodoxy about the middle of the last century ; and whatever revival it has since had

is due rather to the faults and excesses of its rivals than to the discovery of new merits in itself.

Of these rivals the most inimical and most formidable was the thorough-going Deism which had sapped the foundations of the whole system of Western Christianity, as then constructed. The writings of Bolingbroke and Voltaire, of Toland and Collins, had been imported into Germany, and widely diffused by translations, or worse—by effective extracts introducing ineffective replies. The *Acta Eruditorum*, the *History of Religious Parties* by Baumgarten, and Mosheim's account of the *Enemies of the Christian Religion*, scattered the seeds of these opinions first within the enclosures of the Universities, and then in the well-prepared field of city society. The Parisian tone of thought pervaded all the great centres of intellectual activity; affecting to be alone worthy of men of parts and knowledge, and dismissing all else as a low provincialism. The advance had not yet been made into the bold atheism of the later revolutionary period. But the residual Natural Religion recognized after Christianity had been dissipated, was not of an inspiring kind. The conception of the universe, which it worked up into a Theology, was supplied entirely from the physical sciences and the most elementary doctrine of mechanical force; and its God was primarily found, not as a living Spirit, not as an eternal Holy One, but as a prior Causality. Nor did its doctrine of a Future Life pretend to be a moving reality: adorned by the rhetoric of Cicero, and entertained as an hypothesis by Tacitus, the idea was too classical to be discarded; but its tenure was a small balance of metaphysic probability; and its possible disappointment could give the satisfied wise man no serious concern.

Between these extremes, and claiming to have the merits of both with the defects of neither, existed a party of "Rational Christians," who insisted on the concurrence of Reason and Faith, and smoothed away all difficulties on either side. The harmony between the two they unfortu-

nately established, not by any profound appreciation of the great problems of faith, but by ignoring them ; not by descending below the contrarities of "nature" and "grace," but by failing to reach them. They adhered to the Bible, dear to orthodoxy, because it contained little else than the religion professed by Deism. The apparatus of reconciliation consisted accordingly, first of a mild and good-natured philosophy to smile away the awful shades of sin, and "make things pleasant" in this world, and reduce man's moral alienation to natural distance ; and next, of an obliging Scriptural criticism that will put the most charitable construction upon everything ; that will not hear of a contradiction, but compel discrepancies to shake hands ; that makes the easy explain the difficult, whether comprehending it or not ; that posts the supernatural in reserve, to be used only in case the natural can hold out no more ; that conjures the Devil and his Temptations into the phantasmagoria of a trance, and resolves the exorcism of demons into the cure of fits ; that can harmonize John and Matthew, Paul and James ; and should anything still remain which is distasteful to good sense, can explain it as a condescending *accommodation* on the part of Christ and his apostles to the superstitions of their time. The men who took this view produced vapid books on "The principal truths of Religion," and on "The faith of Christians ;" or defences of Revelation, like Leland's in our own country, so manifestly weak and twaddling, that if the reader was not sceptical at the beginning he could scarcely fail to be so at the end. These men, Spalding, Nösselt, Jerusalem, were not equal to the scientific emergencies of Christian controversy. Respectable in their personal character and sincere in their convictions, they not unworthily represented Christianity on its practical side ; but had no insight into anything beyond the ethical level of religion, no feeling for historical criticism, nor any consistent logic for the proof of a Divine authority. They conceded too much to both the other sides to operate

with effect on either. Their very apologies for Christianity were infected by the philosophy of Deism ; while their harmonistic ingenuities assumed the orthodox conception of the Bible. Leaving undisturbed the principle of a documentary revelation, yet accepting the condition that it must comprise only the self-consistent and intelligibly true, they burthened the religion with all the imperfections of its first literature ; and after all put nothing into it beyond what is found in any tolerable treatise on Natural Theology. The result was inevitable ; that they coerced and modernized the *letter*, stripping it of local colouring and soaking away its historical concreteness ; without gaining, after all this sacrifice, anything but completer blindness to its distinctive *spirit*.

It is not wonderful that, under such ecclesiastical conditions, a mind so impatient as Lessing's of either narrow dogmatism or washy compromise, should feel no attraction to the Church and no early interest in theological studies. An almost wilful freedom distinguished him from the first ; during his academical career interfering, as his father complained, with any *persistent* direction of his studies ; in the succeeding years rendering any restraints of even a lay office irksome to him, and making it difficult to suit him with a profession ; and so confirmed into a habit in his maturity, that, when late in life he contracted a marriage, terminated in two years by the death of his wife, his friends,—and Professor Schwartz adopts their judgment,—considered such surrender of his independence an “amiable inconsequence.” At Leipzig University no theological auditorium, not even Gellert's, had any charm for him ; and he sent word home that he found himself wanting in every quality, of thought and elocution, that could fit him for the pulpit. Ernesti's lectures on Greek history and Roman archæology, and Kästner's exercises in disputation, which he attended with great zeal, seem to have enchained him most. Theophrastus, Plautus and Terence were his favourite authors : and dramatic literature

and representations were at once his serious study and his chief amusement. This entire devotion to the Belles Lettres and the fine arts continued, with little exception, till his forty-first year, when (in 1770) he exchanged his office of dramaturgist to the Hamburg Theatre (which he had held for three years) for that of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. For a short time, indeed, while resident at Breslau in the capacity of private secretary, he had occupied himself, ten years before, both with Spinoza's philosophy and with ecclesiastical history, and had projected a treatise on the Christian persecutions and martyrs. But, with this slight interlude, his life had been engaged wholly in æsthetic criticism and production: and he reached the grand period of his polemical activity, a mere accomplished layman, not only without the special training of a churchman by profession, but unfurnished with the outfit of even the amateur theologian. This fact, so offensive to the "Professorthum" of Germany, it is important to remember, if we are to appreciate either the animus of the controversies which occupied his later years or the merits of the criticism and dialectic which he brought into them.

Meanwhile, through indirect influence on his tastes and judgment, his literary years contributed in no doubtful degree to the colouring of his theological. His dramatic perception, his artistic study of character, his experiments in combining different types of personality, for effects of moral harmony or contrast, could not fail to cultivate his eye for the lights and shadows of humanity, and quicken his discernment of what is weak and partial in any given expression and development of life. The links which concatenate any speculative system of ideas he might or might not have acquired the skill to scrutinize: but let that system take possession of a *person* and use him as its organ, and the dramatist can pronounce upon it in this living form: he instantly feels the want of proportion, is affected painfully or ludicrously by the twist, and can tell

where and why it is that the balance fails. If he have also the faculty of embracing and analyzing a logical as well as an individualized whole, he can work his way up from the defects of the personal incarnation to the flaw or omission in the speculative construction. A blemish in the representative character will serve as index to a weakness in the theory. It is to this mode of judgment that Lessing's polemical writings largely owe their vivacity, their severity, their truth. He had studied the *men* in whom the several tendencies of his time were realized. He well knew how the oil of sanctity and the gall of bitterness mingled in the composition of the old Lutheran clergyman. He had estimated the *persiflage* and "Lucianism" of the French sceptic, and thought it but an egotistic love of truth that could retire upon so easy a victory and care for nothing more. He had amused himself with the insipid incapacity of the "new-fashioned theologians" of the liberal school; he saw how helplessly they were tossed on the troubled sea of opinion, with neither any helm of guiding philosophy, nor any breeze of impelling faith: and refused to heed them till they could either speculate or prophesy. When his mind was directed on questions of belief, these personal appreciations were transmuted into doctrinal estimates: but in their abstract form the traces of their living origin remained: and notwithstanding the scholastic guise of the theologic critic, the play of the features betrays the satirist, and the garb of serious drama appears beneath.

Moreover, the personal relations into which his literary career introduced him, had an important influence on his sympathies and opinions. In particular, a visit to Berlin immediately after his University course,—a visit prolonged into a stay of five or six years,—determined both the work and the society of the next period, and constituted the most intimate friendship of his life. Nicolai, the Berlin publisher and author, ambitious of being the Mæcenas of Germany, used to gather around him a society of both

young aspirants and men of established repute in the world of letters. His house, his company, his opinions, were copies from the *salons* of Paris; and became a sort of propagandist institution for free-thinking ideas, and a court of universal critical inquisition. To the student fresh from college, and fermenting with unsettled admirations and eager hopes, the friendly reception, the literary stir, the copiousness of new books, the circulation of intellectual gossip, the encounter with reputed arbiters of taste, at the bibliopolist's house, could not fail to be highly attractive: and here it was that Lessing formed the first projects that engaged his genius. In conjunction with Nicolai and others, he commenced, in 1757, the "*Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften*," and he wrote a considerable proportion of the celebrated "*Letters on Literature*," which commenced their series two years later. If his participation in these enterprises gradually became less zealous and productive, it was because nearer acquaintance did not strengthen his sympathy with the Berlin circle. Though he continued to correspond with Nicolai on æsthetic matters, and to be welcome at his house, he soon found that he must expect there no interest in any deep or earnest conviction, no tolerance even of anything that could not be measured by the rod and chain of a few self-appointed world-surveyors. The bookseller and his associates contracted more and more the habits and susceptibilities of a clique, committed to rigid little formulas of admiration, jealous of younger and more various life, and, in the name of freedom, exercising a monstrous intellectual tyranny. Throwing up their entrenched camp of liberalism on the sands of Berlin, and thinking it the very navel of the world, they defied all enemies, refused all alliance, and shot every wanderer beyond the lines. Every new phenomenon that appeared in their neighbourhood and avoided their enclosure, was pronounced insignificant, and visited with their contempt; Goethe's early poetry, the philosophies of Kant and Fichte, the historical conceptions of

Herder. A position at once so offensive and so isolated naturally tempted revenge: and as the affluence of time produced school after school of fresh thought and feeling, each in turn had its fling at the "Nicolaites;" whom, accordingly, the protests of Jacobi and Lavater, the wit of Goethe and Schiller, the satiric painting of the Schlegels and Novalis, have set on an unenviable eminence as the stock-figures representing empty-headed arrogance and intolerant conceit. To no one could this spirit be more uncongenial than to Lessing; whose open-mindedness, whose delight in watching the ever-moving waters of thought, were of the most genuine kind; and in whom the constant outlook for *more* truth and prophetic faith that it would come, reach an almost pathetic depth. He, therefore, not only withheld from this coterie the workings of his mind on religion and philosophy, but made public disclaimer of all participation in the "Allgemeine deutsche Bibliothek," the organ of their critical tribunal. The Review survived the discredit of this repudiation: but it fell more and more into garrulity and literary hack-work, and had ceased to act on human affairs some time before it ceased to exist.

There was one life-long friendship, however, as we have said, formed at the house of Nicolai. It was there that, in 1754, when both were at the age of twenty-five, Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn first met, and discovered how much there was in each which the other needed, trusted, and loved. Lessing's stronger, clearer nature, necessarily determined the relation to be one of intellectual dependence and trust on the part of his gentle and reverential friend. Until they met, no one seems to have discovered Mendelssohn's depth of sentiment and gifts of graceful thought. It was Lessing, whose appreciation and hopeful prophecies first awakened in him sufficient self-reliance to yield to his inspirations, and try what response there might be for him in the hearts of men. Hence the tone of noble gratitude that mingled with his affection for Lessing; and the jealous

—even too susceptible—tenderness with which, as survivor, he guarded the reputation of his friend. Few would have predicted so close an amity between such contrasted men. Mendelssohn, imbued with an Oriental veneration, a meditative glow, a moral wisdom intent on ameliorating life, a peaceful spirit shrinking from the jar of words: Lessing, quickened with Western inquisitiveness, sanguine of intellectual enterprise, admitting neither love nor good till he sees that its root is in the *true*; inspirited by debate and doubtful else of the triumph of the right:—showed by their mutual affection, how much deeper is the unity of the human heart than the contrarieties of temperament and culture. As if tintured still with the influence of a warmer land, Mendelssohn's mind seemed wrapped in a Southern evening's summer haze, and musing till the stars came out and the sounds of day were gone. Lessing, true son of Northern latitudes, was rather the restless sea-king, despising the sluggish fields when he could ride upon the seething deep, ever ready to breathe the arctic winds, to struggle with the defiances of nature, and be proud of a region in which lassitude would die. But the same heaven embraces every zone; and one sacred sense of light and love over-arched and united these two men. How deeply the firmer nature was touched by the gentler is testified by Lessing's last piece; for Mendelssohn is the prototype of Nathan the Wise.

With the removal to Wolfenbüttel, in 1770, commenced the closing and only theological stage of Lessing's life. Scarcely had he settled there before he discovered in the library an unknown treatise on the Eucharist, composed in the 11th century, in which a doctrine of the real presence, essentially the same as Luther's, was defended as the true teaching of the Church. The treatise, being by no less a person than Berengar, of Tours, and in refutation of the great Anselm of Canterbury, was a real ecclesiastical treasure, and was naturally acceptable to the German clergy, as an important addition to their *Vindiciæ*

Lutherianæ. The publication of it by Lessing brought him a degree of orthodox favour which amused without deceiving him.

A further discovery was at hand, which was destined to reverse his ecclesiastical repute. This same year, he was shown, in the family of Reimarus, at Hamburg, an anonymous manuscript, containing portions of a deistical treatise on the chief points of Christian evidences. He took a copy of the manuscript, and sent it confidentially to Mendelssohn. From the first he was desirous of publishing it, not that it expressed his own views, but because it would excite a discussion which could not fail to be salutary, and leave something clearer than before. But it was not till 1774 that he brought out the first portion, on the "Toleration of Deists." It fell quite flat, however, and the stir which the editor anticipated did not arise till, in 1777, he published the five next fragments on "The clerical outcry against Reason;" "The impossibility of a Revelation, in which all men can have well-grounded faith;" "The passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea;" "The Old Testament books not written to reveal a religion;" and "The accounts of the Resurrection." The storm excited by the appearance of these was raised to the highest pitch by the issue, next year, of the concluding piece, on "The objects of Jesus and the disciples." Thus was completed the celebrated series of "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," so called from the library in which the manuscript was said to have been found. They were accompanied by introductions and comments from Lessing, sometimes corrective, sometimes apologetic, whence chiefly must be gathered any judgment respecting his own theological sentiments. He was plunged, by his editorial relation to the *Fragmentist*, into a boundless turmoil of controversy. Old Semler, scared into reaction by the effects of his own critical liberalism, attacked the fragments with more vehemence than dignity, and ridiculed the ground on which the editor vindicated their publication, viz., a zeal for Christianity and desire to call into the field some champion equal to the exigencies of

this new challenge. This plea was especially satirized in an appendix contributed, as Semler affirmed, by an eminent statesman, in which is described the trial before the "Lord Mayor" of an incendiary for setting somebody's house on fire. The defendant acknowledges the act, but submits that he thought the house was fire-proof, and had only meant to test the tenant's presence of mind, and give the Insurance Companies an opportunity of displaying their efficiency. The Lord Mayor orders the man off to Bedlam. "And everybody knows"—so ends the parable—"that there he remains to this day." The bitterness of Semler, his arrogance and pedantry, were not rendered more tolerable by any real mastery of the argument. He set aside all difficulties in the evangelical history by drawing a distinction, which he left quite undefined, between a local and accidental Christianity, and the universal and essential, and referring all blemishes and errors of the gospels to the former; and avoided compromising the full inspiration of the Christian founders, by the unworthy subterfuge of his "accommodation doctrine." In the desire to wipe off first his account with opponents of inferior name,—Walch, Schumann, Göze,—Lessing missed his opportunity of reply to Semler; against whose treatise he projected an elaborate work,—the advance, as he said, no longer of skirmishing light troops, but of his main army; and was cut off by death ere it could be achieved.

Whence now, and what, were these renowned "Fragments?" Notwithstanding the mystery in which their origin was long enveloped, and the doubts recently revived by Illgen (in his *Zeitschrift für historische Theologie*, 1839), a combination of evidence which seems superfluously strong, fixes the authorship on Hermann Samuel Reimarus, Professor of oriental languages in Hamburg, and son-in-law to the distinguished Johann Albert Fabricius.* He

* The general concurrence on this literary question renders it needless to weave together for our readers the various threads of proof. How curious and firm a tissue they make may be seen in Prof. Schwarz's note to p. 99.

died in the spring of 1768 ; and it was at the house of his son that, in 1770, Lessing first saw the manuscript, probably through the instrumentality of his daughter, Elise Reimarus. This manuscript, which an internal date refers to the-year 1744, was only a fragment from the first draft of a treatise, repeatedly rewritten and enlarged in subsequent years, and not completed before the year 1767. Of the entire treatise, in two considerable volumes, entitled "Apology for the rational worshippers of God," one manuscript copy exists in the Hamburg City-library ; and another in the Göttingen University-library ; both having been presented by Reimarus the son just before his death in 1814. They contain, word for word, the fragments published by Lessing. The work professes to have been written, not for the world, but simply with a view to settle and clear the author's own convictions : and it bears the unmistakable impress of serious and conscientious inquiry. Reimarus, as Prof. Schwarz remarks, was essentially the Strauss of his day ;—that is, as Strauss resolved Christianity into Hegelianism, so did Reimarus resolve it into the Wolfian philosophy ; the historical element being dissipated, in the recent case, in the interests of Pantheism ; in the elder one, in the interests of Deism. The critical methods employed for explaining the history away are different in the two cases. Both indeed begin with the same negative process ; alleging discrepancies and incoherences which prove the narrative untrustworthy : but in accounting for the recital as it stands, the two critics have recourse to different types of hypothesis : Reimarus dealing with the record as *false* history ; Strauss as no history at all : the one leaving its date and authorship little disturbed, and ascribing what he deems untrue in it to error and unverity in the writers ; the other, permitting to the materials so long a time ere they were committed to writing, that the personality of Jesus had been transformed in the interval into an ideal of the Messiah. These constructive hypotheses, in which probabilities are quite overworked, constitute the weakness of both writers ; as indeed of every

attempt to fill the void which a destructive criticism creates; and it is far easier for an opponent to batter down the conjectural history which they erect, than to repair the breaches in the real one which they assail. Thus nothing can be more arbitrary than the assumption of the fragment on the Resurrection, that the story put by the Pharisees into the mouth of the Roman guard, about the disciples' theft of their Master's body,—hit the precise truth of the matter; and refutations addressing themselves to this point gain a cheap success: but the variations in the different narratives remain as unrelieved as when exhibited by Reimarus: the ingenuities of reconciling interpreters tending only to bring criticism into contempt, resulting as they do in what Lessing called "the harmony of wax-noses," which may be squeezed into any shape. And again, when Reimarus, in the last fragment, maintains that, after the death of Christ, his disciples set about the construction of quite a new doctrine respecting his person, and were driven by necessity to make up the theory of a suffering and glorified Messiah, coming again to judge the world, and that, having struck out this idea, they devised a history to suit it; it is easy to show how little way such an hypothesis will go, in explaining the difference between the conceptions of Matthew and the system of Paul: but the alleged *fact* of the co-presence in the New Testament of *two Christianities*, and the evidence that, by *some* means, one of these did develop itself into the other, are surely placed beyond the reach of doubt. This distinction, between the critical facts of discrepancy, and the inference drawn from it by the Fragmentist, Lessing himself marked from the first. The variations in the accounts of the same transactions, as reported in different gospels, prove, he says, no fraudulent misrepresentation by eye-witnesses, but only that we are not really in presence of the eye-witnesses, and suffer from the inevitable imperfections of later historical sources. And this thought, working upon the phenomena of agreement and difference in the first three gospels, led him to maintain the

very doctrine, which Eichhorn's elaboration afterwards rendered celebrated, of a prior or original gospel,—also identified by him with the gospel according to the Hebrews,—whose contents furnished the common base of our canonical synoptics. In like manner, the traces in Scripture of two different Christianities, a Judaic and a human, he freed from the suspicion of artifice and sudden accommodation to necessity ; and treated as the natural expansion, distributed over a generation or a century, of a faith at first compressed and narrowed by historical conditions, and reaching its plenitude only as the season of its experience advanced. And not in reference to these points alone, but generally, Lessing refused to surrender Christianity, on proof of error in its first teachers, uncertainty in its reported miracles, contradictions in its early literature, misapplication of Messianic prophecies. All these he regards as but the external accidents, the transitory media, of the religion, constituting, it may be, its support in one age and its weakness in another : they do not belong to its inner essence, in which alone the real evidence of spiritual truth is found : and he who detects anything amiss with them may even render a service by driving men from sham-proofs, that really persuade no one, to true ones that lie at the heart of things. Religious doctrine cannot be deduced from mere historical facts without a *μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος* vitiating the whole process. *Facts* indeed *may* become the proper ground of moral and spiritual faith : but then they must be facts which come over again and again, and betray an element that is permanent and eternal ; which form part of the experience and consciousness of humanity ; and ally themselves with the Divine by not losing their *presence* in the world. But *unrepeated facts*, which limit themselves to a moment, which are the incidents of a single personality, and are left behind quite insulated in the past, show,—were it only by your not expecting them again,—that they are detached from the persistent and essential life of the universe and humanity. They are but once and away ; and

least of all therefore can testify of the untransitory and ever-living. The real can teach us only so far as it has an ideal kernel, redeeming it from the character of a solitary phenomenon. Among the various expositions and applications of this favourite theme of Lessing's, we select the following sentences from his *Axiomata*.*

1. "The Bible evidently contains more than belongs to Religion.

2. That in this "*more*" the Bible is still infallible, is mere hypothesis.

3. The letter is not the spirit, and the Bible is not the Religion.

4. The objections therefore against the letter and against the Bible, are not on that account objections against the spirit and against the Religion.

5. Moreover there was a religion ere there was a Bible.

6. Christianity was in being before Evangelists and Apostles had written. Some time elapsed before the first of them wrote, and a very considerable time before the whole canon was constituted.

7. However much therefore may depend on these writings, it is impossible that the whole truth of the Christian religion can rest upon them.

8. If there was a period during which, diffused as the Christian religion already was, and many as were the souls filled already with its power, still not a letter had yet been written of the records which have come down to us, then it must be also possible for all the writings of Evangelists and Apostles to perish, yet the religion taught by them still to subsist.

9. The religion is not true, because Evangelists and Apostles taught it; but they taught it, because it is true.

10. Its interior truth must furnish the interpretation of the writings it has handed down; and no writings handed down can give it interior truth, if it has none."

In his controversy with Göze, he illustrates this distinc-

* See his collected works, vol. x. p. 10; or Schwarz, p. 147.

tion between the essence and the historical form of Christianity, by a parable to the following effect. A wise king of a great realm, built a palace of immense size and very peculiar architecture. About this structure, there came from the very first a foolish strife to be carried on, especially among reputed connoisseurs, people, that is, who had least looked into the interior. This strife was not about the palace itself, but about various old ground-plans of it, and drawings of the same very difficult to make out. Once, when the watchmen cried out "Fire," these connoisseurs, instead of running to help, snatched up their plans, and instead of putting out the fire on the spot, kept standing with their plans in hand, making a hubbub all the while, and squabbling about whether this was the spot on fire, and that the place to put it out. Happily, the safety of the palace did not depend on these busy wranglers, for it was not on fire at all; the watchmen had been frightened by the Northern lights, and mistaken them for fire (p. 157). It is impossible to convey by a clearer image Lessing's feeling that a Christianity once incorporated in the very substance of history and civilization, seated deep in human sentiment and thought, and developed into literature, law, and life, subsists independently of critical questions, and is with us, not as the contingent vapour that a wind may rise to blow away, but as the cloud that has dropped its rain and mingled with the roots of things.

It will have been observed how near, in his denial of a regulative function to the Bible, Lessing approached to the Catholic position, that it is the Church that authenticates the Scripture, not Scripture the Church. Nor did he rest with a mere negative verdict on this point, as against the Protestant misuse of Scripture. When pressed to say where then the doctrinal appeal in last resort was to be found, he at once replied, The oldest tradition,—the *regula fidei* of the first four centuries,—is the "Rock on which the Church was built." Nothing however could be further from his thought, than to constitute the creed of any period a rule

absolute for the present and all time. His thesis is to be understood partly as *historical*, declaring that, in point of fact, it was customary with the Fathers to settle dogmatic questions by appeal to apostolic Tradition; and partly as simply *preferential*, to the effect that, if we would grasp the essence of Christian faith, tradition is a better aid than Scripture;—the condensed formula, in which the predominant feeling of the Church at a particular time has expressed itself, than a miscellaneous collection of writings, various, occasional, individual, venerable as a literature, but inapplicable as norm and definition. A short portion of the Christian's collective *worship*—a prayer, a hymn, a rite, especially a concentrated Confession of Faith into which the devout consciousness of thousands has converged,—will, at all events, be an expression of *religion*, not of *history*; and you are less likely to miss there the kernel of the faith than in a search for it through the diffuse and complex and often accidental memorials that make up the New Testament collection. In vindicating the principle of "tradition," Lessing meant to assert the rights of the current consciousness of a living Church against the fixed letter of ever so sacred an antiquity: and if he proved his case by reference to the selected instance of the first centuries, it was only because *there* the competing rules could be brought into directest comparison, and at the very time when Scripture contained least that was out of date, it had still been subordinated to the other *κανὼν τῆς ἀληθείας*. And by narrowing the ground of his argument to that period, he could free the discussion from the needless intrusion of dogmatic alarms; since, for the security of an orthodox creed, the *regula fidei* is at least not *less* eligible than the Scriptures. Doubtless there is something of dialectic management in his treatment of this subject; and propositions occur which we must regard as laid down *γυμναστικῶς*, rather than *δογματικῶς*. He carried further than we can quite approve the habit of strictly choosing his own polemic ground, and so limiting himself to it as to establish one

thing only at a time, without heeding any collateral misunderstandings which the process might create or leave. His *first* positions are thus sometimes only relatively sound, as against his opponents : and when he has excluded the utterly false, he can advance, by another passage of comparative logic, to something truer than his own previous truth. To those who compare his defence of the early creeds as a *regula fidei* with other traces of his theology, this play with his exuberant strength,—which postpones the best till he has secured the better,—will be evident enough. To suppose that he really meant to bind all ages by the rule of one, or to check indefinite living development by making an oracle of the past, is to ascribe a Papist absolutism to the most Protestant of Protestants.

The Protestant use of Scripture as an authoritative oracle implies the notion that the first age was the exclusive seat of revealing inspiration ; that with it the Divineness passed away, and the world became again “common or unclean.” To remove the Scriptures from such regulative use is to call this notion in question, and implies a different conception of Revelation, and of the relation between the Divine and the Human Spirit. Accordingly, we find Lessing expounding a theory of God’s dealings with the world, which, while it destroys the exceptional and final character of the biblical dispensations, leaves to them their sacred place and function, as the media of approach between God and man. He conceives of Revelation, not as a thing flung down upon history once for all and all at once and left there,—not as ready-made and finished truth, valid equally for all the universe ; but as an incessant *process*, running through the whole existence of mankind. By the happiest of analogical definitions, he calls it the *Divine Education of the human race*. It is a training-school, whose work is ever going on, with elementary books, from the mere alphabet of thought to the approaches of highest wisdom. All culture is in its very nature *progressive* : its *outward* apparatus and means rising *per saltum* through successive steps that

may be numbered,—book after book, class after class ; its *inner* growth, among the faculties themselves, being on the other hand continuous and unmarked from hour to hour. In the great school of human kind, three separate stages, each with appropriate furniture of instruction, are needful to complete the outward work ; with which the inner development, ever flowing and with different course in different souls, can only roughly correspond. The Hebrew dispensation represents the first stage, and the Old Testament is its class-book. In what now does the excellence of such a book consist ? Not surely in its exhausting the subject of which it treats ;—not in its anticipating on its first page the teachings of its last ;—not in its dictating all that is to be learned, and furnishing no problems, no exercises of discipline, on which the scholar's mind may work : but in adaptation to the incipient stage of culture ; in gradual advance, as the pupil becomes ready for more ; in leaving deducibles that may be independently won ; and in not closing the way towards the step beyond. It is therefore a vain objection of the Fragmentist (in his fourth piece, entitled “The Old Testament books not written to reveal a religion”), that the Hebrew Scriptures are silent on the doctrine of a future life : in the infancy of mankind, the idea of eternity is beyond their grasp, and the moral law must declare itself in more immediate sanctions. It is vain again to complain that so impure a Monotheism is found in the older writings. Truth given is never possessed like truth achieved ; and when the simply patriarchal and national Jehovah had been sublimed from the merely greatest to the absolutely Only God, the hard-earned discovery was infinitely more precious than any dictated dogma. Even the apparent interruption of the course of training by the Babylonish exile and its suspension of the national life, was but a wholesome change of discipline. By intercourse with a foreign people of larger culture, the Hebrews apprehended the idea of immortality at last, and then found to their joy that their own books were not with-

out hints and surmises of it which they had never seen before. They returned better than they went. Soon the point was reached when they began to extract *more* from their text-book than it would fairly yield,—sure sign that it had done its work and that their mind was ready for an advance. Then was inaugurated the *second* stage, and Christianity took up the *boyhood* of the race, and put the New Testament into their hand as the succeeding manual. No other book has so exercised and improved the human mind; and if of these benefits it has been a necessary condition, that men have taken it for their all-in-all of knowledge, this is only what must always be thought at the time of whatever system of instruction spreads to the mind's horizon. The one grand advance made by this Divine hand-book, is in its positive and practical disclosure of the immortality of the soul: but the less ennobling doctrines of the Trinity, Original Sin, and Atonement, still come so near to the essence of important truths, that he who thinks himself above them must beware lest, in his conceit, he lose in himself or snatch from his weaker brother conceptions of real moment and not easy to invest with other forms. "Ah! scholar of more forward capacity, you that, having reached the last leaf of your class-book, burn and stamp with joy, take heed how you let your weaker fellow-scholar observe what you divine or begin already to discern." Still, the lagging pupil will in the end follow the more advanced; will see light in front, and will have made his own, by process of living thought, the truths which at first he had learned by rote. *For, the transformation of revealed truths into truths of reason is the very aim and crowning success of the whole scheme of Divine discipline.* As the master goes before his pupils in their reckonings, and tells them the answer which their computation ought to bring; so the great Educator of humanity does but fore-announce the results which the combinations of thought will ultimately evolve.

Education however, whether of infancy or boyhood, is

still but a means to an ulterior end ; and it were a distrust of God to doubt that the ripe manhood of humanity will yet be reached. As His law was first apprehended by its immediate retributions, and next became solemn with eternal sanctions, so does there yet remain a third stage, in which it will be deemed holy on its own account, and the good will be served simply because of its goodness. The time must come of a new and eternal gospel, when the class-books of an earlier period will be left behind. Is this hurtful to the dignity of the New Testament ? Does not, on the contrary, the Testament itself give promise of such a kingdom of heaven ? Have not all enthusiastic sects proclaimed it ? Their error was not in the promise, but in the *date*. They went too fast, and wanted the world's maturity ere its childhood was half gone. And this is ever the character of fanaticism : it cannot wait for the future, but would urge the step of God's Providence to its own hot haste. The Divine wisdom moves by a serener but a surer law, and knows that in a moral sphere the straightest line is not always the shortest. Ere all is ripe, each individual must have passed through the course, whereby the race has attained to its maturity ; and, as for this end a single life so often does not suffice, what forbids his return again and again to this world, to achieve fresh steps on his spiritual way ?

In this theory, as in his vindication of tradition, Lessing makes, at one point, a curious approach to the Catholic doctrine. Revelation, as a Divine economy, is not a sacred *literature*, but a living *institution*. Only, his object in thus changing the Protestant representation, is to set in action a principle subversive alike of Catholic fixity and Lutheran orthodoxy,—the principle of a *progressive* revelation, each part of which is to be successively outstripped, and which gains its end by superseding itself, and handing over its truths to the custody and operation of Reason. The supernatural is not called in question by Lessing : but it is reduced to a subordinate position, and made the mere

occasion of a natural development, which it is permitted somewhat to accelerate. Even this it does not always accomplish ; for the Hebrews after all were anticipated by the Chaldæans in the knowledge of a future life, and were taught the highest truths they ever reached by exile among Pagans ! Lessing not improbably introduced this very instance to intimate how little stress he would lay on any speciality claimed for the Jewish people ; to raise other positive religions of the world into a position comparable with that of the Scripture dispensation ; and to leave the way open for applying to them the same principles which he had carried through the selected cases of the Hebrew and the Christian faiths. At least, we think, with Professor Schwarz, that in substituting the idea of *Perfectibility* for that of *Perfection*, as an attribute of Revelation, in *starving out* particular and exclusive inspiration by giving it little or nothing to do, and in making everything culminate in natural evolution of faculty, Lessing would fain supersede all exceptional supernaturalism, draw the whole world into the circle of Divine discipline, and merge into one conception the antithesis of “grace” and “nature.”

On Lessing's views of *Historical* religion some further light might perhaps be thrown, did our limits permit us to investigate the question as to the precise form of his *Natural* Theology. It is well known that on this matter there arose, after his death, a controversy which to this hour has been brought to no determinate result. It involves in its web so many delicate and complicated threads of metaphysical and personal criticism, that we can only refer to the external facts, and state what appears the most reasonable verdict upon them. During his life-time, Lessing had passed for a disciple, in the main, of the Leibnizian philosophy. In 1770 he had been led to the study of Leibniz by Dutens' collected edition of his works ; and from that time, he not only invariably spoke of the great Hanoverian with admiration, but vindicated from the charge of insincere accommodation his conservatism on

the doctrine of eternal punishments, and betrayed the influence of the *Monadology* and *Theodiciée* in many parts of his own scheme of thought;—in his idea of Creation, of endless development of individual self-determining beings, of the pre-existence and transmigration of souls. He had also entered into the Leibnizian polemic against the Arians and Socinians, and formed to himself a Trinity on principles closely resembling those of Locke's opponent. His mind was too spontaneously active to allow indeed of anything like a sequacious discipleship; and the metaphysical impulse was too little decided in him to produce any organized expression of his philosophical creed. But his friend Mendelssohn, who concerned himself much with speculative systems, never doubted that he was a Theist, an Individualist, and an Optimist of the same complexion with Leibniz. It was therefore not without surprise that, after his death, his friends heard, on first-hand authority, of a conversation held shortly before, in which he had avowed himself a follower of Spinoza! The reporter was no other than Jacobi,—the philosopher of Faith,—who had visited him in Wolfenbüttel, and conversed with him at length on the 6th and 7th July, 1780. What passed between them is reported at length; and among other expressions of Lessing's are such as these; that "if he were to call himself after any master, he knew no other than Spinoza whom he could name;" that the ordinary Theists were "not entitled to treat Spinoza like a dead dog;" that "Jacobi had better make friends with Spinoza," for, "depend upon it, his was the only philosophy." The account of this interview aggrieved the affectionate Mendelssohn; who could not bear that any one should even seem to know a thought of Lessing's unconfessed to him; and who regarded the ascription to him of Spinozistic tendencies as an imputation on his religious character. So agitated indeed was the too-sensitive friend, that the preparation of his appeal "To Lessing's friends," shattered him to death. The zeal thus fatal to himself.

was unhappily not less over-wrought for the interests of truth, and the service of his friend. It led him to call in question the fidelity of Jacobi's report, and to deal with the whole affair as an unworthy calumny. Not only however *may* the conversation very well have taken place; but, to say nothing of the witness's unimpeachable veracity, it is in the highest degree characteristic of the interlocutors; and contrasts the Platonic enthusiasm of Jacobi with the Aristotelian precision of Lessing in a way that fancy could not imitate. The conversation then being genuine, what did Lessing mean? Prof. Schwarz thinks that he was amusing himself with Jacobi, and "trotting him out;" and that in what he said he followed the clue of a satiric pleasure in touching the sensitive chords of a mind with "one idea," and listening to the rich music which they made. To some extent it may be so; but we find in Lessing too real an earnestness, an intellect too intently strung, to ascribe so much to a mere relaxed and diplomatic play of thought. We should rather seek an explanation in his characteristic propensity to struggle, as we have said, for neglected elements of truth; a propensity which would lead him, neither from temper nor from art, but from the instinct of intellectual justice, to balance Jacobi's judgment of Spinozism by a recognition of its rights. This is the more conceivable, when we remember the peculiarity of Jacobi's point of view. He contended that every profound and consecutive thinker, who once took the metaphysic clue in hand must reach Spinozism, which was the only self-consistent philosophy. At the same time he maintained that Spinozism was Atheism: and concluding from these two positions that there was no way to Theism through speculative thought, he substituted, as ground of Religion, the direct intuition of Faith for the mediating processes of philosophy. Nothing could be more alien to the genius of Lessing than a principle like this. His unresting, scrutinizing mind, ever pushing to the light and sure that it could be reached, had no relish for *first* truths;

and, while ever using them, would not like to be reminded of so unpleasant a necessity. Tell him that, in seeking to interpret the universe, he had no choice, but between a blind leap of Faith and the subtle tracks of open vision that wind through every height and depth, and he will take the latter, though with peril of losing himself in infinite wanderings. This, we suspect, is the true key to his conversation with Jacobi. Allowing for this source of deflexion, on that occasion, from his usual line of thought, and judging by the broad evidence of his whole theologic writings, we find in few of his philosophic countrymen such faint traces of sympathy with Spinoza: and, draw where we will the distinction between Pantheism and Theism, Lessing will be found a genuine Theist, with no firmer belief than in a self-conscious, living, willing, and understanding God; whose existence is distinct from the universe, pervading and transcending it, and whose determining agency does not exclude the play of free-will individual beings.

That in this notice we have said so little of Prof. Schwarz's book, is due to its merits and not to its insignificance. Its success is so complete in awakening an interest in its hero, that the reader or the reviewer is carried away to its subject, and forgets itself. We must not however conclude without bearing witness, that the volume is not only thorough in the treatment of its materials, and admirable in their distribution; but vigorous and acute in its criticisms, fresh in style and manner, and the evident product of a genuine knowledge of the times. It leads us to expect with eagerness the larger history of which it is the announced forerunner.

VI.

PERSONAL INFLUENCES ON PRESENT THEOLOGY.

"THEOLOGY," says Mr. Macaulay, in his mischievous way, "is not a progressive science." It may, however, be retrogressive; and it is sure to repay flippant neglect by

* "The Arians of the Fourth Century; their Doctrine, Temper, and Conduct, chiefly as exhibited in the Councils of the Church, between A.D. 325 and A.D. 381." By John Henry Newman, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Second edition, literally reprinted from the first edition. 8vo. London: E. Lumley. 1854.

"Callista; a Sketch of the Third Century." By Dr. J. H. Newman. 12mo. London: Burns and Lambert. 1856.

"The Defence of the Archdeacon of Taunton, in its complete form." Royal 8vo. London: J. Masters, and J. H. and J. Parker. 1856.

"Notes, Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous." By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, M.A. London: Moxon. 1853.

"Charges to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes, delivered at the ordinary Visitations in the years 1843, 1845, 1846." By Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Archdeacon. Never before published. With an Introduction, explanatory of his position in the Church with reference to the Parties which divide it. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

"The Doctrine of Sacrifice deduced from the Scriptures." A Series of Sermons by Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1854.

"St. Paul and Modern Thought: Remarks on the Views advanced in Professor Jowett's Commentary on St. Paul." By J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Incumbent of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

"Passages selected from the Writings of Thomas Carlyle." With a Biographical Memoir. By Thomas Ballantyne. Post 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

National Review, October, 1856.

lending its empty space to mean delusions. To its great problems *some* answer will always be attempted : and there is much to choose between the solutions, however imperfect, found by reverential wisdom, and the degrading falsehoods tendered in reply by the indifferent and superficial. Even in their failures, there is a vast difference between the explorings of the seeing and the blind. We deny, however, that Christian theology can assume any aspect of failure, except to those who use a false measure of success. It is not in the nature of religion, of poetry, of art, to exhibit the kind of progress that belongs to physical science. They differ from it in seeking, not the *phenomena* of the universe, but its *essence*,—not its laws of change, but its eternal meanings,—not outward nature, in short, except as expressive of the inner thought of God : and being thus intent upon the enduring spirit and very ground of things, they cannot grow by numerical accretion of facts and exacter registration of successions. They are the product, not of the patient sense and comparing intelligence which are always at hand, but of a deeper and finer insight, changing with the atmosphere of the affections and will. Instead of looking, therefore, for perpetual advance of discovery in theology, we should naturally expect an ebb and flow of light, answering to the moral condition of men's minds : and may be content if the divine truth, lost in the dulness of a material age, clears itself into fresh forms with the returning breath of a better time.

With hope thus moderate, in no confidence that the millennium is due at present, but certainly in no despair of larger visions than today's, we propose to glance at the newer characteristics of English theology ; to trace their origin and deviation from the data of the antecedent generation ; and to indicate any common point towards which their several lines of direction may seem to converge. Few thoughtful men, who have lived through the

greater part of the present century, can fail to be more or less aware of a vast change in the religious ideas and spirit of the time,—a change surely to a higher mood of faith, and even of doubt. A rapid survey of its social conditions, and of its chief authors, living and departed, may help us to appreciate its magnitude and tendency.

Prior to the peace of 1815, the disposable activity of the English mind was bespoken for the most part by the excitement of European politics. What religious movement there was arose out of the contagion of "French principles," or the recoil from them; and was so subservient to the antagonism of parties in the state as to acquire no independent or scientific character. The disaffection of Ireland, and its threatened invasion by Napoleon, gave an anti-catholic direction to the zeal of the day, and enabled the "Clapham sect," favoured by the prejudices of the king and the influence of Mr. Percival, to attain a position disproportioned to its merits. After the close of the war, the numbers and social importance of this party continued to increase. There were large arrears of domestic politics to be dealt with; and the prominence held by the Catholic question for twelve or fourteen years made a watchword of the "Bible-cry," placed the "Evangelicals" in the van of the "Protestant interest," and Irish zealots in the van of the Evangelicals. This temporary leadership was not favourable to their permanent power. A fatal taint of political agitation infected the system; and once committed to the keeping of Hibernian rhetoric, it was spoiled for the quiet depths of the English mind.

One by one the elements of the political struggle succeeding to the war were discharged. The disabilities were swept away; the House of Commons was reconstituted; the municipalities were reformed; slavery was abolished. These great enterprises of action and resistance being over, and the strain of conflict withdrawn, attention was free for more reflective interests, and an inner movement began

to replace the outward. The several religious parties, disengaged from their civic campaign, were sent home to their spiritual husbandry, and thrown upon their intrinsic resources of genius and character. The time, ever so critical for church and doctrine, had come at last,—the time of searching thought and quiet work. Other charity than would serve upon the hustings,—a deeper gospel than was known at apocalyptic tea-tables,—a piety stimulant of no platform cheers, became indispensable in evidence and expression of the Christian life. Especially at the centres of intellectual light,—the Universities, where the speculative faculties are trained,—were the reigning systems sure to be tried by the severest tests. Who could abide the day of reckoning? What party, formed amid the tastes and admirations of the previous age, could prove itself equal to the larger problems of a new time? Discharged from the work of middle-class agitation, and scrutinized by academic eyes, what had Evangelicism to show? Its men of genius?—if it has higher names than Wilberforce and Martyn, we never heard them. Its literature?—its favourites were Hannah More and Robert Montgomery. Its divinity?—it attained the altitude of Scott, Romaine, and Sumner. Its art?—the accomplishments of a modern day-school go beyond it. With faint appreciation of scholarship, and entire dislike of philosophy, it seemed studiously to repel the approaches of intellectual men; and accordingly had been illustrated by the devotion of no great mind. Its preachers, imperceptive of the English standards of good taste and reverence, could hardly be distinguished from Dissenters. Its creed, an endless chain of inflexible links, could only revolve in the same technical groove, and could apply itself to no resistance that lay out of its meridian. The cold-blooded rapture with which the most dismal pictures were drawn of this redeemed world, and a divine economy sketched which tortures every moral affection, plainly showed that the

scheme was no longer realized, and had passed from an inner life to an outward opinion. The ecclesiastical doctrine of the party was moreover purely Erastian, and left no intelligible barrier to separate the Anglican Church from the crowd of Nonconformists at home, and the unepiscopal Protestants abroad. These features had been little noticed while the merits which balanced them were still fresh; while the race of idle and worldly clergymen was disappearing before the new earnestness; while great philanthropic enterprises were led by the followers of Simcon; while the fact remained conspicuous, that there was a Christianity to be recovered for the land, and that these men had stepped forth to do it. But in the third decade of this century their "first works" had grown familiar; their weaknesses had become fixed; their type of character had cleared itself of its accidents and taken shape. It caught the fastidious eye of Oxford; and ere long, beneath that fine perception all the blemishes were brought out. A series of criticisms began, at first cautious and respectful; but gradually assuming a wider range and an intenser spirit, they assailed the Evangelical party with every weapon of antipathy which could be drawn from the armoury of imagination or logic, Scripture or history. The weariness and distaste felt at Oxford towards the Church-Calvinists supplied the first impulse to the Tractarian movement; and it was chiefly with a view to displace them that a new theology was advanced. As its lines were filled in, and it acquired consistency and depth, a positive inspiration of genuine faith supervened and left all party passions behind. The great agent in this work was John Henry Newman; without an estimate of whose genius and influence only two-thirds of the theological history of contemporary England could be written. In him and the Oxford *ecclesiastical* reaction we have our *first* source of the modern development; not exactly first in time, or perhaps even in importance, but most conspicuous

and best-defined, and therefore most tempting to begin with.

The sister University became the *officina* of no "Tracts ;" and so no one talks of a "Cambridge Theology." There is such a thing, nevertheless ;—at least there is a theology, perfectly distinct and characteristic of the age, formed by Cambridge men, and born with the impress of Cambridge studies, though not elaborated on the spot. Coleridge taught at Highgate ; but he poetized and learned at Jesus College half a century before : and the men through whom chiefly his Platonic gospel has passed into the heart of our generation, Julius Hare and Frederick Maurice, acknowledged the same *alma mater*.* To those who are familiar with the writings of these eminent teachers, it will not appear fanciful if we trace the origin of the school to intellectual revolt against their academic text-books, Locke and Paley. Empirical psychology and utilitarian ethics are the permanent objects of Coleridge's hostility ; and their removal is with him the prior condition of any morality or religion at all. It was reserved for Professors Sedgwick and Whewell, at a later time, to dethrone upon the spot the two established potentates in philosophy. But the murmurs against them had long been gathering. Their school had not stood still, and in its advance had become encumbered with able but inconvenient allies ; betraying, in Bentham and James Mill, the tendencies full-blown which it had been often reproached with secret-ing. Long before the Genius of the place, starting at the shadow of its own philosophy, recoiled and took shelter with an elder faith, the sensitive and religious mind of Coleridge had not only found refuge there for himself, but opened an asylum for other wanderers, and lighted up a chain of posts to show the way. The movement, commenced in reaction from inadequate metaphysics, never rested till it found the legitimate repose of a satisfying theology. In naming the accomplished Chaplain of

* F. D. Maurice, however, belongs also to Oxford.

Lincoln's Inn as the most distinguished representative of this type of religious thought, we do not overlook the marked individuality which assigns to him a place of his own. But this very freedom and freshness in the disciple will be found characteristic, as of Plato's so of Coleridge's disciples. Mr. Maurice may well protest against the absurd classification which, under the common designation of "Broad Church," ranks him in the same series with Whately, Baden Powell, and Rowland Williams,—men whose first principles and whole method are the most precise contradictories of his own, however congenial with him they may be in resistance to unchristian narrowness and unworthy fears. But he has always affectionately claimed his affinity with the author of the *Aids to Reflection* and cannot be displeased if we seek him, with Julius Hare, in the parlour of the Highgate sage. In the *philosophical* reaction proceeding thence to penetrate the whole substance of Christianity, we find the *second* element in the modern development.

It would be a curious problem of literary geography to trace the stream of French intellectual influence which has passed through Edinburgh, to effect its infiltration into the English mind. Certain it is that the action of continental culture on North Britain has been more immediate and conspicuous than on South; and in return, the writings of the "Scottish school" have met with a recognition in Paris and Geneva which they never obtained in England. The genius of the country inclines, on one side, to the Gallican type of Reformed theology; on the other, to the material sciences in which Paris, on the whole, has borne the palm. Playfair, Leslie, and Dugald Stewart, in their mathematical and physical expositions, have the peculiar impress of French neatness and precision. David Hume, scarcely English in his style, was still less so in the easy play of his logic, and the careless completeness of his Pyrrhonism. And the answers which his own countrymen gave to him were precisely such as the metaphysical orthodoxy of the

Faculté des Lettres approved and reproduced. Again and again may be noticed a certain sympathetic or concurrent change in the speculative temperature of Edinburgh and Paris. During the depression of France after the Restoration, the reaction against the opinions and tastes of her revolutionary period was everywhere strong in Europe : and met in Edinburgh with no check from any fascinating system or powerful mind. The phrenology of Gall, the criticism of Jeffrey, the rhetoric of Brown, could not assuage the deeper thirst now beginning to be felt. Something else was needed than a new form of the discarded materialism, and freethinking, and sensationalism of the last age. In truth, Scottish logic and metaphysics had run dry, and by resort to them was no baptism of regeneration to be found. While many still wandered there in hope, there came out of the desert a Scottish *vates*, who had descried an unexhausted spring, and led the way to it by strange paths. Thomas Carlyle gave the first clear expression to the struggling heart of a desolate yet aspiring time, making a clean breast of many stifled unbeliefs and noble hatreds ; and if unable to find any certain Saviour for the present, at least preparing some love and reverence to sit, "clothed and in right mind," for the Divine welcome, whenever it might come. Is the reader surprised that we keep a niche for the author of *Hero-Worship* in our gallery of *theologians* ? Be it so. The officials of St. Stephen's were also surprised at the proposal to put Cromwell's effigy among the statues of the kings. We will only say, that whoever doubts the vast influence of Carlyle's writings on the inmost faith of our generation, or supposes that influence to be wholly disorganizing, misinterprets, in our opinion, the symptoms of the time, and is blinded by current phraseology to essential facts. With this conviction, we must treat the *literary* reaction represented by him as the *third* element, completing the modern development.

To these three movements, distinguished by the names of Newman, Coleridge, and Carlyle, must be mainly

ascribed the altered spirit, in regard to religion, pervading the young intellect of England. In proceeding to notice them one by one, we must be content with a slight glance at their most salient features. And we must wholly pass by many secondary, though far from unimportant, streams of separate influence which have swelled the confluence of change. The operation of Arnold's life,—of Whately's writings,—of Channing,—of the younger Newman,—of Theodore Parker,—of Emerson,—on the temper and belief of the age, has in each case been considerable. But we limit ourselves to the *prophetæ majores*. Moreover, it is only on the *fresh powers* cutting into original directions, and making roadways of thought where before was the forest or the flood, that we propose to dwell. Whilst these have been working their way, of course the old tendencies have not quitted the field, or lost their hold. The elder orthodoxies, the elder scepticisms, of established type, are still alive ; and now and then, during the last thirty years, have put forth startling re-assertions of their vitality. In Comte the physical, in Strauss the historical, negation of theology may be said not only to re-appear, but to culminate. And each of these, again, has its group of related phenomena : the Logic of Mill, the hypothesis of the *Vestiges* (and, we would add, the greater part of the replies), the Psychology of Herbert Spencer, and the propaganda of Secularism, tracing the course of the Positivist tendency ; while the freer hand which scriptural criticism everywhere displays, its more open feeling for the *human* element in the gospel,—qualities which, most conspicuous abroad, are yet familiar to us in Bunsen, Stanley, and Jowett,—indicate a direction from which the *Leben Jesu* has rendered it impossible to recede. These, however, are but the newest steps on beaten tracks of thought. Since the age of Bacon (nay, for that matter, from the days of Socrates), we have known that to seek only natural law, was the way to find only natural law ; and since the time of Semler, there is no

excuse for surprise if the critique of Scripture persists in demanding some modification of our faith. To lay down the true bridge from inductive science to the living God,—to settle the relation between the human and the divine factors in the process and monuments of revelation,—these are not new difficulties ; nor is it an original device to fall into despair at them, and declare that the problems can be worked only on their finite side. Comte and Strauss, therefore, we disregard, at present, as mere *continuance-phenomena*,—rather clenching the past than opening the future. They do but modify the equilibrium of given conditions : and our purpose is to describe the dynamic elements which have introduced unexpected movement.

The marvellous results of the High-Church reaction have nearly effaced the remembrance of its local and personal beginnings. It was busy at Oxford long before the first “Tracts” appeared ; under an aspect, however, which gave little promise of the *Newman-ia* (to borrow a witticism of Whately’s) afterwards developed. Some thirteen years before the “Tracts” were advertised, two undergraduates had an epistolary controversy together on the subject of *baptismal-regeneration* ; and the correspondent who took the *evangelical* side was John Henry Newman. The doctrine, therefore, was in vogue ere its appointed advocate was converted. In truth, Dr. Charles Lloyd, who filled the chair of Divinity (Regius) from 1822, and the see of Oxford from 1827 till his death in 1829, was, throughout this period, obnoxious to the Evangelicals as the avowed representative of an opposite school, to which also Hawkins, Pusey, and Keble belonged. But the “Catholic” tendency of this group of friends was marked by other symptoms than the later Tractarian. Dr. Newman has remarked, that “the same philosophical elements” will “lead one mind to the Church of Rome ; another to what, for want of a better word, may be called *Germanism*.” * He is pleased to add, that the determina-

* “Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine,” p. 71.

tion towards the Tiber or the Rhine will depend on the person's "sensibility or insensibility to sin." Perhaps, also, a little on his knowledge or ignorance of the German language and literature; without some access to which, "*Germanism*" would seem to be impossible, and therefore, in the given case, Romanism inevitable. The *Præ-Newmanites* at Oxford were not unfurnished with modern, in addition to ancient, scholarship; and, accordingly, were known to look with hope and favour on the aims of a scientific theology, and to be quite above the conventional disparagement of German research to which a blind cowardice resorts. Indeed, Dr. Pusey's first publication, dedicated to Bishop Lloyd, was a defence* of the "Theology of Germany" against the strictures of Mr. Rose in his *Cambridge University Sermons*. This little book, which, we believe, has long been suppressed, bears curious witness to the deflection of the Oxford movement from its original path. The author explains the extravagances of Rationalism by the absurd "stiffness" and intolerable "orthodoxy" which preceded and provoked them: he welcomes the aid of Kant and Schelling in transition to a higher faith: he treats the dangerous crisis as over, and the healthy renovation of theology as in progress. Nor are his particular judgments of men and books less remarkable than the general course of his argument. Of Lessing he speaks (p. 51) with warm affection, as "probably *more Christian*," despite his scepticism, than his orthodox opponent Göze; and (p. 156) as, "perhaps rightly, preferring Pantheism to the then existing systems." He recognizes (p. 177) De Wette's "really Christian faith," obscured though it might be by adherence to the philosophy of Fries. Schleiermacher receives (p. 115) the highest praise. Bretschneider is justified (p. 154) for attempting, in the *Probabilia*, to bring the Johannine question to an issue.

* "An Historical Inquiry into the probable Causes of the Rationalist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany." By E. B. Pusey, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 1828.

And it is strange to hear (p. 80) from the nominal father of "Puseyism," that the "*gratia ministerialis*,"—the efficacy of the sacraments and offices, though administered by evil men,—is "an absurd and pernicious fiction." That a book abounding in such estimates should be laid by this particular author at the feet of an Oxford bishop and Regius Professor; and that the successors to that divinity chair should be first Dr. Burton and then Dr. Hampden, are clear indications of a theological tendency, present and powerful in the early years of the anti-evangelical movement, but superseded and discharged at a later stage.

In 1829, Bishop Lloyd made his mortal exit. Superfluous German and defective "sensibility to sin" having thus withdrawn to other scenes, there was room for "the same philosophical elements," with proper "sensibility" and no German, to enter from the other side, and, slipping to the front, lead on whither that happy set of graces tends. For a while it seemed doubtful which of the two paths the Oxford High Church was to take—Germanism or Romanism—theological advance or ecclesiastical retrogression: and the events of that year curiously show how little either section of the party understood its own instincts and could take its proper attitude. It was the memorable year of Catholic emancipation and Sir Robert Peel's rejection at Oxford. At that election we find Dr. Pusey among the strenuous supporters, Dr. Newman among the vehement opponents, of the minister and his Relief-bill: the former reputed to be "one of the most liberal members of the University," the latter in close "union with the most violent bigots" of "the No-popery party;"* the future Anglican in the camp of the Liberals—the future Romanist in that of the Orangemen! Yet Newman had already betrayed the tendencies which ere long possessed him entirely, and become separated by them from his former associates of the same school. Not only had his private opinions opened out, from 1823-6, into something like

* Life of Blanco White, vol. iii. p. 131.

“full-blown Popery,” * but he had evinced on their behalf that unrivalled power of personal influence which few sensitive minds can resist, and which carries with it a restless passion for its own exercise. He was, indeed, foiled in his first conflict with the Evangelical party, and in his first attempt to dictate a policy to his own ; but his was not a power which depended on external success ; it was a spiritual ascendancy, yielding like the air to local strokes of force, but remaining circumambient and elastic still. The minute-book of the Oxford Auxiliary Bible Society probably records the earliest public evidence of his alienation from his undergraduate faith. Already remarkable for the force and fervour of his preaching, and not yet an object of theological suspicion, he had been appointed third secretary to the society in 1826, on the suggestion of Dr. Symons (present Warden of Wadham College), and with the approval of Dr. M'Bride (now Principal of Magdalen Hall), and other distinguished supporters of the Low Church. No sooner had he accepted the office than an anonymous circular appeared on the breakfast-table of sundry clergymen of the place, lamenting that the society was in the hands of the low party ; urging the importance of effecting a change, and pointing out a rule which conferred a vote on every clerical subscription of half-a-guinea. It was soon whispered that this paper was not unknown to the new secretary ; though one at least of his near friends felt secure in denying his connection with it, and was proportionately disturbed to find it really his production. The design, thus commenced in secret, soon threw off all disguise. The draft of the annual report, drawn up in the usual unctuous style by the first secretary, Mr. Hill (Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall), came before the committee for discussion. The new secretary moved some two hundred and fifty amendments, which would have struck out all the Scripture adaptations and “gracious” jargon from the document, and turned it into such English as he

* See F. W. Newman's “Phases of Faith,” p. 11.

inight use. He lost his amendments,—his office,—and all further confidence from the Evangelical party.

The loss, however, of his tutorship in Oriel, involving as it did a breach with Dr. Hawkins (the Provost), was more significant in relation to the subsequent course of Anglicanism. In conjunction with two out of three co-tutors (the elder Froude and Mr. [afterwards Archdeacon] Robert Isaac Wilberforce), he had requested that the Oriel men might be distributed into four separate sets ; and that of these, one might be assigned to each tutor as his *pastoral charge*. The request was refused by the Provost, on the reasonable ground that, by the proposed arrangement, the students would fall, in each case, under the exclusive power of one man's mind, instead of experiencing, as was intended, the influence of the whole tutorial body. The disappointed petitioner resigned ; and from that moment the preacher at St. Mary's, checked in his operations *within* his college, laid himself out for religious action *beyond* its walls, and raised his Church and Littlemore into a power of the first order in the history of English religion.

The death of Dr. Lloyd removed his chief external check at a time when his internal resources for influence were fast maturing. The Divinity chair and the episcopal office were no longer united ; and scientific theology lost the shelter of the mitre. The subtle intellect and resolute will of John Henry Newman were left without a rival : not indisposed to crush as dangerous the explorations of German criticism, which probably suggested nothing but scepticisms to his outside gaze ; and impelled to organize, out of the safer materials of patristic and ecclesiastical literature, where he was at home, a scheme of doctrine with clear passages between the parts, with commodious stowing-place for every doubt, and foundations buried out of sight. We presume it must be ascribed to the influence of his friend, that Dr. Pusey never followed up the direction on which he had so well entered in his "Inquiry" concerning

Rationalism ; and that a few years later (in 1836) he was ready, in his turn, to employ against Dr. Hampden the very same unworthy weapons which he had wrested from the hand of Mr. Rose. When *he* had succumbed, all ambiguity as to the course of the movement ceased. The assault on Evangelicism from the side of free learning was silent ; the guns spiked, the batteries abandoned. All was to be done from the entrenched positions of Past Authority, and the communications surrendered with the open road of Future Truth. Though some cautious years had still to pass ere the full bearings of the new system were displayed, the absence of divided command accelerated its development, and simplify its history. The preacher of St. Mary's was undisputed *choregus* : and the analysis of his personal theology preserves the essence of the whole reaction.

Whence arises that strange mixture of admiration and of distrust, of which most readers and hearers of John Henry Newman are conscious ? Often as he carries us away by his close dialectic, his wonderful readings of the human heart, his tender or indignant fervour, there remains a small dark speck of misgiving which we can never wipe out. The secret perhaps lies in this,—that his own faith is an escape from an alternative scepticism, which receives the *veto* not of his reason, but of his will. He has, after all, the critical, not the prophetic mind. He wants *immediateness* of religious vision. Instead of finding his eye clearer and his foot firmer the deeper he sinks towards the ultimate ground of trust, he hints that the light is precarious, and that your step may chance on the water or the rock in that abysmal realm. The tendency of the purest religious insight is ever to quit superficial and derivative beliefs, and seek the primitive roots where the finite draws life from the Infinite. The awfulness of that position, the direct contact of the human spirit with the Divine, the loneliness of communion when all media of church and usage are removed, do not appal the piety of noblest mood. With Dr. Newman the order is reversed. He loves to work in

the upper strata of the minds with which he deals, detecting their inconsistencies, balancing their wants, satisfying them with the mere coherence and relative sufficiency of their belief, but encouraging them to shrink from the last questionings. With himself, indeed, he sometimes goes deeper, and descends towards the bases of all devout belief; but evidently with less of assurance as his steps pass down. The ground feels to him less and less solid as he penetrates from the deposits of recent experience into the inner laboratory of the world; and it is only when he stands upon the crust, and takes it as it is, that he loses the fear lest it rest upon the flood. His certainties are on the surface, and his insecurities below. With men of opposite character, often reputed to be sceptical, doubt is at the top, and is but as the swaying of water that is calm below, and sleeps in its entire mass within its granite cradle. He seems to say within himself, "There *is* no bottom to these things that I can find; we must therefore *put one there*; and only mind that it be sufficient to hold them in, supposing it to be real." He deals, in short, with the first truths of religion as *hypotheses*, not known or knowable in themselves, but recommended by the sufficient account they give of the facts, and the practical fitness of belief in them to our nature. He denies the existence for our mind of anything *ἀνυπόθετον*, and treats even our highest persuasions as a provisional discipline, wholesome for us to retain, whether they be harmless errors or eternal truths. Nor is this radical scepticism merely implied at second-hand: it receives direct and repeated statement as a philosophical principle. In his *History of the Arians*,* the author explains the distinction drawn by the Fathers between *θεολογία* and *οἰκονομία*, between absolute and relative truth in regard to God. An "economy," we are told, is a representation not corresponding with the real nature of things, but reduced into adaptation to our faculties, and substituted for the truth in condescension to our incapacity. It is not simply the broken

* Pages 43, 44-

view which alone *we* can seize of transcendent realities, given for apprehension but not yet apprehended ; it is a "pious fraud,"—a benevolent cheat,—directly put upon us by the Creator himself, to stand as the moral equivalent of a missing verity. - Now, what does the author include under this class of representative illusions ? Does he, like the Fathers, confine the application to the doctrine of the Incarnation and historical manifestation of God in Christ, as opposed to his inner and Absolute Essence ? Far from it. He reduces to the same head the revelation to us of *moral laws* ; and the suggestion, by sensible phenomena, of an *external material world* ; and the aspect of *design and purpose* which the cosmical order assumes in the eyes of "the multitude." Are these things, then,—these porphyry pillars on which our very life is raised,—nothing but appearance,—"shadows," "beguiling the imaginations of most men with a harmless but unfounded belief" ? So does our author regard them : and in his idealism saves nothing whatever, so far as we can find, from the realm of phantasy. Alike in the world of sense and in the temple of the spirit "man walketh in a vain show." In this way the very antithesis from which he starts disappears : he gives such an extension to the system of *economy* as to swallow up the *theology* altogether, and to present God to us as never and nowhere doing anything but "simulating" on our behalf. Not only are we kept at a distance from all realities ; but the representations amid which our minds are imprisoned are, or may be, *false* representations ;—false in the same way and degree as the assertion that the Mosaic dispensation was unchangeable, though all the while it was destined to be abolished. Alas ! have we here no key to our author's fondness for an esoteric and exoteric presentation of doctrine ?—for a mystical as well as a literal exegesis ?—for a *disciplina arcana* ?—for *doubling* the aspect and expression of all that is offered as truth ? If the universe and God set the example of being scenical, what shall hinder religion from becoming histrionic ?

The hypothetical nature of even the most fundamental propositions in theology,—their dependence on assumptions which not our vision but our blindness compels us to make,—is strongly asserted in the following paragraph of the fourteenth University Sermon; on the Theory of developments in religious doctrine :—

“It is true that God is without beginning, *if* eternity may worthily be considered to imply succession ; in every place, *if* He who is a Spirit can have relations with space. It is right to speak of His Being and Attributes, *if* He be not rather super-essential ; it is true to say that He is wise or powerful, *if* we may consider Him as other than the most simple Unity. He is truly Three, *if* He is truly One ; He is truly One, *if* the idea of Him falls under earthly number. He has a triple Personality in the sense in which the Infinite can be understood to have Personality at all. *If* we know anything of Him,—*if* we may speak of Him in any way, *if* we may emerge from Atheism or Pantheism into religious faith,—*if* we would have any saving hope, any life of truth and holiness within us,—this only do we know, with this only confession we must begin and end our worship,—that the Father is the One God, the Son the One God, and the Holy Ghost the One God ; and that the Father is not the Son, the Son not the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost not the Father.”—(p. 353.)

To a faith thus contingent on certain prior assumptions there could be no valid objection, *if* the assumptions themselves are regarded as unconditionally sure. But the fatal thing is this, that every one of them is regarded by the author as an “economy”—as referable not to our knowledge but to our nescience—as rather a *πρῶτον Ψεῦδος* than a genuine “first truth.” Reason would as soon suspect as trust them ;—nay, it is reason that traces them to their seat in our feebleness and incapacity, and enables us to put the case of their being false. If, in a fit of caprice, you choose to throw them all away and substitute their opposites, no one can show rational cause against you, or dispute the philosophical adequacy of your new hypothesis. *Both* doctrines, atheism and theism, our author more than once

intimates, are theories that will hold water. "It is indeed," he says, "a great question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world, taken by themselves, as the doctrine of a creative and governing Power."* In preferring the religious interpretation of the universe, we seize an hypothesis at a venture, impelled by the presumptions of a good heart.

On every account we object to this statement of the ultimate grounds of religion. The author concedes far too much to the atheistic doctrine; and by treating it as an *hypothesis* puts it to a wrong test: for the question is, not whether its premisses, *if true*, will cover the phenomena; but whether its premisses (*e.g.* its notions of Force, Causation, Law) *are true*, or, on the contrary, confused and self-contradictory. He establishes a false variance between the rational and the moral faculties of the soul, and in consequence between philosophical and religious evidence; so that we are made to lose a truth by the one and then recover it by the other. Speculative Reason sends us to the Gazette, but Practical Reason steps in with copious assets and discharges every claim. We dislike to be made the sport of these experiments between imaginary rivals: we object to being drowned in the sea of speculation, just that the Humane Society of practical principles may rub us into life again. The intellectual and the moral functions of our nature have one and the same inspiration,—gain their vision by one and the same light; and it is only by a trick of artificial abstraction that faith can be said to suffer ruin from the one and receive rescue by the other. The postulates of morals stand, in their own right, as first principles in philosophy. But the essential fault of our author's foundation lies in his *Idealism*. That the existence and perfection of God,—that the conflict of moral law with lower nature,—should be no more certain than the reality of an outward world, we may contentedly allow,

* "University Sermons, chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief," p. 186.

provided that outward world be left to us as an immediate object, positively given to our knowledge by a veracious faculty. This, however, is precisely what Dr. Newman refuses to us. He treats the notion of a material universe as an "unfounded belief," neutral at best as to truth or falsehood. Our moral faith, our religious faith, he sets on the same footing with our natural realism; and then slips that realism away as a harmless beguilement, "simulating" yet masking the inaccessible fact.* The logical consequence is evident—is probably *meant* to be evident; for sceptical desolation is found to be the best preparative for the shelter of an authoritative church.

The relation of faith to reason is traced by Dr. Newman with a fineness and general truth of discrimination that remind us of Butler.† He rejects the rationalist conceptions of faith, as either the purely intellectual act of believing on testimonial and other secondary evidence, or the purely moral act of carrying out by the will what has been accepted by the understanding. The former confounds it with opinion; the latter with obedience. He does not narrow the term to the Lutheran dimensions, to denote a reliant affection towards a person, and imply a grace peculiar to the Christian and Jewish dispensations. It is a *moral act of reason*, believing, at the instigation of reverence and love, something which goes beyond the severe requirements of the evidence. In matters of pure science, where we have to do with mere nature, the mind simply follows the vestiges of proof. But in concerns of man and God we necessarily carry into every process of judgment antecedent presumptions which colour our whole thought, and interpret for us the external signs given to direct us. To a cold intellect these presumptions will be wanting; and it will construe the spiritual as if it were physical. To a bad

* "Arians of the Fourth Century," pp. 44, 45. "University Sermons," p. 350.

† See especially "University Sermons," ix. x. xi. "Essay on Development," ch. vi. § 2.

heart they will be dark suspicions ; and it will believe its own shadow. To an affectionate, faithful, humble mind they will be clear trusts ; and it will “ think no evil,” and “ hope all things.” It is in this yielding of the reason to the better suggestion—this casting of one’s lot with the higher possibility, that faith consists. Obedience to conscience partakes therefore of the nature of faith ;* and implies, wherever found, a seed of grace and an offer of salvation. The great heathen world is thus brought within the compass of a divine probation ; and faithful men, true to their gifts and guidance, are scattered through all lands and ages. It is characteristic of the judgments of faith, that they are immediate and intuitive, detached and unsystematic ; whilst those of wisdom are mediate and reflective—the explicit and connected contents of implicit acts of trust. Wisdom is therefore the end of that Christian culture of which faith is the beginning,† the *ἐπιστήμη* of morals, as opposed to mere *ἀγῆθης δόξα*. It springs from the exercise of Reason on the data of Faith. The same Reason, exercised on the data of Sense and Perception, constitutes the scientific intellect ; whose scrutiny, thus working *in alio genere*, can never alight upon moral discoveries, or replace what has been let slip through non-acceptance of the presumptions of Conscience. Here lies the great mistake of Protestants, who begin with inquiry, expecting to end with faith—“ grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.” Catholics, on the other hand, begin with faith, and develop it by inquiry ;‡ reverently taking the divine instincts, and drawing out their hidden oracles into the symmetry of a holy philosophy. In this view the very materials of religious knowledge are present only to the tact of a pure heart ; and our author is quite self-consistent when he affirms, in language curiously coinciding with his brother’s, that the moral sense—the “ spiritual discernment”—is the legitimate judge of religious truth ; the intellect

* “ University Sermons,” ii. p. 19 et seqq. † Ibid. xiii. p. 288.

‡ “ Loss and Gain,” p. 103.

having only to prepare the case and watch it with negative and corrective function.*

In its broad features ; its linking of moral with religious reverence ; its separation of conscience from understanding ; its distinction between implicit and explicit truth,—this theory of faith contrasts favourably both with the evangelical no-theory and the rationalist wrong theory. Did the author never quit its systematic statement, or, in quitting it for concrete application, never transgress its terms, we should thank him for removing old errors without remonstrance for introducing new. When, however, we turn from his disquisitions to his tales, and observe the use to which he puts his doctrine in practical life, we start back in dismay, and ask ourselves whether what we had so much approved in thought can issue in what we must utterly disapprove in action ? In the sermons we seem to understand the statements, and with full heart assent to them, that “faith must *venture something* ;” that in order to finish by knowing, you must commence by trusting ; that self-surrender in the dark to conscience clears up into open-eyed wisdom. Nor should we seriously object to the exhortation, “*Believe* first, and *conviction* will follow,” so long as we may construe the “belief” to mean simple reliance on *instinctive* impressions of the good and true, and the “conviction,” a reflective apprehension of their *ground* ; and may therefore read the lesson thus : “You must *do* the right before you can *know* it.” First, however, an uneasy wonder stops us when we are told that in early times men became Christians, not *because* they believed, but *in order to believe* ;† and that the characteristic doctrines of the Gospel were not offered to them till after they had bound themselves to the Church by baptism. Next, the real meaning of these ill-favoured general statements becomes shamefully apparent in a particular instance in *Loss and Gain*, where the hero, a puzzled Protestant,

* “University Sermons,” iii. pp. 40, 44, 45.

† “Arians,” p. 78. “Loss and Gain,” p. 313.

unsatisfied with English church-parties, but an entire stranger to the Romanist system and worship, is passionately urged by a recently "perverted" friend to take his hat and walk straight away into confession and adoption. He does not at the moment yield to the advice; but a little later he follows it, without any great advance in his mental preparation, and before ever witnessing a service in a Catholic church. Thus is the word "*faith*" degraded to the sense of "trying the experiment of an unknown religion, and obeying it at hazard;" and has no further reference to *conscience*, which stands quite neutral towards a church not yet appreciated. There is still, however, a lower step to be taken. Dr. Newman does not attempt to disguise the shock given to the moral feeling and taste of newcomers by many things inseparable from Romanism. How does he counsel them to deal with their distress? To respect it as a sacred sign? to follow their own highest perception at all risks? No; but to suppress and smother it; to consider that they must not expect to get through without dirt, and to hope that things will look cleaner when the eye has become used to them. And this, *proh pudor!* he also calls "*faith*;" having at last turned it right round, and brought it to mean the *contradiction* of conscience,—the placid swallowing of what is offensive to the moral sense. In short, he makes it convertible with mere "*taking on trust*," without regard to the felt *quality* of the thing taken. Whether you yield to what commands, or to what scandalizes, your natural reverence, you equally satisfy the conditions of our author's "*faith*." The word thus becomes an engine that will work either in advance or in reverse: whether you believe your conscience or disbelieve, it keeps you on the pious track.

The practice of professing a creed "*in order to believe*" has long been a favourite with the casuistry of Oxford. Arnold, troubled with doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity, was recommended by his friend Keble to take a parish, and avow the doctrine several times per week, and

multiply the meshes of his entanglement with it. Every Oxford tutor, we believe, could quote instances in which scepticism of greater extent has been met with similar advice. Without discussing the pleas advanced in defence of such counsels, we will test their character by an imaginary case, exhibiting the conditions in the simplest form. In a religious and highly accomplished family, connected on all hands with the church, an erring son, let us suppose, becomes enamoured of the "doctrine of circumstances ;" and passing through the mere fatalistic stage, settles into resolute and open-eyed atheism. No nobleness of character or confusion of thought beguiles him (as happier natures are beguiled) into the illusion that moral distinctions remain when divine realities are gone : and his life exhibits no violent inconsistency with a creed which disclaims responsibility. Among his numerous clerical connections, one, we will suppose, is captivated with the new formula, that men are to become members of the church not "because they believe, but in order to believe : " and, acting on this rule, addresses him to the following effect: "You say you disbelieve the existence of a God ; but you are in no condition to judge, for you have never tried the hypothesis of theism. Your first step must be to grant it for experiment's sake, to act *as if* there were a God, and become a *quasi*-Christian. Join the church ; diligently profess the creeds ; take the sacrament ; be constant in your prayers ; expostulate with the heresies of others ; and in due time *belief will follow*." It is easier, perhaps, to conceive such counsels offered than to imagine them accepted. For completeness' sake, however, let us suppose their influence for the moment to prevail. A sudden transformation is visible. The atheist looks up his prayer-book, and is seen twice a day at church : he audibly says, "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, &c. ;" he bows to the east at the name of the Lord Jesus Christ ; he hears the warning from the altar to "search his own conscience" "*not* after the manner of *dissemblers with God*." and

answers it by boldly partaking at "the holy table." He plays the Pharisee towards pure and pious friends, needing his rebuke for their "neological" tendencies. His fictitious zeal at last outstrips the pace of his spiritual counselor; to whom he points out certain worldly-minded friends as requiring to be brought to a "sense of their condition." The clergyman declining so delicate an office, the spell of his influence is broken; his hopeful novice throws up with disgust "the hypothesis of a God," relapses into the atheism which had really never left him for an hour: and "Richard is himself again."

That we have not misconceived the natural issue of this sort of experiment, critics of human nature will perhaps allow. That the experiment itself is a legitimate offspring of the parent maxim, the logical reader will hardly question. But between logic and life, it will be said, bridges are scarce; and, in practice, these extreme cases never find the means to cross. Those who speak thus can have had little access to the inner history of the present age. When the time comes for its sincerest biographies to appear, the truth will often prove "stranger than our fiction."

The theory of Christianity which Dr. Newman's writings present deserved better at his hands than to be given as an hypothesis and an "economy." Stript of perverse adjuncts, and checked at its points of deflection, it assumes the aspect of a religious philosophy, combining, with an unusual sense of proportion, the chief truths of Christian morals and faith. In its results it concurs, of course, with the Catholic doctrines; but it brings them out in fresh connections and with reference all round to the rival teachings, from the midst of which the expositor himself has emerged into them. The briefest notice of the main features must content us.

The human soul cannot lose its essentially moral constitution. Free and responsible still in the heathen notwithstanding the fall, and in the Christian though brought under grace, it has never sunk below the capacity, and

never rises above the obligation, of obedience. The sense of duty is intrinsically the highest authority,—the ultimate ground of all ecclesiastical pretensions. The “objective authority” of the church, which is peculiar to revealed religion, would have nothing to rest upon, were it not for the prior “subjective authority” of conscience, which belongs to natural religion. The dispensations of God are not, therefore, restricted to the Hebrew course of history : they are universal as the human conscience, and every man has his trust of light and grace. Even special revelation must be regarded as probably given at different times to all nations ; no tribe being without traditions of supernatural events. The distinction in favour of the Jewish race is simply that with it alone have the facts been preserved by authentic records and media. And as the inspiration of God is not restricted by limits of place, so neither does it die out with time. He speaks to us still, and enables us to add to our store ; not, indeed, by taking any new point of departure, but by developing and applying the divine data,—by resolving the vision and concrete thought of the Son of God into the component ideas and living truths which it yields to holy reflection.

In its very nature religious truth is *self-evidencing*,—evolved from the mind rather than deposited on it : and the care of the teacher or the church must be directed less to any intellectual elaboration of proof than to prepare the temper and posture of the receiving soul, and waken into consciousness the elementary experiences of reverence and faith. Christianity itself is self-evidencing, and by its inherent power makes way where no books of evidences could carry it. Indeed, *all* its doctrines are really given, and have actually been found, in natural religion. Only they came to wise and good heathens on the vague authority of a divine *principle*, instead of a divine *agent*. The one grand gift of the Gospel to the human mind is that, by the Incarnation, it has determined the *personality* of God, and His relations of *character and affection* towards man.

This, and not what is called the "doctrine of the Cross," is the speciality and living kernel of the Gospel.

Christianity, however, is not adequately described as a revelation of truth ; or even as a saving transaction : rather is it (inclusively, indeed, of these) a divine Institute in perpetuity for helping man to "cleanse himself from sin." His fallen nature, though not ruined or bereft of its free-will, is in a state of moral infirmity, requiring supernatural aids ; and these the Christian economy provides. First, the Son of God became incarnate, "*non amittendo quod erat, sed sumendo quod non erat*," reconciling infinitude with personality, and purifying the nature he adopted and through whose experiences he passed. Next, the sacrificial merits of this act are distributed by a perpetual re-incarnation in the Eucharist, and, with modifications, by the other sacraments, as vehicles of grace. But again, the spiritual purification which is thus freely given to faith for *past* evil does not close the contingencies of the *future*. Only in proportion as the grace of faith leads to works and love, is it effectual for the time to come : so that the retrospect on Redemption does not close the prospect of Retribution, and within the Gospel there is still a Law. Baptism, which washes out all prior sin, cannot be repeated : and subsequent transgressions must be cleansed away either by the penances and absolution of the church, or by the expiations of purgatory. Throughout his doctrine our author provides a responsible place for the human will, and constructs a true "*moral* theology." His antithesis between grace and nature shows itself, not by opposing faith to morality, but by importing into morals an interior contrast between the tastes of the natural and of the religious conscience ; the latter going beyond the mere human rectitudes, and producing ascetic virtues,—regarding life as penitential and expiatory, if not endowed with positive and blessed promise to self-sacrifice.

On the mere Roman appendages to this scheme,—the Invocation of saints, the Mariolatry, the Apostolic Succes-

sion, &c.—we mean to say nothing. They are chiefly remarkable for having raised up in their defence the obnoxious but highly important “doctrine of development.” In the absence of any plausible support from Scripture, it became necessary, if they were to be retained at all, to widen the source of doctrine, and give an interpreting and determining power to the church. In order to reconcile Protestants to this, it was maintained that for them too, not less than for the Catholics, the letter of the Bible was insufficient, unless read by the reflected light of later ecclesiastical decisions. Neither the doctrine of the Trinity, nor the usage of Infant Baptism, could be gathered from the sacred writings alone. Such questions as those respecting an intermediate state and the remission of post-baptismal sins are raised, but not solved, by the Gospels. Nor can Scripture determine its own canon, or its own inspiration. To set it up as a self-sufficing objective authority, is to apply it to a purpose for which it is not intended or adapted. On the other hand, traces abound upon its page that it has been composed on the principle of development, that is, with a view to an ulterior determination of many things which it leaves indeterminate. The statement of the Logos-doctrine in the proem of St. John’s Gospel is but the germ in which the true doctrine of Christ’s higher nature lies: and till successive heresies had started the questions dormant within it, and given occasion for a verdict on them, the right solution could not disengage itself from the possible wrong ones. The prophecies quoted from the Jewish Scriptures in the Christian seem inapplicable, till we are furnished with the double meaning or non-natural sense; and to bring this fully out required the experience of a later time, when the necessary tendency of literal and historical interpretation to Arian rationalism had been made evident in the exegetical school of Antioch, and the connection of the mystical method with orthodoxy and piety had displayed itself in the catechetical school of Alexandria. From all these symptoms it is gathered, that

the Christian system, not excepting its primary principles, is only implicitly given in the canonical books ; that the seed of truth, once consigned to human souls as its receptacle, more and more clearly evinced its nature and discriminated its species by the growths into which it opened ; that the tact of the church in recognizing the genuine characters, and in rejecting the spurious or mixed, became finer with continued exercise, and the aid of prior definitions ; that instead of testing the later by the earlier, we are to interpret the earlier by the later, and import the explicit doctrines of the fourth and fifth centuries into the rudimentary expressions of the first. Protestants must either denude their creed to its mere embryo, or let it assume the proportions of full-blown Roman Catholicism.

The state of this controversy is curious. The assumption on both sides is, that *either* the Bible or the Church is impregnable, and achieves all our protection from error for us : the only question is, *which* of the two it is. To put this to the test, each party tries to discredit the favourite refuge of the other. Dr. Newman does not scruple to discharge a volley into the intrenchment of Scripture, in order to show the Protestants that it may be made too hot to hold them, and "compel them to come in" to his stronghold. They reply by a hot fire at his church-bastions, to convince him that they may be knocked about his head. Is it surprising if both are pretty well riddled ; if neither is found to be designed for the purpose to which it has been applied ; and if a change of the whole ground should be the clearly indicated result ? By *no* documentary process, no construction of title-deeds, be they canonical or ecclesiastical, of the first century or the fourth, can you draw forth the oracular system which you seek. Rail off what plot of history you will, the human, with all its liabilities, will be there. Wander where you will on its unenclosed spaces, the divine, with its eternal teaching, will not be absent. For discriminating the true from the false, the accidental from the essential, in morals and religion, whether

drawn from the special Christian data, or from the entire life of humanity, something more is needed than to trace an arbitrary line round a select group of books, or a favoured series of centuries. "Objective authority" in religion there doubtless is; but vested in a Person who is eternal, and not therefore a fixture of chronology; speaking to us through *all* the media of His life in humanity, and not therefore separable from the "subjective authority" of conscience, or discoverable without it; and though uniquely manifested in the "Word made flesh," yet owned by us even there only through the same Word in hearts already tinged with the Christian consciousness.

Looking back on the whole influence of Dr. Newman's personality and writings, we see in it a great preponderance of good. Bishop Thirlwall has justly acknowledged that the Oxford movement has given rise to more valuable writings in theology than had appeared for a long time previous to it. And though it arrested the pursuit of critical theology for a while, the postponement was amply compensated by a newly-awakened attention to the whole history of Christianity, and a far more searching look into the moral and spiritual conditions and effects of faith in the human soul. The prosecution of the critical theology will be resumed with larger, humbler, yet freer spirit, now that some deeper root has been found for Christian obedience and belief than an authority wholly external and contingent on a literary tenure. A sense of the universality and perpetuity of Divine grace,—of the sanctity of common duties and self-denials,—of the grandeur and power of historical communion and church-life,—of the true place of beauty and art in worship,—has deeply penetrated into the newer religion of England;—chiefly, it is true, among the classes within reach of academical modes of thought and feeling, but through them affecting the administration of parishes and manors out of number. For the re-union of religious and moral ends,—for the reconciliation of human admirations with holy reverence,—for the consecra-

tion of the near and temporal,—many a heart owes a debt of unspeakable gratitude to the literature of the Oxford school. The one grand sin which we must set off against these merits, is a certain want of unconditional and ultimate trust in their own principles. Their system has too often the appearance of being constructed on purpose as a refuge from doubts they dare not face. Their intellectual men have been fond of playing with fire, and flinging about brilliant scepticisms, eating into the very heart of life, for the chance of inducing flight into their protecting fold. It is hard for a proselyte of terror to become a child of trust: and the brand of *fear* deforms the forehead of this party. “To obey,” they say, “is easier than to believe: so we will begin from the conscience, that we may end with assurance.” Good: but see that you obey out of the belief you *have*, instead of *with a view to a belief which you have not*. Conscience has a right to you through and through, and must be served without terms: and vainly do you mount her sacred steps on knees of painful penance, if the thought of your heart be to escape from the outer exposures and threatening skies of doubt, into the shelter of a ready temple and the sympathy of a mighty throng. The deepest form of scepticism is seen in the mind which is in haste to believe; which resolves, by some violent spring, to make an end of darkness, whether the light attained be God’s or not; which is not content to follow precisely and *only* where He shows, and cannot rest upon the trustful word, “My soul, wait *patiently* for Him.” Something of this *un*-faith lurks in the spirit of the new Catholic party. They recognize the ambassadorial credentials of Conscience, and show you on its casket of secrets the very signet of the King of kings:—on opening the despatch-box, you find they have stuffed in all the creeds. The self-deception involved in this is not always unmixed with artifice. All such policy is a half-conscious attempt to suborn God’s Spirit on behalf of our own desires and prejudices, and against the doubts and scruples which may be truly His.

Transferring ourselves now from Oxford to Cambridge, we acknowledge at the outset that the *place* has much less to do with the party in the case of the philosophical movement led by Coleridge, than in that of the ecclesiastical represented by Newman. Yet it was before the University of Cambridge that Julius Hare* first produced the fruits of his meditations at the feet of the poet-philosopher : and it was in Trinity College chapel that he preached the sermons which mark most clearly his theological position.† The Highgate sage had gone to his rest at the very beginning of the Oxford movement (in 1834), and left his disciples to deal with the phenomenon according to their own lights. Mr. Hare had visited the Eternal City, and witnessed there some things which indisposed him to trifle with the honest heart of Protestantism. "I saw the Pope," he used to say, "apparently kneeling in prayer for mankind : but the legs which kneeled were artificial ; he was in his chair. Was not that sight enough to counteract all the æsthetical impressions of the worship, if they had been a hundred times stronger than they were?"‡ He saw at once the part that he should take ; and in his first sermon, preached before the clergy of the diocese of Chichester, he vindicated, from the words, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," the living presence of the invisible Word in His own Person against the sacerdotal delegation claimed, and virtually substituted, by the Tractarians. Profoundly Lutheran in his conception of "faith," and jealous of all interposed media between the Church and her Divine Head, he resisted at the outset the dangers of an official theocracy with an absent God. The offence

* Sermon on "the Children of Light," preached before the University in 1828.

† Sermon on "the Law of Self-sacrifice," 1829 ; and Sermon on "the Sin against the Holy Ghost," in 1832.

‡ See Introduction, page xxvi. (understood to be by Mr. Maurice) to the "Visitation Charges of the Archdeacon of Lewes," in the years 1843, 1845, 1846 ; a charming sketch of Hare's character and position, as rich and wise as it is affectionate.

given to some hearers by this sermon made him hesitate for a time to accept the office of Archdeacon of Lewes. But in overruling his objections, Bishop Otter rightly interpreted the character of his mind ; of which the recent sermon was only a partial expression ; and which, though impulsive and unsystematic, had too many open and susceptible sides, too rich a culture and too real a spiritual depth, to restrict its sympathies to any exclusive party.

In fact, the polemic attitude for the moment assumed towards the Anglicans by no means expressed the characteristic of his school. A much deeper and earlier antipathy had called it into existence, and shaped it into form. Coleridge, as all his readers are aware, was in early life a preacher among the Unitarians. Though never having a permanent pastoral charge among them, he was once on the point of settling as a minister at Shrewsbury : and, in withdrawing, he assures the congregation that, while he prefers a freer mode of life, "active zeal for Unitarian Christianity, not indolence or indifference, has been the motive of my declining a local and stated settlement as a preacher of it."* His early poems, and the name of his eldest son, attest the fervour with which he embraced the philosophy of Priestley and Hartley, as well as the "Psilanthropism" of the sect. By the side of the French atheism of the day, these opinions wore a conservative aspect towards Christianity ; in the presence of the political "Church-and-King" sentiment, they seemed generous to liberty ; in the total oblivion of deeper speculation, and the absolute dominance of physical method, they satisfied the demand for compactness of theory. But only the dearth of other waters, and the parching of that desert time, could detain him at this spring. His natural thirst was ever feeling its way to more congenial fountains. His speculative creed had never penetrated the unconscious essence of the man, but lay as a texture about him, without

* Letter, dated Shrewsbury, Jan. 19, 1798, to Mr. Isaac Wood, High Street, Shrewsbury. *Christian Reformer* for 1834, p. 840

growing into the fibres of his heart. In 1796, he records, in a private letter, his experience under sore affliction: "My philosophical refinements and metaphysical theories lay by me in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick."* Never, in short, was the genius of a man more out of its element. An infirm will, a dreamy ideality, a preternatural subtlety of thought, and intense religious susceptibility, were thrown among a people eminently practical and prosaic, impatient of romance, indifferent to intellectual refinements, strict in their moral expectations, scrupulous of the veracities but afraid of the fervours of devotion. The strength and the weakness of each party were vehemently antipathetic to those of the other: and their inevitable divergence once begun, the alienation became rapidly complete. Coleridge was a born Platonist, who could not permanently rest content, with Locke, to seek all knowledge in phenomena, or, with Paley, all good in happiness: and on the first opening of his cage of experience, he darted out, and took to his metaphysic wing.

It was Kant who first lifted the bar and set him free; and who, with Schelling, inspired him to seize that border territory between psychology and theology, which had long been declared a dream-land. If anywhere the relationship can be really witnessed between the human spirit and the divine, it must be on the awful confines of the two; and by taking stand on the ground of our highest consciousness, we may perhaps be able to pass to and fro across the line, and find the breadth of any common margin there may be, and note where, on the one hand, it sinks into pure Nature, and on the other, rises into the infinite God. Here, then, he worked in both directions,—upwards and downwards,—till the two tracks met: with results which, so far as our present object is concerned, may be briefly indicated.

* Letter to Mr. Benjamin Flower, Editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. *Monthly Repository* for 1834, p. 654.

Dr. Newman has himself drawn attention to a remarkable concurrence between his own conceptions and Coleridge's, respecting the sources and limits of natural religion in the human mind.* They agree in seeking the germ of devout belief in the experiences of conscience ; in recognizing the essentially religious character of morality ; in making faith the prior condition of spiritual knowledge, and vindicating the maxim, *Credo, ut intelligam*. Newman, however, represents the moral feeling more as a blind instinctive *datum* to be accepted ; Coleridge, more as cognitive power, looking on reality with open eye. And further, with Newman there is *no other* original spring of divine knowledge ; while Coleridge allows us an intellectual as well as a moral organ for the apprehension of God. Beyond and above the *Understanding*, which generalizes from the data of perception, gathers laws from phenomena, frames rules from experience, traces logical consequence and adapts means to ends, he enthrones the *Reason*, which seizes a different *order* of truths—viz. the necessary and universal,—in themselves inconceivable, in their absence contradictory ; and in a different *way*—viz. intuitively and immediately, not immediately or through a process. The former (*Verstand*) has the field of *Nature* (that which is *born*,—the originated and transient) for its *object*, and belongs to *our natural part* as its *seat* ; and is therefore not peculiar to us, but shared by other animal races,—whose so-called “instinct” is not specifically distinguishable from adaptive intelligence. The latter (*Vernunft*) has the realm of *Spirit* (the *super*-natural, to which the predicates of time and space are inapplicable) for its object, and for its seat in us our spirit or supernatural part. Had we, in combination with our sentient capacity, only understanding, though in ever so eminent a degree, we should remain mere living *things*,—with an honourable place in the records of natural history, but leaving the registers of morals and religion still blank and clasped. The Reason by which a higher life becomes possible divari-

* “University Sermons,” ii. p. 24, note.

cates into two functions,—the cognitive and the active ; the former giving the roots of all our Ontological thinking,—the ideas of Cause, of Unity, of Infinitude, &c. ; the latter furnishing the postulates of all Moral action,—the ideas of Freedom, of Personality, of Obligation. Both the speculative and the practical reason have a voice in our primary religious faith. But the former, alone and by itself, would give us merely an ontological “*One*,” a Spinozistic Absolute,—the residuary God of the *à-priori* demonstrations : necessitating, no doubt, a self-subsistent Infinite of which atheism can render no account, but leaving us unassured how far predicates of character may be transferred to its mysterious subject. Hence the chief application of speculative reason in theology must always be critical rather than creative ; to slay in single combat each successive foe that may arise ; but not to proclaim *for whom* it is that the champion stands, and for ever keeps the field. On the other hand, the practical reason or conscience reveals to us the *Holy* God, who is the proper and positive object of our faith ; who is doubtless more or less clearly apprehended in proportion to the purity of our discerning and reflecting faculty, but who lurks suspected or half-perceived in the darkest hearts ;—if not otherwise, at least in their fears and compunctions : for “remorse is the implicit creed of the guilty.”

The will, as empowered to carry out the ideas of Reason in the realm of sense,—to make Spirit of avail in Nature,—is by its very function *super-natural*, and cannot be entangled as a constituent in the very system which it is to influence from above. Only the divinely-free can achieve that passage. A footman will run your errand across the town ; but it needs a winged Iris or a sandalled Hermes to bear the messages of gods to men. It is precisely in the *freedom of the will* that a person is distinguished from a thing, and becomes a possible subject of moral law. And so is it in the recognition of a good other than the sentient, of an authority transcending all personal preference, of a

right over us and our whole cargo of "happiness," actual and potential, that the sense of Duty and the conditions of morality begin. Hence Edwards and the necessarians, Priestley and the materialists, Paley and the Epicureans, depict a universe from which all moral qualities and beings, divine or human, are excluded : and whether reasoning down from God as absolute *Sovereign*, or up from man as simply *sentient*, miss whatever is august and holy in its life.

From the distinction drawn between nature and spirit, it follows that there cannot be such a thing as "*natural* religion." All religion must be *spiritual*, springing as it does exclusively within the supernatural element of us. Nay, more ; all religion must be *revealed*, if by that word we mean, "*directly given by Divine communication*," as opposed to mediate discovery of our own. For what and whence are those primary ideas of conscience which constitute or presuppose our deepest, though not our fullest, faith ? Are they of our own making ?—of our own finding ? Have we anything to do with their genesis ? Do they not report to us of the necessary and eternal ? And are they not the presence with us of that Eternal, whereof assuredly nothing temporal and finite can report ? Is there not profound truth as well as piety in the couplet :

"None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might :
None but Thy Word can speak Thy name !"

The reason *in* us is not *personal* to us, but only the manifestation in our consciousness of the infinite reason, presenting us with its supernatural realities, and intrusting to our will their divine rights over our world. It is thus the common ground of the divine and the human, the essential base of their communion, the Logos which is at once the objective truth and the subjective knowledge of God.

These results have thus far been reached psychologically, by beginning with the data of the human soul and tracing their indications upward. But, to meet it, Coleridge also descends, by an ontological track, from the Absolute One

to his expression in the finite,—Platonic Logos or Son of God ; to whom we are to refer at once the physical cosmos, the divine process in history, and the intimations of reason and conscience. Through this mediator, found alike at the foot of our speculative dialectic and at the summit of our moral analytic, do God and man meet and sustain living relations.

But St. John identifies this Logos with the historical Christ ; in whom, therefore, the Infinite reaches not only finite, but concrete and personal manifestation. It is the glory and joy of our humanity that he took it into himself ; and conquering sin in it, purified it, and gave it a seed of higher life. Through uttermost self-sacrifice, he reconciled its deepest sorrows with complete perfection ; redeemed it and drew it to God ; and made manifest in time the eternal facts of his infinite love,—his personal union with our nature,—and the law of self-sacrifice as the deliverance of his universe.

If we rightly understand the theologians of this school, they do not intend, when they speak of the divine assumption of our nature, to limit their reference to the individual life of Jesus of Nazareth. The Son is united not with this or that particular man only, but with humanity itself as a type ; and constitutes, as he ever has constituted, the ground and life of all its good. The blending of the two natures is not a biographical but an “ eternal ” fact, belonging to the essence of their relation. The particular incarnation of the evangelical history “ *reveals and realizes* ” the universal truth ; to which all its exceptional and marking features,—miraculous birth, agony and crucifixion, resurrection and ascension,—stand related as symbols to the reality,—as passing phenomena that tell the tale of an eternity. They are, indeed, more than this ; because they are not,—as symbols may be,—mere signs or instruments of suggestion ; but are homogeneous with the thing signified, and integrated with it as its highest momenta.

Following out this interpretation of the redemptive ope-

ration of the Son, we may conceive of it in two ways : as in reality always going on, although unrecognized ; and as at length revealed in a plenary Incarnation, so as to be henceforth turned out from the unconscious to the conscious state. This last change is in itself a spiritual revolution of the highest order,—like the burst of a universe only felt, and by inches, before, on the eye touched by the finger of Christ. By ceasing to be latent,—by being given to our faith,—the redeeming agency is at once raised to a higher power. Now that we know *who* it is that pleads and strives with our evil nature, we can freely go to meet him, and he may act from *within* our will as well as from without. His life-giving energy is quite another thing,—since not a *thing* at all, but a person,—not even a “better self,” but a Divine other-than-self ; and confers upon the soul a “*new birth*.” From the life of nature, conscious of only Self disturbed by an impersonal law, we emerge into the life of the spirit, set free by faith, and admitted to personal communion of trust and love. The transition into the “new birth” is the chief element in the redemptive act of the Son. The continuous power of holier life in the heart thus regenerate is the sign and function of the Holy Spirit. Both these,—the crisis of change and its spiritual sequel,—are indeed full of mystery on their objective or Divine side. But from the subjective or human side it is easy to perceive how the consciousness of a Divine Person blended with the humanity of each of us, and the source in it of whatever is higher than we, may be really a new seed of life within us, giving us a holy living Object in place of a repulsive ethical abstraction, and awakening all the powerful affections that ever seek a Personal Centre of repose.

From the whole complexion of this scheme it will be gathered that the Original Sin countervailed by redemption is not *birth-sin* (which would be natural *disease*, not *moral evil*) ; and that the redemption is not an extinction of punishment, but a deliverance from sin. It is not that God is

paid off, but that man emerges "a new creature." The "evil ground" there is in the human will,—the downward gravitation of self,—the need of a Diviner to draw us to any good by the sacrifice of self,—are simple facts accessible to every man's self-knowledge. And we are well aware that, co-existing with our free agency, they are not our malady but our fault. Coleridge and his school everywhere denounce the Calvinistic doctrines of hereditary depravity and of penal satisfaction, as turning man from a person into a thing, and denying to God all moral attributes. The primary conditions of any true theory of redemption are, that the whole operation takes place on humanity; and that it both finds and leaves man a free agent. Neither of these conditions is complied with by any form of the Calvinistic scheme.

Some of the peculiarities of Coleridge most familiar to theologians,—his tetrads and pentads, his doctrine of Church and State, his denial of the documentary inspiration of the whole Bible,—we pass by; not from any slighting estimate of their importance as parts of an organic whole, but in order to insulate the one character,—of *religious Realism*,—which is the inner essence of the system itself, and the living seed of its development in the school of Mr. Maurice. It is chiefly from inapprehension of this character, and from the inveterate training of the English mind in the opposite habit of thought, that so many readers complain of obscurity in the writings of the Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. We do not deny that his meaning is at times difficult to reach; for it is apt to be *delayed* too long by his scrupulous candour of concession, his modest shrinking from self-assertion, his preference of the sympathetic to the distinctive attitude. But we venture with some confidence to assert, that for consistency and completeness of thought, and precision in the use of language, it would be difficult to find his superior among living theologians. It is the old question,—what do you mean by a *clear* or *distinct* thought? Do you mean a

mental *image* or *representation* of something, like your conception of a perceptible object or of a finite portion of space or time? Then certainly you will not cease to complain of Mr. Maurice's indistinctness; for he speaks and thinks of Spirit, and Righteousness, and God, as realities without mental picture and yet closely known; and he treats the notions of Infinitude and Eternity as something else than "negative ideas,"—the finite and the temporal with all the meaning emptied out. If, however, by "clearness of idea" you mean, not "*the idea of a limit*," but "*a limit to the idea*,"—if your conditions are satisfied, provided thought does not run into thought, but each keeps its own place and function with exactitude,—then you might as reasonably charge indistinctness on Mr. Mill or Archbishop Whately as on Mr. Maurice. Many parts of his doctrine we are unable to follow with assent; but we see no excuse for the absurd distortions of his peculiar Christianity, with which the party-organs of Church and Sect have long abounded. Critics who have read any one of his practical or historical essays, with some feeling of its clear and life-like charm, ought surely to know that if his theology seems difficult to them, it cannot be from his want of practised thought and literary skill, and must arise from their not having at present found his latitude.

Coleridge, commencing in reaction from a scheme of materialistic necessity, gave great prominence to his assertion of free-agency. Not till he had effectually set humanity on its feet again, did he proceed to identify the intimations of its moral reason with the indwelling life of the Divine Word. Mr. Maurice is caught up by this last thought, and has become its organ to the present age; and so intensely does it possess him, that we fear his losing sight too much of the prior truth from which the start was made, and reducing man into a mere prize, to be contended for between the Satan and the God within him. Pushing the claims of a diabolical being far into the evil phenomena of our nature, and those of a Divine Being over the whole of

the good, he thins away the space for the free human personality till it becomes at times quite evanescent. This is a danger ever incident to the wish of humility, that nothing should be claimed for self,—that all should be referred to God. But it must be restrained from reaching its ultimate limit ; or else the ground of morals sinks again away, and, in pantheistic guise, universal necessity absolves us all once more. We say, “ in pantheistic guise ; ” for, be it observed, the two personalities—the Human and the Divine—must ever appear and disappear *together* : they are the two terms of a relation which wholly vanishes on the merging of either ; and though, with safety to both, there is room for considerable variety in the theory of their respective functions, yet should an eye of reverential caution be kept (especially in our day) on the limits of the problem where the foci fall into each other. If, however, Mr. Maurice has too nearly approached this danger, it is under the inspiration of a truth than which there is no greater. The assumption of humanity by the Eternal Word may be construed from above downwards, so as to illustrate the character and agency of God ; or from below upwards, so as to throw light on the spiritual experiences of man. In the former view, it gives to our trust and worship One whose chosen life is in our spirits, who moulds us into unities not our own,—of family, of nation, of church,—who is not wearied by our perverseness, but, still pressing His righteousness upon us, is ever redeeming what else were lost. In the latter view, a singular sanctity is imparted to the inner facts of our own existence and the invisible springs of the world’s history. All that we inadequately call our *ideals*, the gleaming lights of good that visit us, the hopes that lift again our fallen wills, the beauty which Art cannot represent, the holiness which life does not realize, the love which cannot die with death,—what are they ? Not *our* higher, but a *higher than we*—the living Guide Himself, pleading with us and asking for our trust. The actual and concrete, on the other hand, which

falls so immeasurably short of these fair types,—the false fact that lies ashamed beneath the true vision,—*that* is our poor *self*; in which is nothing but failure, disappointment, and negation. One simple and only thing is asked from us : to cease trusting this delusive self and go freely into the Hand that waits for us,—to exchange the tension of volition for the quiet of unreserved surrender,—to pass from the chafing mood of “works” to the still heart of “faith.” The great original sin of our nature is, that we reverse this order,—that we rely on ourselves and are afraid of God, and accordingly seek, by some act of ours, to buy him off and be rid of his terrors and persuade him to let us alone. Whether men endeavour to propitiate him by relinquishing something that they have, or to serve him by something that they do, they mistake their position, and measure themselves off against him as if they had proprietary rights which they could abandon in his favour, or some availing righteousness which could satisfy his moral perception. They aim at acting upon him : and he is wanting to act on them ; and will persist till they drop their gifts, and know their failures, and freely come to him as they are, to be moulded by his thought. It was to bring about this removal of distrust towards God, to reveal the law of self-abnegation as Divine and supreme, that the Word became flesh, and passed through its grievous incidents, and entered into sympathetic pity for its sins and fears. The most alienated feeling, once apprehending this manifestation of Divine adoption, could hold out no more. Such an Incarnation, bringing to a focus the perpetual truth of the “God with us,” is not a humiliation of the divine nature so much as the glory and joy of the human, and discloses to us not a fallen world but a redeemed, with whose resistance the “Spirit of holiness” will not for ever have to strive. It harmonizes with “the belief that man is not an animal carrying about a soul, but a spiritual being with an animal nature, who, when he has sunk lowest into that nature, has still thoughts and recollections of a

home to which he belongs, and from which he has wandered." *

The same mode of thought by which the individual life is thus turned into a sanctuary exhibits human society as in its essence a theocracy ; and wins for the experiences and polity of the Hebrew race, as particular embodiments of a universal method, a meaning which Lessing's hints ought long ago to have elicited. Not that we mean to press at all closely the analogy between the doctrine of the "Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament," and the "Thoughts on the Education of the Human Race." They are alike in this : that they pull down the fences which had detached the Hebrew life from the great territory of human history, and find a universal function for even what is most exceptional in it. In their mode of procedure, however, they differ : Lessing seeking in the career of the Jewish people the rudiments of an *unfolding* idea ; Maurice, the witness to *eternal* truths,—the manifestation by time-samples of infinite realities and unchanging relations. And this difference touches a characteristic of the modern divine, which more than any other makes him a perplexity to his contemporary critics. So strong in most Englishmen is the "natural man," as habitually to assume, till they discover whither the maxim leads, that "all we know is phenomena ;" or rather they turn all they know *into* phenomena, and contemplate nothing "under the form of eternity." Even their theology is no exception. They *dramatize* it ; drawing it out into an *economy* or plot, with different scenes, and progressive action, and crises of terror and of rescue, and a grand catastrophe to wind up the whole. Now the elements and incidents of this plan Mr. Maurice takes out of series, and redistributes in synchronous (or rather in timeless) relations. States of *humanity* which we are apt to represent as successive, and to string together as passages of an historical process, he treats as always co-existent in all men,—as abiding attributes or

* "Hare's Charges," Introduction, p. xxi.

affections of their being. "Original sin," for instance, is not, in his view, a *prior* condition giving way to "reconciliation" as a *posterior*; but both exist together in all men. And so too *Divine* states, which we are commonly taught to dispose chronologically, cease with him to be separate. Christ the Saviour is usually believed to have first come at the "advent," and to be identical in date with Jesus of Nazareth. But, in Mr. Maurice's view, there never was a time when our race was not equally the abode of his "real presence." "Man, according to his original constitution, was related to Christ;"* who was *in* the heathen world while they were bowing to gods of wood and stone, and *in* Saul while yet the persecutor. The conversion on Damascus' road, and the whole historical gospel, did but *reveal* a Divine person that had never been absent from our humanity. There was not—first, a lost Heathendom; and then, to replace it, a redeemed Christendom: but always, and throughout both, One who was and is redeeming; and many, alas, in each, who resist this recall of them from their outer darkness. This abolition of time-conditions, and redisposal of the same facts as essential and permanent realities, gives the true key to our author's most difficult writings. The transmutation it effects in the doctrine of "eternal punishment" is but one example of its marvellous power of rejuvenescence applied to a theology grown decrepit in routine.

The great strength of this school lies, we think, in its faithful interpretation of what is at once deepest and highest in the religious consciousness of men; and its recognition, in this consciousness, of a living Divine person, instead of mere abstractions without authority, or the dreams of unreliable imagination. And we may well be grateful for a scheme which establishes a *uniform constitution* of our nature and our world, in *steady* relation to supernatural realities, broken by no revolutionary jerks or local exemptions; and which, therefore, opens a wel-

* "The Doctrine of Sacrifice." Dedicatory Letter, p. 21.

come to a scientific ethic, and metaphysic, and history. Nor is its strength merely that of fair promise and earnest appeal. So long as it advances on the ground of religious philosophy, it appears to us to make its footing good : and the first questionable step is, perhaps, at the point where it enters *history*, and hands itself over from Plato to St. John. The identification of the eternal Logos with the historical Christ is at present left to rest upon external authority alone,—and *that* too the authority of a single evangelist. A thoughtful learner in this school might be brought by some Alexandrine Coleridge into a faith like Philo's in the Divine Word, and set within the spiritual forecourt of this gospel. He might next, on testimonial grounds, be led to receive the whole evangelical series of external facts from Bethlehem to the Mount of Ascension. And yet these two termini of his belief might remain in painful discontinuity : and we do not see that the links of relation have hitherto been adequately supplied. If the whole stress is to be laid on the doctrine of the fourth gospel, the question becomes an anxious one, how far the evangelist's thought has taken its complexion from the Master's discourses,—how far infused it into them. For surely, without re-opening the discussion of authorship at all, the complete equalization of tone in this gospel between the discourses and the narrative, rendering it often impossible to mark the boundary between them, is a fact of the utmost moment,—in itself accounted for in either way : and if the discourses are as *unlike* those in the other gospels as they are *like* the personal composition of St. John, the hypothesis most assuring to us respecting their historical character is at an undeniable disadvantage. Shifted from the authentication of Christ himself to that of even “the beloved disciple,” the Incarnation of the Logos in Jesus (in the sense required by the theory) would rest on too doubtful a support : for who could say whether we had to do with the revelation itself, or only with the mould of thought into which the disciple threw it ?

That this difficulty has not been more felt by the Coleridge divines is due, we believe, to the pre-occupation of their minds with intense convictions, thirsting for that which assimilates with them or gains a glory from them. Broad providential lights on history, genial hopes of a less selfish human world, they open to us by their wisdom and their life. And there are parts of Scripture, the Pauline Epistles eminently, and the Prophets in no slight degree, where a darkness readily breaks away at the approach of their characteristic thoughts. Mr. Maurice's *Unity of the New Testament* abounds with happy combinations possible only to a fine spiritual tact. But exegesis has work to do in which other gifts are of more avail than moral perception and religious insight : and then it is that these writers, like their favourite catechetical school of Alexandria, appear to us signally to fail. Who does not smile at Mr. Maurice's explanation of the first chapter of Genesis? And where, in addition, critical judgment and dexterity are required, the result is still worse,—as in his treatment of the genealogies of Jesus. No deficiency in the furniture of scholarship causes this phenomenon. It is simply that biblical and historical criticism never succeeds, except in striking out partial lights, when it engages minds deeply tinctured with any metaphysical or spiritual enthusiasm. The eye, accustomed to the eternal realities, loses the quick and flitting glance that best seizes the expression of nature and the phenomena of time.

After all, the real force of this school is independent of scientific imperfections. They are *believing men*—afraid of no reality, despairing of no good, and resolute to test their faith by putting it straightway into life. They set to work to realize the kingdom of God in Soho Square and other nameable localities ; and in their step towards this end there is as free, confiding, joyful movement, as if with their eyes they expected to see the great salvation. There is more of the future, we suspect, contained in their gospel than in any talking theology whose cry is heard in our streets.

Hence we feel ourselves to be falling *back* a step, when we turn from the preacher of Lincoln's Inn to the prophet of Chelsea. The influence of the latter, vastly the more intense and widespread, appears to us to have reached its natural limit, and taken up the portion of believers allotted to it. As a revolutionary or pentecostal power on the sentiments of Englishmen, it is perhaps nearly spent ; and, like the romantic school of Germany, will descend from the high level of a faith to the tranquil honours of literature. So long as Mr. Carlyle spoke with any *hope* to the inward reverence of men, and in giving voice to their spiritual discontents made them feel that they were emerging from mean scepticisms into nobler inspirations, he was a deliverer to captives out of number. But the early voice of hope has become fainter and fainter, first passing into an infinite pathos, and then lost in humorous mocking or immeasurable scorn : and men cannot be permanently held by their antipathies and distrusts, and cease to look for any thing from a rebellion that never ends in peace. He gets us well enough out of Egypt and all its filthy idolatries ; but, alas ! his Red Sea will not divide, and the promised land is far as ever, and the question presses, whether "we are to die in the wilderness?" For a just estimate of Mr. Carlyle as an historian and man of letters the time is not yet come. But his specific action on the *religion* of the age (of which alone we speak) already belongs in a great measure to the past, and is little likely to offer new elements for appreciation.

It is difficult now to transfer ourselves back into the age, not yet faded however from living memory, when Boileau and Kames were great canonists in the world of letters, and criticism occupied the mortal form of Dr. Blair. Of what stuff the young souls of that age could be made we cannot imagine, if they really found nutriment in solemn trifles about the unities and proprieties,—the choice of diction,—the length of sentences,—the nature of tropes,—and the rhetorical temperature required for interjection and apostrophes. Mr. Carlyle, among other contemporaries, certainly

rose with indignant hunger from such a table of the gods, symmetrically spread with polished covers and nothing under them. In mere analysis of the machinery of expression or even thought, in rules for the manufacture of literary effects, he could find no response to the enthusiasm kindled in him by his favourite authors. The true ambrosia of the inner life was turned into dry ash by the legislators of *belles lettres*: and he was courageous enough to ask for the missing and immortal element. The same external direction had been taken by philosophy, and produced the same consciousness of a miserable void. The searching scepticism of Hume showed the dreary results to which the mere analysis of "experience" compendiously led. And the devices of utilitarian *cuisine* for putting pleasure into the pot and drawing virtue out betrayed the loss of the very idea of morals. The very things which this desiccating rationalism flung off, were to Mr. Carlyle just the essence and whole worth of the universe: and to show that beauty, truth, and goodness, could not thus be got rid of, while impostors were hired to bear their name; that religion is not hope and fear, or duty prudence, or art a skill to please; that behind the sensible there lies a spiritual, and beneath all relative phenomena an absolute reality,—was evidently, if not his early vow, at least his first inspiration. Surely it was an authentic appointment to a noble work: and on looking back over his quarter-century, no one can deny that it has been manfully achieved.

By what providence Mr. Carlyle learned the German language, in days when the study of it was rare, we cannot tell. But through it he evidently was enabled to "find his soul;" and gained confidence to proclaim the faith which was stirring from its sleep within, and at once woke up at the sight of its reflected image without. That revolt against rationalism which Dr. Newman apparently *used*, and directed for preconceived ends and in the service of an "economy," presents itself in Mr. Carlyle with all its veracious freshness. The same positions that approve themselves to the Oxford

Catholic as suitable hypotheses, and to the Highgate philosopher as rational axioms, are seized by the living intuition of the Scottish seer ;—that wonder and reverence are the condition of insight and the source of strength ;—that faith is prior to knowledge, and deeper too ;—that empirical science can but play on the surface of unfathomable mysteries ;—that in the order of reality the ideal and invisible is the world's true adamant, and the laws of material appearance only its alluvial growths. In the inmost thought of men there is a thirst to which the springs of nature are a mere mirage, and which presses on to the waters of eternity. Extinguish this thirst by stupefaction of custom,—reduce thought to work *without* wonder,—and several delusions, both doleful and ridiculous, will speedily obtain high commissions in human affairs. The true marvel of Origination being lost, a “cause-and-effect philosophy” will esteem every thing solved when it has shown how each nine-pin in the universe knocks down the next. The spiritual germ and essence of humanity being forgot or denied, “a doctrine of circumstances” will discuss the prospect of furnishing to order any required supply of poets, philosophers, or able administrators,—like so many varieties of farm-stock. The idea of a God-given freedom being dismissed with the phantoms of “the dark ages,” a calculus of “motives” will be invented for finding the roots of every human problem, and raising any given sentient man to any required moral power. The genuine ground of all communion with the Infinite having sunk away within us, all sorts of logical proofs, and logical disproofs, will quarrel together about primitive certainties that shroud themselves from both. In all these complaints, the substantive concurrence of our author with Mr. Coleridge is conspicuous. And though, in his *Life of Sterling*, the humour has seized him to ridicule the “windy harangues” and dizzying metaphysics of the Highgate soirées, there was a time when he had no little faith in the same methods as well as large agreement in the same results. In his earlier essays, *he* too

expounds the distinction between "Understanding" and "Reason," and sets up the latter as the organ for apprehending the ideal essence, which is the true *real* of things. He speaks with reverential appreciation of Kant's doctrine, both metaphysical and moral; and with hope as well as admiration of the several æsthetic theories developed from similar beginnings. In short, he manifestly put an early trust in the philosophical method to which Coleridge remained faithful to the last. And not less manifestly did he soon break away from this path in despair; and with characteristic vehemence thenceforth inveigh against the propensity to seek it as an illusion of disease. In 1827, he defended the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* against ignorant objectors, as reputed by competent judges to be "distinctly the greatest intellectual achievement of the century in which it came to light;" and dwelt with approval on the rule that, in quest of the highest truth, we must look *within*, and thence work outward with the torch we have lit. Yet in 1831 he broached, in his *Characteristics*, his celebrated doctrine of "Unconsciousness:" which teaches that all self-knowledge is a curse, and introspection a disease; that the true health of a man is to have a soul without being aware of it,—to be disposed of by impulses which he never criticizes,—to fling out the products of creative genius without looking at them. In a word, the *reflective* thought on which, in the former year, he had relied for the purest wisdom, had in the latter become the sin and despair of humanity. What can have befallen in the interval? Had the author meanwhile *tried* the metaphysic springs, and after due patience found them, not simply "saints wells," with no healing in them, but poison-fountains, that made the sickly soul yet sicklier? We do not believe it: for there is nowhere any trace that the first clue of entrance into the German philosophy had been followed up; and on the other hand, every indication that Mr. Carlyle's denunciation of metaphysics is the mere judgment of an intuitive genius on methods of reflection, which, however helpful to

slower and more formal minds, it is not given him to take. Had he been able to retain and pursue his first hope,—had he taken the severe path of philosophical discipline, and surrendered himself to its promise of deliverance,—we hardly think that we should ever have heard that passionate cry of despair, which proclaims the distinctive glory of man to be his irremediable woe, and asserts that, in finding *himself*, he for ever falls from heaven. The preacher of this doctrine had already started problems within himself, to which no answer (as his own word declares) could be found but by faithful questioning within : and it is a serious thing to go thus far, and yet not abide long enough to hear the reply. But instead of this, he flings away the very problems with a shriek, as the fruit by which paradise is lost ; repents of all knowledge of good and evil ; claps a bandage round the open eyes of morals, religion, art ; and sees no salvation but in spiritual suicide, by plunging into the currents of instinctive nature that sweep us we know not whither. This tragic paradox has, indeed, a generous source, and is even thrown up by a certain wild tumultuous piety. It springs from a deep sense of the hatefulness of self-worship, and the barrenness of mere self-formation. It is a stormy prayer for escape from these ; only with face turned, alas ! in the wrong direction—*back* towards the west, with its fading visions of Atlantic islands of Unconsciousness, instead of *forwards* to the east, where already the heavens are pale with a light, instead of a darkness, not our own.

Though this despair of the highest objective truth could not fail, in the long-run, to produce pathetic and tempestuous results, yet for a while the mere deliverance from the negations of the empirical schools sufficed for a gospel : and the new sense of divine mystery and meaning, behind all that met the common eye, was little else in effect than a revelation. A certain consecration fell on what had been quite secular before : and with this peculiarity, that its influence spread as an underground beneath the foundations of ob-

jects and pursuits previously disconnected, and became a common conductor of fresh reverence into them all. Literature, art, politics, natural knowledge, seemed to sit less apart from religion. Heave off the utilitarian incubus from above, and secret affinities begin to be felt at the roots of their life. When it is no longer "the sole aim" of poetry "to please," of science to "get fruit" for the storehouses of comfort, of government "to protect body and goods," of sculpture and painting to minister to luxury,—they obtain ideal ends, which in essence melt and merge together; and all of them—beauty, truth, and righteousness—culminate in the reality of God. Whatever the theologians may say, the age owes a debt of rare gratitude to the man who, above all others, has awakened this new sense within its soul, has touched with a strange devoutness many a class which book and surplice had ceased to awe; has taken the impertinent self-will out of the movements of pencil, pen, and chisel; and made even Mechanics' Institutions ashamed of their incipient millennium of "useful knowledge." The influence of Mr. Carlyle's writings, and especially of his *Sartor Resartus*, has been primarily exerted on classes of men most exposed to temptations of egotism and petulance, and least subjected to any thing above them,—academics, artists, littérateurs, "strong-minded" women, "debating" youths, Scotchmen of the phrenological grade, and Irishmen of the Young-Ireland school. In the altered mood of mind which has been induced in these various groups within the last five-and-twenty years we acknowledge a conspicuous good; and could even hear, with more of sadness than of condemnation, the passionate words that once burst from the lips of a believer: "Carlyle is my religion!"

The *unity*, however, which our prophet's mystic sense discerns among our human "arts and sciences" is *too* great: and we must reclaim from him a distinction which not even the fusing power of his genius can do more than blur and conceal. Not in the *human and moral* world

only, but *quite similarly in the physical*, does he see the expression of the Infinite and Divine. Both are alike symbols of the one spiritual essence, which is hid from the blind, and revealed to the wise, in all. He does not, like Coleridge, separate *nature* and *spirit* into two realms, quite differently related to him who is the source of both,—the one his moulded fabric, the other his free image,—but treats them indiscriminately as the vehicles of his manifestation, and phenomena through which the Divine force pours. This is not, indeed, done by sinking humanity into a mere object of natural history; rather by raising the objects of natural history up to the spiritual level, adding significance to them, instead of taking it from us. But still, man is not permitted to remain quite *sui generis*: he is simply the *highest* of the countless emblems woven into the universal “garment of God.” The texture is one and homogeneous throughout:—in one sense all natural, as a determinate product in time; in another, all supernatural, as mysteriously issuing from eternity. The same comprehensive formula,—the appearance of the Infinite in the finite,—serves everywhere, and equally describes the “lily of the field” and the Redeemer who interpreted its meaning.

Did we want to turn human life into a mere school of Art, there might be nothing very fatal in the looseness of this doctrine. An impartial conception of some Divine idea in everything may clear away the film of sense, and open to view the life of much that else were dead. To rend away the veil is the grand condition for enabling the eye to see: whoever does this, may talk as he pleases of the realities behind; they will vindicate themselves. Yet even for truth of *representation*, and infinitely more for faithfulness of character and action, a distinctive reverence for man as *more than natural*, as the abode of God in a sense quite false of clouds and stars, as intrusted with himself that he may surrender to a higher,—is indispensable. For want of this, Mr. Carlyle loses all ground of difference

between the *natural* and the *right*,—the out-come of tendency and the free creations of conscience. He is tempted into excessive admiration of mere realizing strength, irrespective of any higher test of spiritual worth. Whatever can get upon its feet, and persist in standing on this world, is vindicated in his eyes, and exhibited as a sample of the “eternal laws :” while that which has nothing to show for itself except that it *ought to be*,—righteousness that knocks in vain at the door of visible “fact,”—meets with no sympathy from him, and is even jeered at for its foolish patience in still sitting on the step with unremitting prayer. True, he does not admit the rights of possession till after a pretty long term, and knows how to treat the “shams” and upstarts of to-day, the “flunkey” powers that usurp more venerable place, with withering scorn :—still, however, for a reason which would equally condemn an aspiration transcending human conditions, viz., because they are at variance with the laws of the actual, and are sure to be disowned by the baffling solidity of nature. Against the fickle multitude of momentary facts and popular semblances, he sides with the conservative aristocracy of natural laws ; but recognizes no divine monarchy with prerogatives over both. The kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of nature being identical, neither transcending the other, but being related only as inner meaning and outward expression, no margin is left for an *ideal* other than the long-run of the *actual*,—for an “*ought*” beyond the “*can*,”—for a will of God surpassing finite conditions. Hence Mr. Carlyle’s habit of resolving all ethical evil into “insincerity” and “unveracity,”—surely a most inadequate formula for the expression of even commonplace moral judgments. Extend these terms ever so much,—use them to denote *unconscious* as well as *conscious* self-variance,—nay, include in them also defiance of *nature and outward possibility*,—still, what far-fetched circuits must be taken before you can bring under such a definition the sins of envy, covetousness, resentment, and prudent licentiousness !

The root of this delusive conception of human goodness lies in the pantheistic assumption, that to fly in the face of natural forces is to withstand the highest that there is ; and its fruit, when fully ripe, cannot fail to be an indifference to many a natural sin,—a lowering of the ideal standard of conscience, and a derision of baffled yet trusting righteousness. Every reader of Mr. Carlyle can remember painful instances of entire abdication of all moral judgment on atrocious actions and abandoned men,—a Mirabeau and a September massacre : nay, even ridicule of the whole distinction of moral and immoral applied to actions, as “the blockhead’s distinction ;” and many a hint that the difference lies only in the *customariness* (*mores*) of one practice as compared with another. Did it never occur to him to ask whether it is the human usages that make the moral sense, or not rather the moral sense that makes the human usages ?

Yet this questionable doctrine, often provoked into expression by some senseless prudery or ungenial rigour, is very far from representing the author’s real and deepest mind. Flashes of purer light meet you not rarely, especially in his earlier writings. Who can forget how, in the hour of uttermost desolation, amid the wildest storm of unbelief, the sheet anchor of the unhappy Teufelsdröckh was the “*infinite nature of Duty* ;” and in this form never, in his utmost extremity, did the Divine presence desert him ? And are we not told, in many changing tones, that in obedience and reverence alone can any true freedom be found ? that we are to recognize God in the *higher* life within us, as opposed to the pleasure-life ? that we can find him only by self-renunciation ? In these ingenious days, when no one proposition is so rude as to contradict any other, some disciple of the “many-sided” poet, or some proficient in the “dialectic process,” may be able to harmonize such sentiments with the assertion that “*man cannot but obey whatever he ought to obey.*” At present we do not pretend to have reached the “higher unity” in

which appeals to our freedom coalesce with the assertion of universal necessity.

To pull up the fence between "nature" and "spirit" within us is to throw the Understanding and the Character into the same field. We are therefore prepared for the celebrated paradox, that intellect and goodness always go together; so that, of mental insight and moral soundness, either may be taken as the measure of the other. If by "intellect" and "insight" is meant exclusively what Coleridge calls "*reason*," this statement not only ceases to be a paradox, but becomes almost a truism: for it is the chief function of this power to make us conscious of moral truth and obligation; and the consciousness fades when faithlessly neglected. But if these terms refer to what Coleridge calls "*understanding*,"—if the possession of this endowment constitutes a claim upon them,—then the doctrine is conspicuously false: for the "adaptive intelligence," being an *animal* faculty, is entirely separable from moral conditions; actually exists without them in many tribes of creatures; and in man simply rises to a quickness of generalization and a skill in the use of means which imply nothing respecting the wise estimate or the faithful pursuit of *ends*. Low passions and selfish impulses are quite capable of enlisting on their behalf all the resources of this mental gift; their partnership with which gives us the idea of a satanic nature. Mr. Carlyle, we believe, means to say, that *this* sort of "understanding" he will not acknowledge as intellect; it is a mere "beaver" or "fox" faculty, not to be noticed among the distinctions of man. Not till you have got beyond mechanical ingenuity and lawyer adroitness do you enter on the proper *human* territory; within which, capacity and character go together. This interpretation, throwing us upon Coleridge's upper region, reduces the maxim to an intelligible truth. But will Mr. Carlyle consent to take it with all its fair consequences? Will he, without flinching, read the truth *both* ways,—inferring *either* term of this constant ratio ("*intellectual*" and "*moral*")

from the magnitude of the other? We know that, where he discovers (as in Mirabeau) great force of *mind*, he is ready to plead this in bar of all objections against *character*, and to insist that, in spite of appearances, such brightness of eye *must* carry with it soundness of conscience. But will he turn the problem round, and abide by it still? When he finds, deep hid in the retreats of private life, a goodness eminent and even saintly, a moral clearness and force great in their way as Mirabeau's keen-sightedness, will he accept the sign in evidence of mighty intellect? Will he say that, notwithstanding the meek and homely look, high genius must assuredly be there? We fear not: at least, we remember no instance in which the inference is set with its face this way; whilst it is familiar to all his readers as an excuse for admiration startling to the moral sense. In truth, this maxim, more perhaps than any other indication, expresses the *pagan* character of our author's mind; his alienation from the distinctively Christian type of reverence rather for the inner sanctities of self-renunciation than for the outward energies of self-assertion. His "hero-worships" certainly present us with a list far from concurrent with the "beatitudes:" nor can we fancy that he would listen with much more patience than a Lucian or a Pliny to blessings on the meek and merciful, the pure in heart, the ever-thirsty after righteousness. For him too, as for so many gifted and ungifted men, the force which will not be stopped by any restraint on its way to great achievement,—the genius which claims to be its own law, and will confess nothing diviner than itself,—have an irresistible fascination. His eye, overlooking the landscape of humanity, always runs up to the brilliant peaks of *power*: not, indeed, without a glance of love and pity into many a retreat of quiet goodness that lies safe beneath their shelter; but should the sudden lightning, or the seasonal melting of the world's ice-barriers, bring down a ruin on that green and feeble life, his voice, after one faint cry of pathos, joins in with the thunder and shouts with the triumph of the avalanche. Ever watch-

ing the strife of the great *forces* of the universe, he, no doubt, sides on the whole against the Titans with the gods : but if the Titans make a happy fling, and send home a mountain or two to the very beard of Zeus, he gets delighted with the game on any terms and cries, " Bravo ! "

The *Sartor Resartus* finds the manifestation of God in the *entire life* of the universe ; in visible nature ; in individual man, and especially his *higher* mind ; in the march and process of history ; and in the organic development of humanity as a whole. The author's tendency, however, has increasingly been to retreat from all other media of Divine expression upon his favourite centre,—the genius and energy of *heroic men*. So much has he gathered-in his lights of interpretation upon this focus, as to incur the charge of setting up the personality of individuals as the single determining agency in the affairs of the world, and forgetting the larger half of the truth, that all persons, taken one by one, are but elements of a great social organism, to whose laws of providential growth they must be held subordinate. History cannot be resolved into a mere series of biographies : nor can the individual be justly estimated in his insulation, and tried by the mere inner law of his own particular nature. It would be a melancholy outlook for the world, if its courses were simply contingent on the genius and life of a few great men, without any security from a general law behind that they should appear at the right time and place, and with the aptitudes for the needful work. And, on the other hand, were the life of nations to be expended in nothing else than the production of its half-dozen heroes ; were this splendid but scanty blossoming the great and only real thing it does, there would seem to be a wasteful disproportion between the mighty forest that falls for lumber and the sparse fruit that would lie upon your open hand. There is need, therefore, of some more manifest relation between individual greatness and the collective life of humanity ; and to save us from egoism, from fatalism, from arbitrary and capricious morals, we must learn

to recognize a divine method of development in both,—*primarily*, in race and nation, and with authority over the *secondary* functions of personal genius.

That Mr. Carlyle's "hero-worship" requires to be balanced by a supplementary doctrine of society and collective humanity, he would himself perhaps be disposed to allow. But what is this supplement to be? Is it merely to teach that the *individual* is to hold himself at the disposal of *the whole*? to correct his conscience by the general tradition or the permanent voice of humanity; to sink his egoism, to temper it by immersion in the universal element, and become the organ of the progress of the species? Far be it from us to deny that there may be men susceptible of inspiration from such a faith,—capable of dying for such abstractions as a "law of development," of being torn limb from limb out of regard for "the whole." Still less would we disparage by one word a heroism all the nobler for the faint whispers that suffice to waken it into life. Yet we cannot help feeling that in these impersonal ideas,—of "collective society," "law of the whole," "destination of mankind," &c.—there is a want of natural authority over the conscience, and, missing the conscience, over the personal impulses of individual men. In the mere notions of "whole and part," of "organism and member," of "average rule and particular case," there resides no *moral* element, no *rights over the will*: and if ever they seem to carry such functions, it is only because a deeper feeling lurks behind and lends them the insignia of a prerogative not their own. In a world of mere "general laws," it would ever remain a melancholy thing to see living heroes and saints struck down at the altar of "historical tendency" by some shadowy dagger of necessity. Love, enthusiasm, devotion, need some concrete and living object; if not to command their allegiance, at least to turn it from sorrow into joy. And you have but to translate your "progress of the species" into "Kingdom of Heaven," and the problem is solved. The ever-living God stands in Person between the "in-

dividual " and the "whole,"—by his communion mediating between them,—stirring in the conscience of the one, and constituting the tides of advancing good in the other,—and so engaging both in one spiritual life. Surrendering immediately to him, instead of to the ultimate ratios of the world, faithful men fling themselves into Omnipotent sympathy, and find deliverance and repose. They have a trust that relieves them of every care ; and can leave themselves to be applied to the great account and problem of the world by One who is in the midst, and from the first, and at the end, at once. Through him, therefore, as the common term of all righteousness, must the collective humanity win its due rights and reverence from each. The private conscience ceases to be private, the public claim to be merely public, when both are to us the instant pleadings of his living authority. In obeying them, we yield neither to a mixed multitude of our own kind, whose average voice is no better than our own, nor even to our mere higher self ; but to the august Revealer of whatever is pure and just and true. In enforcing its traditions and inheritance of right, the Nation or Society of men is not proudly riding on its own arbitrary will, but recognizing the trust committed to it, and serving as the organism of eternal rectitude.

It is for want of this deliverance from Self at the upper end, that Mr. Carlyle, resolute to break the ignoble bondage on any terms, proposes escape at the lower end ; and, preaching up the glories of "Unconsciousness," sighs for relapse into the life of blind impulsive tendency. With him, we confess the curse ; we groan beneath its misery ; but we see from it a double path,—backward into Nature, forward into God,—and cannot for an instant doubt that the Self-consciousness which is the beginning of Reason is never to recede, but to rise and free itself in the transfiguration of Faith. Deny and bar out this hope, and who can wonder if the sharpest remedies for man's selfish security are welcomed with a wild joy ; if *any* convulsion that shall strip off the green crust of artificial culture and lay bare the primi-

tive rock beneath us, appears as a needful return of the fermenting chaos? How else are the elementary forces of instinctive nature to re-assert their rights and *begin again* from their unthinking freshness? In some such feeling as this we find, perhaps, the source, in Mr. Carlyle, of that terrible glee that seems to flame up at the spectacle of revolutionary storms, and to dart with mocking gleams of devilry and tender streaks of humanity over a background of "divine despair." Indeed we could not wish for a better illustration of the two paths of escape from Self,—back into Nature, forward into God,—than the contrast of Carlyle and Maurice in the whole colouring and climate of their spirit: the sad, pathetic, scornful humour of the one, capricious with laughter, tears, and anger, and expressive of manful pity and endurance, alike removed from fear and hope; and the buoyant, serene, trustful temper of the other, genial even in its indignation, and penetrated with the joy of an Infinite Love.

The three schools of doctrine at which we have thus rapidly glanced occupy the most distant points in the English religion of the present age; or, at least, in the new fields of tendency which it has opened. It may seem a vain quest to look for any thing common to the whole. Yet when they are interpreted by their inner spirit, rather than by their outward relations, one thought will be found secreted at the heart of all—the perennial Indwelling of God in Man and in the Universe. This is the distinct gain that has been won by the spiritual consciousness of the time; and that already enriches fiction and poetry, art and social morals, not less than direct theology. In the preceding criticisms we have said enough to show that we are not indifferent to the mode and form of doctrine in which this thought is embodied. But however threatening the mists from which it has to clear itself, it is the dawn of a truth,—a blush upon the East,—wakening up trustful hearts to thanksgiving and hope. We know well the anger and antipathy of all the elder parties towards every phase of the

new sentiment. We are accustomed to their absurd and heartless attempt to divide all men between the two poles of their logical dilemma,—either absolute Atheism, or else “our” orthodoxy. But these are only symptoms that the new wine cannot go into the old bottles. They do but betray the inevitable blindness of party-life,—the increasing self-seeking, the loss of genial humility, the conceit of finished wisdom, which mark the decadence of all sects. Precisely in the middle of this pretended alternative of necessity,—far from “Atheism” on the one hand, and from most “orthodoxies” on the other,—stand at this moment the vast majority of the most earnest, devout, philosophic Christians of our time; men with trust in a Living Righteousness, which no creed of one age can adequately define for the fresh experiences given to the spirit of another. To them, and not to the noisy devotees and Pharisees of party, do we look for the faith of the future.

VII.

SCHLEIERMACHER'S LIFE AND TIMES.*

IT is not unusual with our German cousins to dignify Biography with the dilatoriness of History. They think it decorous to let nothing be said of an eminent man, more authentic than a funeral panegyric or a *Fackelzug* ode, till his generation sleeps around him, and his hand-writing becomes an orthographical curiosity. Returning from his grave, they lock up his desk, and put by the key till his grandchildren are grown up: and then at length, when his books have become classics and his personality a shadow, memorials are opened which define the human figure and give it the movement and the flush of life. Our English sympathies are more impatient at first,—perhaps less susceptible to posthumous appeal. We like to spend our love and honour at near view;—to hang up our portraits while the colours are yet fresh, and the costume not out of date. Arnold's Life was in our hands within two years of his death; Blanco White's, within four; Channing's, within six. But for Niebuhr's correspondence his countrymen had to wait some twenty years; Stein's has only recently

* “Aus Schleiermacher's Leben. In Briefen.” Berlin, 1858.—
“Sketches of Schleiermacher's Life, from his Correspondence.” 8vo.
2 vols.—*National Review*, April, 1859.

appeared : and here, after a quarter-century, the interior is thrown open to us of a life which, more perhaps than any other since the Reformation, has given its tincture to the future of Christianity. The delay, however, we must confess, is no disadvantage to the foreign reader, to whom time has placed Schleiermacher in nearer rather than in remoter relations, and rendered the scene and period of his activity more familiar than before. Names, places, and events,—opinions, books, and questions,—which had no meaning for our fathers, have emerged into the light for us. By dint of much labour and the reiterated assurances of Mrs. Austin and Mr. Carlyle, every Englishman is enabled, when Germany is mentioned, to think of something else than King Frederick's cocked-hat, or Queen Charlotte's snuff, or Prince Hohenlohe's miracles : he has discovered for some time that the language can really be pronounced and even sung : he has caught glimpses of a spiritual life behind Hessian troopers and Bavarian beer ; and enters not quite as a stranger the circle to which these volumes introduce him, from Moses Mendelssohn and Kant to Arndt and Twisten. The book is essentially autobiographical in its effect. There are scarcely any letters but Schleiermacher's own and those of a few almost domestic friends. But as he was in contact with all that was highest in the life of his time, we have sketches,—often slight indeed, but taken on the spot,—of the chief poets, critics, and philosophers of the most brilliant German age. Whoever cares for the literary feuds which transferred the sceptre from Nicolai to the Schlegels, till it rested in Goethe's royal hands ;—or for the surprises of speculation whereby the universe, at the bidding of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, several times disappeared or changed its dress ;—or for the patriotic struggles which worked through the night of Napoleonic despotism, cheered by the songs of Arndt and ready with the arms of Scharnhorst ; will here find words out of the very heart of all this life, and stand in the midst of its laughter and its grief. And it is through no dim or incom-

petent eye that he looks at it all : in assuming Schleiermacher's vision, he has the benefit of no ordinary medium ;—of a discernment keen and wide,—a judgment considerate and calm,—a feeling lofty and tender.

The greatness of Schleiermacher as a theologian arises less from any specific force of genius than from the compass and balance of his mind. His intellectual appetite was omnivorous : and he early complains of his too impartial susceptibility towards all liberal pursuits. One only stipulation does his feeling require. They must not be merely technical and formal, but touched with some living interest human or divine. The natural sciences, as opening glimpses into the method of the universe ; philology, as putting the very fibres and circulation of human thought under the microscope ;—history, as manifesting the moral organism of the world ;—philosophy, as the struggle of finite mind with problems of the infinite ;—divinity, as the systematical record and interpretation of the religious consciousness in man ;—all attracted him with equal and constant power, and drew from him specimens of masterly criticism, if not of original research. His Greek scholarship was not his strongest point : but one who is called by Immanuel Bekker "Platonis Restitutor," and whose work upon this field is defended by Boeckh against all impugnors, cannot stand far below the highest rank of contemporary Grecians. He emphatically disclaimed all pretensions to philosophical speculation : yet no one can study his *Survey of Ethics* without admiration, both of its acuteness in detail and of the commanding vastness of its view over the whole. In biblical criticism, in church history, in interpretation of doctrine, he has since been surpassed :—but it is by his own pupils, under the impulse of his spirit and in the development of his method : nor is it too much to say that his *Program of Theological Studies*, and his still more remarkable *Glaubens-Lehre*, have permanently altered the whole configuration of scientific discipline for the Protestant divine. It is less, however, the completeness of his

intellectual accomplishments than the interfusion through it all of a paramount religious feeling, that determined the form of his theology, by giving it an inner centre, whence it worked creatively outwards in all directions and compelled the whole matter of thought and knowledge to feel the pulsations of a common heart. The two extremes of the previous period,—its mechanical orthodoxy and its deistical rationalism,—marvellously disappear in him :—not that he destroys them by refutation :—not that he patches up an eclectic peace between them :—but their withered fruits seem to drop upon a fresh soil in him, and produce a living growth entirely new, where old truths carry a young sap and reputed negations break into bloom. Looking on the religious consciousness of mankind as the mirror in which Divine truth is reflected, and on the spiritual experience of Christendom in particular as its perfect and final revelation, he regards it as the function of theology to apprehend and interpret the essential Christian feeling, to clear it of its accidental admixtures, and exhibit it in its originality and catholicity. The sense of sin, the thirst for redemption, the recognition of Christ as uniting and reconciling the human and the Divine, constitute the characteristics, and supply the test, of a true disciple's faith : and every thing beyond this,—all conceptions and doctrines which have hung round this central consciousness as its pictorial or dogmatic dress,—must be regarded as open to criticism and change. By the use of this criterion he obtained room for the free action of historical and biblical criticism, and remained tranquil at his point of refuge, whatever altered aspect might be given to external facts or church opinions. Not only were such ecclesiastical articles of belief as the doctrines of the Trinity, the vicarious satisfaction of Christ and his personal pre-existence, relegated to the list of "open questions;" but the New Testament writings themselves, as mixed products of the new grace and the old nature, are resolved into their permanent and their accidental elements; the former most richly found in

the spiritual Christ of the Johannine gospel ; the latter comprising whatever is Judaic and Messianic, with many of the special narratives, as of the birth, the ascension, and some of the intervening miracles of Christ. He thus withdrew the Christian faith to a shelter of inward reverence, out of the shifting currents of philosophical or historical opinion : and remained at peace in it, while others were drifting they knew not whither, or vainly protesting that there was no tide at all. In this course he was singularly faithful to a true and noble instinct. He profoundly felt that the Christian view of life and type of piety had their own intrinsic vindications, and were contingent on no undetermined authority. To render the consciousness of them clear was to reach their eternal root. They had become variously entangled with metaphysical, scientific, and antiquarian judgments, which had no plea of exemption from revision, and were fast betraying their transiency. He was far above the stupid impiety of intellectual fear on God's behalf. Let philosophy, let criticism, move freely on their way, and all that they find be welcome. That consciousness of God which it is not theirs to reach can look forth on any world they may spread around it, and give it the tincture of Christian consecration. Such was Schleiermacher's point of view, — surely devout and wise and generous. We are far from saying that Christian theology can be permanently sequestered, as it is in his scheme, from the problems either of speculative thought or of historical research. Having an all-comprehensive sympathy, it will inevitably reinvest itself with both. But there are times, — and such is the age yet unexpired, — when, in order to snatch it from fermenting storms and leave them to sweep on their purifying way, it is kindly recalled to the sheltered oratory of the inward life.

It is not our intention, however, to attempt any report or critique of Schleiermacher's system. Our concern is not with his treatises as exhibiting his doctrine, but with his private letters as revealing the man. The few words

we have said respecting his characteristics are prefixed only as the portrait of his person is prefixed to the volumes before us ; that the reader may not be without some image of the form into which the growing features set, and may feel upon him the clear mild eye that looks so ready for the tear either of pity or of prayer.

Friedrich Daniel Ernst Schleiermacher, born at Breslau in 1768, was second child and oldest son of a poor army-chaplain in Silesia, belonging not to the Lutheran but to the Reformed (or Calvinistic) communion. Some pleasant womanly letters of his mother's to her brother, Pastor Stubenrauch of Halle, show the interior of a frugal pious home, and of a lively, somewhat unmanageable nursery ; in which a weakly, anxious, fretful girl,—the good Charlotte to be so loved and cared for by-and-by,—and the tiny Fritz, getting all his accomplishments, speaking, reading, thinking, before the time,—and the lout Carl, penetrable only by the rod,—got through the hours together as they could. Of the father, absent on his itinerant duties for months at a time, we hear little for a while : the most conspicuous effect of his existence being a brief fluster through the house on his return, of vigorous sewing and washing and gossiping up the long arrears of home and field experience. The burden of the education fell upon the mother ; whose chief joy, it is evident, is in Fritz's quick mind and susceptible heart. In fact, he is rather *too* good and clever : for two whole years at Breslau school, he gets nothing but first-rate tickets, with the exception of one " pretty well : " and in so small a boy all this popularity begins to tell unfavourably upon his morals : he grows somewhat proud and uppish, and disappoints occasionally the mother's dream of a little Samuel. Fear not, gentle mother : the grace thou prayest for him shall flow upon him through thyself,—now through thy reverent ways and loving words, and then through thy silent image when thou canst speak with him no more. In addition to the check at home, his incipient conceit was soon pulled down by experience of a higher school. On

removal of the family to Pless, on the borders of Galicia, he had two years' discipline under a pupil of Ernesti's, and found his faculties tasked and his emulation awakened by contact with real scholarship. But he was snatched from this advantage by another shifting of the domestic camp,—this time into a rural district, where no disciple of Ernesti had penetrated. For a year the boy of fourteen got what he could out of his father's spare time; and something, probably much more considerable, from the home store of books, which far exceeded, we regret to say, the resources of the army-chaplain's pay, and burdened him with debts for the rest of his life. It was necessary, however, to put an end to this pædagogic interregnum: the parents, anxious above all things to screen their children from the approaches of an unbelieving world, pay an exploratory visit to the Moravian brotherhood at Bertelsdorf at the time of their annual meeting; and being delighted with the spectacle of a purity and piety so rare, they leave all three children behind them to be entered in the schools at Niesky. In that pleasant Lusatian country, the young Fritz was to spend two of the most fruitful years of his life; insatiably drinking from the fountains of ancient literature and history; locked in closest friendship with his companion Albertini, afterwards Episcopus of the fraternity; imbibing health from the pure air of the hills and rambles over red-brown fallows or swelling harvest-fields; transported into marvellous deeps by the musical worship of the brotherhood in the great festivals of the Christian year; yet withal, conscious from the first of a certain incipient shadow which was to darken into sad eclipse ere his soul could be left in a heaven clear and bright.

Though the vow of the United Brethren binds them only to mutual love and a common life of apostolic simplicity,—though it professedly recognizes as the basis of union nothing but the universal Christian faith,—the interpretation practically put upon this Catholic pretension may be conjectured from the entire satisfaction it afforded to

the "Reformed" army-chaplain and his wife. In fact he found them no otherwise distinguished in belief from the communion familiar to him, than by the intense sincerity and thoroughness with which they realized and lived upon their doctrines. The utterness of human corruption and natural certainty of endless perdition,—the absolute cleansing of the curse away by the satisfying blood of God the Son,—the need of supernatural conversion in order to appropriate this redemption by faith,—the demand of vivid evidence in the *consciousness*, by a series of passionate experiences and novel affections, that this grace has passed upon the believer ; all these conceptions are presented in their hymns, their worship, their daily speech, with an unshrinking baldness which excludes compromise or escape. Minds too calm to catch the contagious flame, too clear to fancy it, too veracious to pretend it, must remain sorrowfully apart, long reproaching their insensibility, ere they venture to suspect the delusion. Upon the young Schleiermacher, susceptible as he was of religious impression, the strain was too great. Already when a child of eleven years, he had pondered with anxious puzzle what he heard about endless punishments and the mode of rescue from them. At thirteen he laments to his mother that he has yet no consciousness of Christ's love and grace ; which she attributes to his aiming so conscientiously at his own improvement ! During the week's preliminary visit to Bertelsdorf, he suffered great solicitude from the same cause ; never questioning the depravity of his nature, but in no way assured of the supernatural grace of which he heard so much. His self-distrust, however, made him only the more eager to enter so holy a community, where surely, if anywhere, the dew would fall upon his heart. For a while the new life seems to have been so helpful to him as to suspend any morbid action that had begun. His letters to his sister, who had been received into community at Gnadenfrei simultaneously with himself at Niesky, are very religious without apparent constraint or sadness : and it is only

towards the end of his school-days that his father has to answer his renewed self-accusations of unregenerate coldness towards the Saviour. The fiery trial had but smouldered ; and was to burst out in all its fierceness at the next stage of his career. At the age of seventeen he and Albertini (Pylades and Orestes as they were called) were entered as students at the Seminary of Barby near Magdeburg—the University of the Herrnhüter : and in spite of voracious reading, rather indeed in consequence of a mental activity beyond the resources of the institution, — the religious spectre returned in more definite shape. His uncle Stubenrauch's residence at Halle seems to call up visionary possibilities of a real University course, whose object shall be not faith but sight, and which may help him through his doubts and scruples. He complains to his father that he has no chance where he is of becoming a thorough theologian ; that in the exegetical class-room the students hear nothing of the objections to the received system, and have no means of comparing the modes of thought which notoriously divide Christendom ; and that this unworthy exclusiveness disturbs his trust. It is plain he was not exigent : a modest amount of sympathy would have answered his present need. But the army-chaplain knew nothing better than his usual dogmatic drill ; and sharply bid him “beware of the tree of knowledge,” keep clear of vain objectors, be assured that the Bible was an inexhaustible cyclopædia, and remember that faith was the Godhead's royal due. The cup could hold no more : and the bitterness of the youth's heart overflowed at last in a confession full of sweetness and reverence, but clear, dignified, and firm. In the course of it (in a letter of 21st Jan. 1787) he says :

“ I confessed to you in my last letter my dissatisfaction with the limited scope of my position here : I pointed out the facilities it gave to religious doubts, which in our times are so apt to arise among young people ; and I thought in this way to prepare you for the intelligence that such had become my

case. But I failed to do so. You conceived that your reply had set me at rest : and I held my peace in a way I cannot justify for six whole months, because I could not find it in my heart to undeceive you. Faith, you say, is the Godhead's royal due. Oh, best of fathers, if you believe that without this faith there can be no blessedness, not at least salvation in the other life, and no peace in this,—if such indeed is your belief, oh ! implore God to give it me : for as it is, I have lost it. I cannot believe that he who called himself only the Son of Man, was the true, eternal God. I cannot believe that his death was a vicarious atonement ; because he never expressly said so himself ; and because I cannot believe it to have been necessary : for it is impossible that God, who has evidently created men not for perfection but for the pursuit of it, should will their eternal punishment for not attaining it. Oh, best of fathers, the deep and penetrating suffering with which I write this letter will not allow me to recite in detail the history of my soul in regard to my opinions and all the strong grounds I have for them : but I entreat you urgently, regard them not as transient thoughts without deep root. For nearly a year has their hold on me been what it is : and it is not without long tension of reflection that I have adopted them. I pray you keep not back from me your strongest counter-reasons : but, let me honestly confess, I do not expect that you will convince me at present, for I feel my position fixed." (Vol. i. p. 45.)

He proceeds to discuss his altered future ; begging in any case for two years, under direction of his uncle at Halle ; expressing a willingness to prepare himself for any profession, including that of a schoolmaster, that may be assigned to him ; but avowing his strong preference for the continued study of theology, were it not perhaps too much to expect his father's aid in giving another heterodox teacher to his native land.

What might have been the reception of this communication had it fallen into the good mother's hands, can only be conjectured. Doubtless, she believed the creeds at least as devoutly as her husband, and had no glimmering of any new lights. But orthodoxy is human and precarious ; love, divine and persistent : and when they try an issue together,

there is no end to the gracious ingenuities which slip through every damnatory plea and win a gentle verdict. She had been, however, now these three years where, it may be hoped, heavenly things cast no troubled shadows, and the Holy Spirit blows up no storms. Left to his own wisdom in this emergency, the army-chaplain rushes at his heretical son with reproaches for sending an affliction into heaven and disturbing the mother's everlasting peace:—there can be no doubt of it, since even the stepmother (for the father has now another wife) has had a crying-fit about his heresies. “O you fool of a son!”—begins the paternal letter,—“who has bewitched you that you obey not the truth? Jesus Christ was set before your face, and now you crucify him.” And in the same style of cruel insult, paragraph after paragraph proceeds. The youth is upbraided with the religious solitudes his tender conscience had so often felt, and told that they came from the same corruption of heart which has now leavened the whole lump of him with unbelief. Let him begone into the vain world whose honours he covets, and see whether he can live upon its husks. He talks about his “reasons” being “strong:” Pshaw! it is his pride and self-will that are strong indeed: his objections are what a child could overthrow. To this puerile task, accordingly, the army-chaplain condescendingly addresses himself with success not brilliant, we should think, in his own eyes, and altogether ineffectual upon his son. A sadder effusion of helpless orthodoxy and irritated affection (for affection, of the “Reformed” type, there still is), it would be difficult to find than this letter. There is acid in it for every open wound: and that Fritz could ever recover from the anguish it inflicted and persevere in his filial reverence, shows what balm there was in his genial nature. The advent of better days was materially aided by Uncle Stubenrauch; who now proves himself a wise and sympathizing counsellor, manifestly moved towards the youth, yet influential with the father, and able, by his residence at Halle, to facilitate the next step, and offer in his house a poor

scholar's chamber for the Moravian exile. To Halle, accordingly, the young heretic goes;—somewhat precipitately at last : for having confided to his religious guides at Barby the tattered condition of his belief, he finds that their brotherly love cannot hold out beyond Easter,—that he must spend the intervening weeks in spiritual quarantine, and then be finally removed beyond their borders as a poisoned “vessel.”

And so, repelled by all who had cherished him, cast out with the mark of Cain upon him, he turns his face towards a city of strangers, and quits the scenes where chiefly his nature had struck root. Eighteen years afterwards (April 1805) he revisited the spot to which he had bid this desolate adieu. It was at the very date of his expulsion,—the Easter Festival of Immortality, which he had been deemed unworthy to share. The first sight of the familiar place and ways opened every spring of tenderness again, and the bitterness seemed all forgot : for his heart was a kindly and mellow soil ; and the melancholy rain of the darkest experience sank gently in, only to become the sap of some green life. His account of this visit occurs in a letter of birth-day remembrance to a lady-friend who had spent the day at the bed-side of one of her children drooping towards death :

“I was not aware, dear friend, that your birth-day fell on Easter Tuesday : but my thoughts were particularly full of you on my solitary way. For, do you know, I have been spending my Easter with the Brotherhood at Barby : a fine and holy time of it I have had, days full of notable memories and delightful present experience. Barby was formerly the seat of the Seminary or University of the Brotherhood, whence I took my leave of them and came hither to Halle, now eighteen years ago. At present Barby is the seat of the Brotherhood's Institute, previously in Lusatia, for the higher education of boys, to which I was committed by my father two-and-twenty years ago, and where, under guidance of a genuine inward impulse, I entered into membership myself. So that Barby most vividly recalled to me at once the beginning and the end of my Herrnhütist

career. The old Rector too of the Institute, from whom I first learned Greek and Hebrew, and who distinguished me, as long as I was under him, by quite a father's love, I found still living, an old man of seventy-seven years, bright and active, and most heartily glad to see me again. Then there were the glorious services on Good Friday,—a public reading of the history of the Saviour's Passion, with pauses of fine expressive Church music and a few verses from hymns, and no discourse, but only just at the end, and at the very death-hour of Christ, a powerful prayer proceeding altogether on the great idea of the atonement. On the Saturday is the Love-feast at the sepulchre of Christ : and at sunrise on Easter morning the festival of the Resurrection in the churchyard. In truth, dear Charlotte, nowhere through the whole Christendom of our time is there any public worship more worthily expressing genuine Christian piety, and more sure to kindle it, than this of the Herrnhüter. And whilst lost in deeps of heavenly faith and love, I could not help profoundly feeling how far inferior is our service, in which the wretched sermon is every thing ; and this, under paltry restraints of form and subserviency to every turn of the times, and so rarely animated by the real living spirit. It will now soon devolve upon me to institute here [*i.e.*, at Halle] a public worship, which is to serve as an incitement and model to many new generations of religious teachers distributing themselves far and wide. But how unhappily limited am I in my means ! and how deeply do I deplore it, that I cannot bring home hither the best and finest elements of the Moravian worship ! There was another delightful privilege I might have had, if I had ventured to ask it. They would not have refused me participation of the Lord's Supper with the brotherhood : but I was unwilling to request what is not strictly consistent with rule. It is the only place where there is a real celebration of the Lord's Supper. By Easter Monday I was already on my road back and half way home, and my old Rector escorted me a long way out of town. Next morning as I walked briskly in splendid weather, with my knapsack-porter always lagging and panting behind, memories of the days past shaped themselves into the fairest pictures within me, with the most affectionate yearnings after you all, my precious friends. It was as if, in my forsaken condition in the world, cut off from those who constitute the truest Christian communion in visible existence, a consolation came to me from the scattered invisible Church to which I

belong, from the spirit we have in common, from our piety, our love. Do you not feel, Charlotte, how specially I dedicated the day to you,—you, the purest, the holiest of us all?" (Vol. ii. p. 21.)

From the midst of his ripest honours, indeed, he never ceased to turn a grateful eye upon these secluded years, "in which his thought and life achieved, at the cost of banishment, their freedom from the bondage of the letter." His sister remained in residence among the Herrnhüter for nearly thirty years after his departure : and during a visit to her in Lusatia, he writes :

"I am truly happy here with a dearly loved sister, in a glorious country, amid the wonder-moving impressions of an earlier stage of life. There is no place so favourable as this to lively reminiscence of my whole spiritual course, from the first higher awakening to the point at which I now stand. Here it was that my first consciousness arose of the relation of man to a higher world : on a small scale, it is true ; just as spirits, they say, often make their apparition as children and dwarfs ; spirits, however, they are, and for the essence of the thing it is all one. Here was the first unfolding in me of the mystic sentiment which so belongs to my nature, and which has upheld and saved me amid all the storms of scepticism. At that time it appeared in the germ : now it has attained its form ; and I may say that I end with becoming a Herrnhüter again, only of a higher order. You can imagine the 'lively life' in my own thoughts that I am having here." (Vol. i. p. 308.)

Such was the life-long return which his heart made to the place that had excommunicated him :—in fair compliance, we should say, with the injunction,—"Bless them that persecute you." With very meagre outfit, with shirts too easily counted, and broadcloth consciously threadbare, he arrives at Halle, and takes his place among larger and bolder men at the desks of the theological auditoria. His father, who had so dreaded for him the worldly influences of the place, prudently makes the best of what is not to be helped ; urges him to lose no time in mastering the English and French languages, that he may be recommendable "to

some distinguished family ;” and particularly counsels him to stick close to a certain young nobleman (of perfectly uncongenial habits) then at college, and in doing so to *beware of pride, and pay him the homage due to his rank*. Such advice Fritz parries with much modest self-respect, steadily excusing himself from applying artificial force to the natural affinities. Of that desirable young nobleman we hear one thing more ;—that he refused to nominate Fritz to a schoolmastership in Breslau, on the ground that he was not half *big* enough ! So ended the paternal hopes in that quarter.

In fact, the college period once over (of which scarce any memorials remain), the family problem,—what was to be done with Fritz,—became rather serious. The “English and French languages” were ready : but the “distinguished family” did not appear above the horizon. There were pickings of work for poor and finished scholars at Halle : but these all went to the Lutherans, and Fritz meant to hold by the “Reformed.” He was inwardly ripe for his examination at the threshold of the Church : but was outwardly short of the indispensable mileage to Berlin, and of clothes becoming so solemn an occasion and so dignified a presence as that of Examiner, Hofprediger, Consistorialrath Sack. This last measure, however, is successfully brought to pass in May 1790, after a year’s residence as guest with Uncle Stubenrauch, now removed to Drossen (near Frankfurt on the Oder) : with the further result too of the real discovery, through Sack’s patronage, of a “distinguished family” that will accept him as tutor. No less a person than Count Dohna commits his children to the care of the young licentiate ; who accordingly disappears for a while from the accustomed regions, and turns up in the dismal trans-Pomeranian Prussia, on the Dohna estates of Schlobitten and Finkenstein, and occasionally in the streets of Königsberg, anxious to find the house of an old gentleman named Immanuel Kant. In spite of intellectual solitude, of scanty book-supply, and purse uncomfortably light, he

spent there three not unfruitful years. The affectionate, pious, domestic life of a refined and noble house gave him many new experiences ; and, falling in also with his first preaching, it was far better, he confesses, for heart and character than the dry learning and cold theology and critical indifference of Berlin. *There* it was, as he thought, that the pale student mind in him became first suffused with the colouring of some Art-feeling and the glow of self-opening affections. He took thither all his negative rectitudes,—his abhorrence of the false, the vulgar, the incomplete : he brought thence his more genial heart for the true, the pure, the beautiful. Especially did he owe this to the eldest daughter of the family,—a pupil so blending intellectual aptitudes with graces natural and moral as to open to him a new conception of feminine excellence. What debt Frederike, in her turn, owed to him was never known : for in ten years the mutual account passed with the poor child into eternity, and the record of only the tutor's gratitude remains. Her brothers, however, grew up with warm attachment to him ; never lost an opportunity in after years of carrying him off from his work for a week's visit to the family domain ; and brought a clatter of smart officers about his lodgings whenever their military duties took them to Berlin. The relation of the tutor to the elders had not been without an occasional cloud, and in fact ended in a kind of storm. Hints are dropped, that the Countess was capable of blundering, in the children's lessons, over a Latin word,—to the amusement probably of the saucy boys ; and that the tutor, when invoked, and obliged to compromise either mamma's Latinity or his own, had felt constrained to uphold the authority of the grammars in current use. His quiet judgment and self-respect, in always requiring trust where he was to have responsibility, secured the permanent regard of both the parents : though some hasty words of the Count, when unable to carry what the tutor disapproved, threw Schleiermacher on the world again. In breaking up to depart, he

is astonished to find how many there are in the country all round that seem to love him : and as he trundled in the Postwagen out of those dreary Baltic levels, he left on them a light of kindly humanities which they never lost.

Meanwhile, an extraordinary change had been long observable in the tone of the army-chaplain's correspondence. It is no longer in the style of the Commination service. It is no longer scorched with fanatic fires, or blotted with bitter tears. It drops into speedy silence about Fritz's heresies, and sustains a wonderful cheerfulness under the prospect of his perdition. It begins to show, by other evidences than unpaid booksellers' bills, that there is a literary side to him. He wants his son's opinion about all sorts of books ; especially about the new *Kritik aller Offenbarung*, which he half-attributes to Kant ; and would like to hear something of it direct from Königsberg. It is evident that the *Critical Philosophy* is in high favour with him ; and we soon find him expressing surprise at the bigotry which can shrink from the *Religion within the Limits of Reason*, or cast an unkindly look on the "good old moral philosopher, whose excellent spirit is conspicuous in all his works." In criticizing Fritz's sermons, sent to him for the purpose, he holds up *Blair* as a perfect model. He recommends the careful study of Lessing's *Education of the Human Race*, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, of Hemsterhuis, and Lord Bacon. And all this from the man who the other day insisted that the Bible was an inexhaustible cyclopædia, beyond which it was fatal to go ! who denounced poor Fritz's latitudinarian curiosity as the expression of hopeless corruption, and scourged his "strong reasons" out upon the world with all the scorpions of the "evangelical" vocabulary ! What can have come to him ? Has he silently repented,—gone to school again with his son ;—and in his latter days opened into sympathy with the young man's heresies ? Alas ! the explanation is less honourable to his conscience and his heart : and we quote with shame the following astounding confession :

"I could wish, my dear son, that you would read and ponder Lessing's *Education of the Human Race*: you would gain from it luminous ideas of various matters much in dispute of late. And I will further suggest for your consideration whether my own course presents an example worthy of your imitation. For at least twelve years of my preaching, I was an actual unbeliever. I was at that time completely convinced that Jesus in his discourses had accommodated himself to the conceptions and even the prejudices of the Jews. But this opinion led me to the conclusion that I must *in like manner* bear myself discreetly towards the popular doctrine. I have never been able to feel myself at liberty to attack the article of the Godhead, and Atonement of Jesus, because I was aware from Church history and my own experience of other men that, from the earliest period of Christianity, this doctrine had brought consolation and amendment to millions of men; and I adopted the habit of even using it, wherever the subject allowed, in its application to morality and the love of God and man, although I was not myself convinced of its truth. I could wish that, even though you should be unable to satisfy yourself of the legitimacy of this procedure, you would at least abstain from ever publicly attacking that doctrine." (Vol. i. p. 89)

Not less illustrative are the following words on Fritz's sermons:

"Far be it from my wish to recommend Blair to you on his *declamatory* side; which, as even Mr. Sack [the translator] points out, is so very marked in the fifth sermon of the first volume. But this very instance shows us, on the one hand, that where conviction fails, declamation must take its place; and on the other, what great precaution he took not to infringe the established rule of doctrine. And this appears to me to be every Christian preacher's duty; in cases where he cannot believe in the objective truth of the type of doctrine accepted by him, nevertheless to hold himself bound to lay before his hearers what is subjective truth to them, as consistently as he can with reason, Scripture, and the end in view—their comfort, their progress in good, and their hope for the future." (Vol. i. p. 118.)

Of his misery in reading these guilty words Fritz is silent:

what could he do, poor youth, but hold his peace, and give them no response? The light they threw on all that he had undergone was something dreadful. So the very doubts for which he had been bruised and cast out had all the while no terrors for the old man at all,—were even in his eyes signs of deeper insight, and a reflection of his own experience; not past experience only, but evidently present too! While the college years continued the father still wore,—to his son as to his soldiers,—the mask of orthodoxy: but now that the student had passed into the preacher, and by safe initiation had become “one of us,” he was evidently deemed fit “to know good and evil,” and the chaplain’s secret was revealed. The profound moral insensibility with which the confession is made seems to us more revolting than the hypocrisy itself. If it at all expresses the state of mind which, by ecclesiastical standard, may coexist with personal and professional repute, it suggests a spiritual hollowness beneath the modern church, which, in spite of solemn pretensions and fair look, must make it the instrument of universal demoralization. How much young Schleiermacher’s own heart was burdened with this apprehension may be seen from the following account of a clerical assembly:

“On Wednesday was the Synodical Meeting of this diocese; and the Provost had the kindness to invite me to it; and it cost me nearly the whole day. The affair left on me nothing but melancholy impressions. Oh, dear friend, what it is to be so thrown among five-and-thirty clergymen! Not that I was ashamed of being one myself: but with all my heart did I yearningly muse upon the time, no longer, I trust, so far distant, when that sort of thing will be unproducible. I shall not live to see it: but could I only contribute a little to bring it about! Of the openly disreputable men among them I will say nothing; and would even concede that some of that stamp must be expected among such a number, especially as long as the clerical income stands at a thousand dollars. But the universal degradation, the utter impenetrability towards every thing higher, the complete low-mindedness, rising no further than what the

senses can appreciate ! Observe, I was undoubtedly the only person whose heart breathed out a sigh : for I went about sounding and trying so hard, that had another been there, I should surely have found him." (Vol. i. p. 320.)

With all its uncongenialities, however, the Christian preacher's office drew him with irresistible attraction. During the uncertain year which followed his departure from the Dohnas, he had temptations offered him to take up the schoolmaster's life ; and was actually engaged as an assistant in the Friedrich-Werder Gymnasium at Berlin. But in the spring of 1794 he accepted an invitation as colleague to a retiring clergyman at Landsberg ; wept a few "literary tears" on leaving the capital ; became the fashion as preacher in his new position ; devoted himself diligently to the instruction of the young in his parish ; and began to earn the reputation which in 1796 brought him back to Berlin to occupy the pulpit of the Charité, and take his place among the rising celebrities of the capital. That crown to his hopes the father did not live to see. The old man, long harassed by the cares of his second family, and finding his "feathers all plucked," finally drooped, and lay down to die ere Fritz had been six months at Landsberg. The correspondence between them became increasingly affectionate to the end : all the old man's better tastes and feelings seem to revive in the expanding life of his son ; and we cannot help at last parting with him in peace, and being almost carried away by his children's scarce qualified expressions of reverence and love. Sister Charlotte thenceforth succeeds to the paternal correspondence : but the loss of all the letters up to the autumn of 1797 transports us at once to a later stage. She is in her pious retirement at Gnadenfrei, full of such good affections and good works, full also of such morbid sufferings of body and mind, as are incident to a life with less in it of nature than of grace. He is in the social and literary stir of Berlin ; already perhaps doing something to qualify the heathenism and scepticism of its intellectual tone ; yet

not without some traceable reaction of it on himself. Could we consult that good sister, she would say that Fritz's Christian baptism was never more nearly worn off than during the last few years of the century : her quick religious instinct evidently took alarm at the pictures he drew of his pursuits, his associates, his whole *entourage* : and after every allowance for her narrowness of view, we cannot but recognize a certain truth in her pure and simple perception. His mind, exposed to new and stimulating influences, was indeed rather enlarging its range than changing its centre : but when suddenly introduced to the world of art by the Schlegels and Tieck, and in his first deep captivity to Plato, and appealed to, at the opening of his poetic sense, by such a power as Goethe's, it is not wonderful if for a while his development was unequal, and needed other and deeper experiences to restore the balance. Precisely when his sentiment was receiving this richer colouring, he stood in presence of another influence likely in his case to become extreme. When men of pure, sensitive, and dependent nature are thrown out of a recluse life into the society of cultivated women, they are apt to be carried away by the surprise of a new and precious sympathy. They know not where to stop ; and the more they are innocent of passion, the less have they of natural notice when the just limit of intimacy is reached. The tact which regulates these delicate relations cannot be extemporized by the clearest reason or the deepest sentiments : it is a complex product of natural feeling and of social experience : and so subtle is the play and so complete the fusion of their elements, that a counterfeit or a substitute is impossible. Schleiermacher brought into his first Berlin period no practised knowledge of men, a view of life purely ideal, a contempt for every thing conventional, and the kind of innocence which is ready to dispense with all but the inner securities of virtue. He was out of his element in the heavy, unsympathizing, inapprehensive society of his own sex : he had not robustness enough for their noise, or sanguine pulse enough to compete

with their animal spirits, or join in the rough hunt of their passion or ambition. In the companionship of cultivated women he found his inward life understood, the language of his susceptibilities interpreted; whilst the masculine force of his nature was not overlooked from its spiritual quality; but the calm magnitude of his intellect, and the even courage and persistency of his will, rewarded him with that trust and allegiance which first completes the consciousness of manhood. The intimacies into which he was thus led were closer than the rule of usage would allow. As the first and most conspicuous of them was with a *Jewess*, it ran counter to every local prejudice, German and evangelical. The second had the additional element of being not only with a married lady, but with a lady not happily married: and Schleiermacher appears in the false position of doctrinally denouncing all such "merely external ties" as intrinsically null and void, and personally preoccupying the post of intending husband, should the law enable, and her choice determine her to exchange a formally for a really wedded life. The troubles incidental to this relation with Eleonore G. induced him to go into voluntary exile to Stolpe, where he resided as court-preacher for two years prior to his acceptance in 1804 of a Theological Chair and the University pulpit at Halle. During their separation, he honourably refused to make any secret about their correspondence: she found embarrassment from the arrival of his letters at home; and after long wavering, determined to break off all intercourse with him, and acquiesce in her lot. Here is the letter in which he reports the catastrophe to his Jewish friend, Henriette Herz:

"It is all over, dear Jette, she has given me up! She has done as you thought, and as I was not prepared to expect after all her expressions to me which had come since. It is well that I have written her the enclosed letter (which please send her) in my first and calmer mood. It is different with me now. Last night, when quite undressed and ready to get into bed, I stood for two hours with my arms resting on the table: it came

over me in all its gall and bitterness. And she, poor thing, will yet have to hear what it is to me. She feels already that it is costing her her life, and she will die before long. I can wish outright that she may be the first to die : for, did she survive me, one of her repentances would come over her again. But she will have to make haste : for strain and sorrow will soon turn to poison in my case too. As yet I have thought little of myself : but a cold shudder seizes me when the thought comes. What is to become of me here ? the ground is on fire under my feet. Then too I have a horror of the bachelor life,—no love,—no duty,—a mockery of God and men. I must betake myself to domestic life, must do my part in constituting a family and educating children. Here there is nothing of the sort for me. I sigh for Berlin : there I should find more advantages for even the wretched calling of the scholar,—yes, wretched enough it seems to me, if the root of love is not there, and the beloved of one's heart does not flit among the books and papers. If she does not shun you,—if she puts herself in your way,—dear Jette, as you love me, be affectionate and gentle to her, take her to your heart, let her breathe out there her deep sufferings, and let her not feel for having made your friend unutterably miserable. Yes, dear Jette, when we meet and stand together on the rocks by the sea, you will have at your side a poor fellow who, but for you and a dear soul or two besides, would find all this upper air as desolate as that deep below. I can no more, dear friend ; I break in pieces with sighs and tears. And alas, it is only morning ! Still be my comfort and stay ; stand by me as long as you can, come what may. Would that you might be something to her too, who will be a thousandfold more unhappy than I." (Vol. i. p. 381.)

Of his correspondence with Eleonore G. the editor has withheld a great deal. In the portion given we find nothing which in any way reconciles us to this kind of questionable and dangerous relation : and the theory and usages of married life which render it possible remain, even under Schleiermacher's pure and skilful management, conspicuously unsound and morally deteriorating. Say what he will, his nature does not move freely in these letters : they want determinate character : they speak neither a frank, gossipy,

sympathizing friendship ; nor manly, healthful, joyous love. Their tenderness makes you nervous and anxious ; their tone is not *respectful* ; their thought is not firm. In fact, we could not have listened with much satisfaction to our Court-preacher in those Stolpe days ; and should decidedly have objected to call him in as spiritual counsellor in some of the most momentous problems of human life. The coterie into which he had been thrown at Berlin seems to have had an unpleasant habit of criticizing the married life of all their neighbours, and hitting what blots could be found or fancied. He dwells, with an emphasis quite false for English society, and, we should hope, for German too, on the rarity of a happy marriage. He lets his imagination try the experiment of unions that might have been ; says, that if Henriette Herz had been at liberty for him, it would have made a decided matrimonial success ; and avows that he often longs to mend the misadjustments of the world by exchange of wives and husbands among three or four pairs. It could not fail to appear like a practical comment on this indulgence of fancy, when, in their own immediate circle, Madame Veit, without divorce or legal separation, was withdrawn from her home by Friedrich Schlegel ; and the distrust was sure to be deepened when his objectionable novel *Lucinde* was defended, under the influence of a generous illusion, in a special publication of Schleiermacher's.* It is not surprising that a clergyman of doubtful orthodoxy found enemies to misconstrue so questionable a defiance of established moral guarantees ; that his influential patron Sack remonstrated, and early advised him to withdraw from Berlin till he could recover himself and return into a different circle in a different mood ; and that he had again and again to pacify the solitudes of the good sister Charlotte, who plainly bore no good-will to those very superior Jewesses of the Thiergarten, trembled for the balance of Fritz's sensitive nature on such a tight-rope of social relations, and breathlessly wished him on *terra firma*

* "Vertraute Briefe über Schlegel's *Lucinde*."

again. That he may speak for himself, we subjoin a few of the words by which he sought to reassure her :

“You are afraid of my tender and intimate relations with persons of the other sex. I grant that in this you are quite right : there *is* something dangerous in it ; and seen from a distance, where there is nothing to qualify the general impression, the danger looks greater than on the spot. To watch over myself in this matter is my continual care : I call myself to account about its most trivial particular : and so long as I do this, there is no need, I think, for me to break off any relation which on other grounds is of essential importance to me, which conduces to my culture, and is the source of various good. Thus in regard to B., I know that a very good influence has been exerted upon her, due just to the highly confidential friendship prevailing between us, which led her to open her heart unreservedly about every circumstance and every sentiment ;—I refer to the *inward* influence, without taking at all into the account that opportunity was thus afforded me of being also outwardly serviceable to her in cases of difficulty, where otherwise she would often perhaps have taken a wrong step. Henriette Herz’s life is certainly quite different, calm and quiet, and with no such fear of shipwreck as in B.’s case ; and I cannot therefore be of any such service in this instance. Her tone of feeling and character is also much firmer, so that she can be self-dependent and does not stand in need of me. Still in another respect I form an essential element in her existence : her views, her tone of sentiment, her insight, I can variously supplement, as she also does with mine. Nothing of the nature of passion can ever come between us ; if put to the most decisive proof, on that point we stand quite beyond its reach. Set it not down to self-deception that I speak so confidently on this : I have qualified myself to do so by long experience and careful observation ; and I believe, if you saw us together but for an hour, you would have the same conviction. I shall always always attach myself more closely to women than to men : it lies very deep in my nature, dear Lotte ; for there is so much in my tone of feeling that men seldom understand. Unless, therefore, I am to dispense with true friendship,—which surely you will be far from requiring,—I cannot help remaining in this otherwise dangerous position ;—a position, however, which,

occupied with this understanding, ceases to be really so dangerous." (Vol. i. p. 212.)

That Schleiermacher's personal self-reliance, in all these critical relations, was entirely justified, there cannot be a moment's doubt. If censure is due to him, it is for consulting too exclusively his own strength and his own needs, for some sentimental relaxation of moral judgment in dealing with aberrations exemplified in a friend, and for tampering with ideal safeguards of human intercourse which nothing can replace.

In 1797 there was a select literary club in Berlin, called the Wednesday Society, where papers were read, and critical estimates made of new authors and new works. Here it was that Schleiermacher first met Friedrich Schlegel, and was filled with admiration at his originality, his wit, his impulsive openness, and the energy which had enabled him, at five-and-twenty, to amass an incredible store of knowledge. A friendship sprang up between the two men: they speedily resolved to live together: and here is a pleasant account, written to sister Charlotte, of the first days of the experiment,—perhaps the best portrait ever drawn of the younger Schlegel:

"It makes a glorious change in my existence to have Schlegel in the house. What a novelty for me, that by just opening the door I have a rational soul to talk with, that I have a 'good morning' to give and take the moment I wake, that I have some one opposite me at table, and some one to share, while it is on me, the good-humour I get into of an evening! Schlegel is usually up in the morning an hour before me, because my eyes cannot bear candle-light then, and I therefore contrive my night so as to have my sleep out not before half-past eight. He lies in bed, however, and reads; and it is the clink of his coffee-cup that usually wakes me. Then he can open as he lies the door that divides my sleeping closet from his room; and so we begin our morning chat. When I have had my breakfast, we work for some hours without taking any notice of one another: but in general we make a little break in the forenoon to eat an apple—having a common stock of the choicest sorts;

talking over usually the subjects of our study. Then for the second batch of work till dinner at half-past one. I get my dinner, you know, from the Charité : Schlegel has his fetched from a restaurant. Whichever comes first we consume together ; then the other ; followed by a few glasses of wine ; so that we spend something like an hour over our dinner. Of the afternoon no such definite account can be given. I must confess, alas, that usually I am the first to run off and the last to come home. Not that the half-day is wholly given up to social enjoyments : several times I attend lectures,—and also give some,—of course *privatissime*, only to a good friend or two ; and it is only after this that I go where my fancy takes me. Coming home between ten and eleven in the evening, I find Schlegel still up, but apparently only waiting to bid me good night and be soon off to bed. That is my time, however, for setting to ; and I generally go on working till near two o'clock : and between that and half-past eight one can get plenty of sleep. Our friends have been pleased to call this chumming of ours our marriage : they all agree that I must be the lady ; and toss the matter about in all sorts of jest and earnest. A few times since Schlegel's arrival I have stayed the whole evening at home, and we have taken a snug tea together from seven to ten, and fairly talked ourselves out over it. But I dare say you will want to know what I think of the man himself now that we are thrown together in this closest kind of acquaintance. I really do not know how much I have already told you about him : and so here goes for a bit of a sketch of him once for all. Intellectually he is so out-and-out my superior, that on this point I can speak of him only with great reverence. With what rapidity and depth he seizes the spirit of every science, every system, every author, with what high impartiality of criticism he assigns its place to each, in what a noble organic system all his attainments stand, redeeming his labours from chance-work and giving them the sequence of a great plan,—with what perseverance he follows up every thing which he has once begun,—all this I have for the first time learned fully to appreciate in the short interval since the opportunity has been given me of seeing, as it were, his ideas arise and grow. But doubtless you will be more curious about his tone of feeling and disposition than his intellect and genius. It is extremely childlike,—that is certainly the chief feature ; open and joyous, fresh in all his expressions, a deadly enemy of all fuss and forms, vehement in his wishes

and inclinations, generally full of goodwill, but, as children are apt to be, a little suspicious and prone to antipathies of various kinds. His character at present is not so fixed, or his opinions of men and things so definite, but that he would be easy to guide by any one to whom he had once given his confidence. What I must say, however, I miss in him is the tender feeling and fine sense for the winning trifles of life, and the delicate expression of refined sentiment, through which small things often reveal the whole temperament of the soul. Just as he prefers books of large print, he likes men too of features great and strong. The merely tender and beautiful does not enchain him much, because from the analogy of his own disposition he is too apt to think every thing weak which does not look fiery and strong. However little this peculiar want in him abates my love for him, it makes it impossible for me to reveal to him and render intelligible not a few sides of my nature. He will be always on a larger scale than I : but I shall get to apprehend and know him more completely than he will me. His outer man is more striking than handsome. A figure not exactly graceful or well filled-in, but yet strong-built and vigorous, a very characteristic head, a pale face, very dark hair cut short round the head without powder or curling,—a dress of no great elegance, but smart and gentlemanlike ; there you have the outer presentment of my better half for the time being." (Vol. i. p. 176.)

The friendship thus enthusiastically commenced was not destined to be a life-long affair. The little speck of uncongeniality already visible in the foregoing sketch slowly spread and deepened, till it ate into the heart of the relation, and brought it into a consumptive state. Schlegel was wayward and exacting, and grew jealous of the hours spent with Henriette Herz. His reckless, dashing ways raised scandals which severely taxed the forbearance of his friend ; first, the lamentable Veit affair ; then, notorious insolvency, not without evasions which "in any other man would certainly have been dishonesties," but, we suppose, were something more ornamental in him ; till at last intimacy with him incurred the misgivings of all one's friends, and could be maintained only by way of chivalrous fidelity.

Nor was he always considerate of the frugal income of the preacher of the Charité. After he had quitted Berlin, he would pop in for a day or two as guest at the old quarters ; remain for weeks ; and with his many wants and spoiled ways consume the whole bag of dollars which had been getting heavy for sister Charlotte. But perhaps the crowning vexation was the discovery that "his perseverance" was altogether an illusion. It was he who first projected the translation of Plato, which in the end Schleiermacher executed alone. It was to have been a joint affair : the agreement with Frommann the publisher was made in Schlegel's name : the work was divided between them ; but Schlegel's part is not forthcoming : he proves fertile chiefly in original critical discoveries,—such as that the Symposium is not genuine ! and after procrastination adequate to exhaust the patience of a German bookseller (and what more can we say ?), the task is intrusted to Schleiermacher single-handed, just four years from the first start. With this dissolution of partnership Schlegel for the most part disappears ; his faults to the last too generously excused by his friend ; who declares that, though repelled by a nature so passionate on the side of sense, he cannot help loving him more than he ever could love either Goethe or Schelling, with all their vast intellectual power.

It was during his Schlegel period at Berlin, that he prepared, anonymously, his celebrated *Discourses on Religion*, and his *Monologues*. To those who know these remarkable works, it is highly interesting to trace in these letters the history of their growth ; the devices for preserving the incognito ; the anxieties about their emergence from the censor's office ; and the first reception by the world. But as the interest turns on the significance of particular passages,—the tendency of an argument or the tone of a peroration,—we cannot avail ourselves of it without fuller notice of his works than consists with the exhibition of his life. Both books were received with the vehement feeling which marks a conscious crisis of tendency. They pre-

sented a religious rallying-point for the rising characteristics of the time,—characteristics which already found expression in the literary mysticism of Hardenberg, the absolute idealism of Schelling, the faith-philosophy of Jacobi, and the Romanticism of Tieck. The worn-out dogmatic systems and uncritical scripturalism of orthodox churches had not, indeed, been able to make effectual resistance to the encroachments of metaphysicians like Kant and scholars like Michaelis and Eichhorn : but they still preserved a venerable look, and represented an absent sanctity, so long as there was nothing but French Deism or a Königsberg moralism or a Fichtean egoism to take their place. Till some positive direction could be impressed upon theology, things remained provisionally as they were ;—with little belief and less comfort in the present, but nevertheless waiting for a “consolation” yet to come. The *Discourses* seemed to bring the advent near. They were deeply tinctured with a genuine piety,—the evidently ascendant feeling in a mind philosophically free and logically acute. Yet they pledged themselves to no traditional orthodoxy : they exposed the jejuneness of a self-reliant morality : they denounced the insufficiency of the so-called “Natural Religion :” they insisted on the consciousness of absolute dependence as fundamental and indestructible in our nature, and on the need of a positive religion in response to it ; and they rested the claim of Christianity on the effectual answer it has given to the infinite yearnings of the human mind, and the realization of spiritual fraternity it has afforded. It may be allowed that, in his reaction from a hard, external, Jewish Theism on the one hand, and a forensic drama of historical salvation on the other, Schleiermacher’s appeal to the mystic sense of Divine Immanence in the world incurred some danger of melting away the personality of both God and man : and his celebrated judgment against the doctrine of a *personal* immortality unambiguously indicates this tendency. But we must remember, in estimating him, to what a condition the notion of “Per-

sonality" had been reduced by both philosophers and divines, and ask ourselves whether, in the exercises of reverence and love, it was a thing to be got rid of as a limitation, or to be cherished as a glory. On the whole, few, we believe, will now deny that, in claiming an independent ground of religion, in delivering it from its contingent existence as a derivative inference of science, or a necessary sanction of morals, or a critical conclusion from testimony, Schleiermacher lifted it into a higher region, and restored to it its own. His later and more scientific writings, — especially his *Glaubenslehre*, — variously modified, defined, and completed his theory; and exhibit his genius in its ultimate depth and balance. But the *Discourses* were fit for the service of the hour. They had the brilliancy, originality, and breadth needful for intense impression. They were accordingly the signal for a new era in theology; and the impulse they commenced is still fresh and growing.

Some years after, he noticed, not without pain, the influence which his *Monologues* had exercised on the academic youth of the time; and in his chair at Halle found himself indebted to them for a somewhat inconvenient reputation. Whether a temporary contact with Fichte, — just removed from his professorship and living privately in Berlin, — affected his mode of thought, we cannot say: but certain it is, that the tone of ethical pride and stoic self-assertion pervading this little book is much more in the spirit of the current philosophy than of his own religion. He sometimes says that he has "fits of genuine Christianity," when he is conscious of being but a plant in the great soil of humanity, depending for spiritual life on the infinite elements. The *Monologues* must have been written in some interval between the fits; and when his maturer mind had settled deep in the Divine "sense of dependence," they might well appear to him out of date. One friendship, however, they procured for him which opened a new chapter in his life. They had powerfully fascinated a young clergyman of the island of Rügen, Ehrenfried von

Willich, and prepared him, on occasion of a casual meeting at Prenzlau in 1801, to rush at once into the most cordial relations with Schleiermacher. Willich, shortly afterwards appointed to a church in Stralsund, was an intelligent, honest, hearty friend. But, as usual with Schleiermacher, the intimacy passes on beyond its original object to settle with stronger attachment on the lady members of the same circle. Two orphan sisters of good family were Willich's neighbours in Rügen: the elder, Charlotte von Kathen, whose beauty and goodness have been celebrated by Arndt, was married and living on her inherited estate; and under her roof dwelt, or often stayed, the younger, Henriette von Mühlenfels, a simple, sprightly, affectionate girl of fourteen. There it was that Willich made her his own, and installed her at Stralsund as Predigerinn at the uneclesiastical age of sixteen. Willich's friends were Schleiermacher's friends: and during the Stolpe exile, the shadow that settled for him on Berlin was relieved and balanced by this Northern Light upon Rügen. In the correspondence with these two sisters are found some of the choicest things in the volumes: his tone towards the elder being grave and almost reverential; towards the younger, in response to her fresh childlike confidence, at once bright and fatherly. The year (1804) of Willich's marriage was also that of Schleiermacher's removal to Halle; and the interchange of ideas and sympathies under conditions of life new to both gives a special warmth and vivacity to the letters of that period. It was in reference to the waning life of one of Charlotte von Kathen's children that the following words, comparing the two bitterest forms of bereavement, were written from Halle to one of her friends:

"A painful incident has much engaged me here of late. A young man from Berlin, much liked by me there, arrives here with his wife and all his children on a visit to her foster-parents and the companions of her girlhood;—for it was here she was brought up and he got to know and love her; and whilst here, she dies. In him sorrow wears an aspect truly noble and

sacred ; and for want of any better word of comfort, I could only say that to see him thus made me wish I might be spared such loss as his till I had such strength. Surely it is sadder for husband to lose the wife of his heart than for mother a child. A child is but an offshoot of the plant living entire : but the wife !—the very crown of all, the innermost heart, whence the life is put forth of all that gives bloom and shade and fruit ! With her all is gone, and what remains can be nothing but memory, a mere shadow-life. Yet daily and anxiously do I wish that our friend may yet be spared the deep sorrow which has so long seemed to impend. How much has she suffered, poor soul, since her letter, which gave hope that the darling child would recover ! and I still cannot give up the hope that appeared so sure. The first call to render back a child to earth and heaven,—to drop into the grave the vaticinations of the holiest love ;—it must indeed be a deep and rending sorrow.” (Vol. ii. p. 27.)

But the correspondence soon begins to bear trace of other than private griefs. At the beginning of 1806 Schleiermacher, who has never yet had due investiture as University Preacher, finds his church suddenly turned over to commissariat officers, and stuffed full of corn and magazine stores : and it is only by threatening to accept a parish at Bremen that he stirs up the government to find him a place for the Academic public worship. In truth, Prussian statesmen had other work on hand than the fitting up of even College-pulpits. The storm, long darkening in the West, was fast approaching : the arrogant dictation of Napoleon, after dragging the Berlin government into fruitless humiliation and dishonour, had at last become intolerable : and even the vacillating and reluctant king was constrained to consent to war. It fell suddenly on a country neither morally nor materially prepared ; corrupted by French influence, divided in counsels, insensible to its danger, and blinded with military conceit. Some months before the outbreak Schleiermacher endeavoured to prepare his Rügen friends for the impending crisis : writing to Charlotte von Kathen in June, he says :

"In what heart am I amid this warlike disquiet? Ah, dear friend, I often think of you all with real anxiety and of your beautiful land. There has been ever-changing occasion to do so for several months. I have no longer any fear of a war between our two kings (Sweden and Prussia): but there is ground for serious apprehension that the French now evacuating South Germany may turn against Sweden. In that case, dear friend, should your king resolve on a serious defence, be of good heart, and sacrifice all to gain all; and all that you keep set down as gain. Make up your mind that individual escape, individual self-maintenance, is not to be thought of; that the life of us all is rooted in German freedom and nationality; and that *that* is the stake. You would not choose,—would you?—to be spared any personal danger or suffering, with a certainty of seeing our generation to come given up to a baser slavery, and compelled by every device to receive inoculation from the low sentiment of a people corrupt to the core. Believe me, there awaits us, sooner or later, a general conflict, whose stake will be—our Religion, our character, our intellectual culture, no less than our external liberty and property;—a conflict which must be encountered,—which is beyond the resources of kings and their hired troops,—which nations must fight out along with their kings,—which will unite people and princes in a nobler way than has been known for centuries;—and in which each of us,—aye, every soul,—must share as the common cause requires. . . . I breathe the thundery air, and wish that the storm would be quick and bring the crash: for as to its blowing over, the time, I am convinced, is past for that." (Vol. ii. p. 63.)

It is remarkable that in these noble words we have,—with one exception,—the first notice in Schleiermacher's letters of political affairs. The execution of Louis XVI. had drawn from him in 1793 a characteristic expression of opinion: but, were that one exception removed, the reader could never know that the dates beneath his eye were those of the greatest events and intensest social fermentation of modern history. So much,—may we not say?—for living in a country where the citizens' politics are for the most part *done for them*; and for corresponding chiefly with its

ladies, for whom the State and such historical personalities remain uninteresting abstractions. Once roused, however, by the near crisis, Schleiermacher is equal to all demands :

“I exult,” he says, September 15th, “in the inevitable war against the tyrants, and am well pleased at the courageous bearing which is general among troops and people here. We have a considerable corps in the neighbourhood. The king too is expected ; and then, it is hoped, a movement forward is to be made to engage the French, as soon as they turn up. I have often felt impelled to publish something political, could I but have found time for it. I often let fall things of the kind from the pulpit ; not at all in the style, however, that I hear from other preachers.” (Vol. ii. p. 67.)

Within three weeks of the date of this letter, war was declared : within a month of it, the hopes it expressed were utterly crushed, and the tide of disaster rolled up to the very desk where it was written. On the 10th October fell the head of the national party, Prince Louis Ferdinand, at the battle of Saalfeld :—on the 14th, the strength of the Prussian monarchy was swept away at Auerstadt and Jena :—and next evening it was known at Halle that their town would be the next victim, unless the reserve could turn the French advance. The autobiography of Professor Steffens has already made us familiar with the incidents of the French occupancy of the town : here are some of the experiences of his friend and fellow-sufferer :

“The plundering was detestable enough, but still not so bad as one is apt to suppose that sort of thing. Immediately after the battle, several hussars, through the heedlessness of the people living on the ground floor, forced their way into the house and up to our story. Steffens and Gass were there at the time. All three of us had to give up our watches,—Gass his silver money too (Steffens had come to the end of his) : there were only a few dollars of mine for them in the place ; but they took all my shirts but five, and all the silver spoons but two. At the fight itself we had a narrow escape. Steffens came in the morning (of the 16th October), and bade us go with him to his house, if we had a mind to see an engagement.

And there we had a very good view of the attack on the bridge. But when I observed that the Prussian cannon were dismounted, and that the position would be lost, I persuaded Steffens to come on to us, because his house would be too much exposed. We made as much haste as possible ; but before Hannah and I had reached our street, there was firing in the town behind us, and Steffens, with his child in his arms, got almost into the midst of the throng of retreating Prussians and advancing French. During the following days, I had a dreadful nuisance of quartering to endure ; and so had the hostesses of our lodgings,—poor girls, with a couple of old aunts, and nothing in their purse : so that I was in ‘fear of the soldiers’ brutality, and we spent a night all together in most inconvenient style in Konopack’s rooms. After this some officers and soldiers of the guard came into the house ; and, for two nights, I was myself obliged, from want of further space below, to accommodate in my large room a secretary and two *employés* at head-quarters. The officers quartered below frightened the lodging-house keepers with the most dreadful reports of sack-ing and firing the town, and gave us quite a tragi-comic night. But a storm, almost as bad, had actually burst upon us already the evening before, viz., the decree for the dispersion of the students. Let me, for the moment, look at this only on the economic side, in order to give you an idea of our position. If peace is made soon, it is highly improbable that Halle will continue Prussian. If it becomes Saxon, the University may be extinguished ; or, if it even remains, my remaining will be out of the question, because they are so rigidly Lutheran in Saxony. If it falls to the lot of a French prince, I should on no account choose to remain ; but as long as there is yet a corner of Prussian territory, I would withdraw to it.” (Vol. ii. p. 69.)

The “Hannah” mentioned in this passage was his half-sister, afterwards the wife of Arndt. He had brought her to live with him at Halle, and she shared with him the tedious months that followed. The University suspended, the salaries not paid, the government incapable, the capital in the hands of the enemy, the official classes cringing and the whole country prostrate, what could a poor professor do, but use his enforced leisure in keeping up his own

spirit and his friends' against ignoble acquiescence or despair? And this assuredly he did. In spite of physical weakness, induced by want of sufficient fire, food and wine, and in face of spies and traitors, he preached high-hearted political sermons, shirking nothing, and bating no breath that should flow strong from the Christian and the patriot.

In close sequence on his own privations, came anxieties about his northern friends. In November, the French occupied Hamburg. They meant to sweep on to Dantzic, and Stralsund lay between. Schleiermacher had counselled Willich to send his wife and child (a second was near) to Rügen in case of approaching siege. But, to provide also for the case of her not choosing to leave her husband, he had written cheerily to her, reporting the brave bearing and escapes of Steffens' wife and child, and assuring her that her motherhood would conciliate the soldiers' respect for her and hers. Stralsund was besieged in February; and on the 13th March his Henriette wrote thus to Schleiermacher :

"Dear, dear Schleier ! my beloved friend, my father ! O my God, my God ! how am I to tell it you and you to hear it ? Schleier, I am no longer the happy Jette, whose sacred blessings were your heart's delight. My dear Schleier, prepare to hear the uttermost of bitterness : the happy Jette is now a poor, afflicted, lone-weeping Jette. O my Schleier,—let it come out and be over,—the dreadful word ;—my Ehrenfried, my fondly, deeply loved Ehrenfried,—is with me no more :—he lives in another world ! O Schleier, can you take it in ? can you conceive that I have lived through it ? I cannot understand it myself,—this calmness with which I have borne it, and shall bear it. How I long to open to you my whole heart ! Yes, indeed, Schleier, you have cause enough to weep for me, but you may calm yourself again ; God is with me in his strength ; I do not faint or despair ; I still live wholly in the feeling of *his* love and *mine* ; he is ever in my heart ; I love him with the entire capacity of my soul's power and yearning. O Schleier, in the midst of my sorrow there are yet blessed moments, when I vividly feel what a love ours was, and that

surely this love is eternal, and it is impossible God can destroy it, for God himself is love. Schleier, I bear this life whilst nature will ; for I have still work to do for the children,—his and mine : but, O God, with what longing, what foreshadowings of unutterable blessedness, do I gaze across into that world where he lives ! What joy for me to die ! Schleier,—shall I not find him again ? O my God ! I implore you, Schleier, by all that is dear to you and sacred, give me, if you can, the certain assurance of finding and knowing him again. Tell me your inmost faith on this, dear Schleier ; oh, if it fails, I am undone. It is for this that I live, for this that I submissively and quietly endure,—this is the one only outlook that sheds a light on my dark life,—to find him again, to live for him again, to bless him again. O God, it cannot be ;—it cannot be destroyed, it is but interrupted. I can never be happy again without him. O Schleier, speak to my poor heart. Tell me what you believe. O if he too should be longing and trying to keep the remembrance of me, perhaps often hovering round me unseen ! O how my poor heart is tossed hither and thither with surmises of hope and doubt ! Yet no ! the doubts are little more than passing thoughts : this I feel as eternal consolation that does not pass, our love was the divine reality, death cannot annihilate it. O my Schleier, how I long for you ! You will be my comfort and stay : I feel such an inward trust in you ; I shall tell you every thing that has come to me in this sad time. O Schleier, how you too will mourn over your dear faithful friend ! Oh ! how could I be so happy ? with what delight, when I was beside him, did I look forward to the mother's joy again ! now I shall have many a tear to shed over the little one's cradle. My Ehrenfried was ill only eight days of nervous fever : I was always hopeful ; I thought it could not be : I nursed him with tenderest love, and he was ever so gentle and kind and affectionate. But oh, at last, for some days, the fever was so high, that he was no longer himself : bitter remembrance, yet not unmixed with sweetness ! how in his delirium his love for me was ever breaking through ! after the illness had quite obscured his reason, he still called me by sweet names. The last word which he said to me was when I asked him, ' You don't know your Jette still ? ' ' Yes, Jette, my sweet bride ! ' O Schleier, what meaning and what truth—his bride ! that I am ! and I will make myself worthy to be

wholly united with him again,—to be wholly his own. Do you know when it is that I feel the grasp of the sorrow too bitterly? It is when I think,—‘in that future the old things will go for nothing; whoever is worthiest of him will be nearest to him; and oh! many of those who love him are worthier than I:’ and when I think ‘his soul is resolved back,—quite melted away in the great All,—the old is quite gone by, it will never come to recognition again,’ O Schleier, this I cannot bear: O speak to me, dear, dear! Farewell, Schleier, I have so much to say to you, yet now perhaps it will be some time first. However, you will know from this how it is with me. I suffer much; but inward calm and outward composure never quite give way. Your Jette.” (Vol. ii. p. 82.)

Did ever stricken soul more purely speak?—truly a cry “*de profundis!*” What a tone to break out of the noise of war! to think that siege can be set to such holy music! In such utterances of infinite sorrow and aspiration,—even in the instinctive shudder with which doubts are tried and dashed away,—there is an irresistible persuasiveness that no ingenuities of evidence or speculation can approach. The native affinities of human goodness,—the capacious thirst of human love,—are laid bare, and show the true measure of the life to which they belong. But how in such a moment, when every word may have so terrible a reality, shall Schleiermacher deal with these passionate questionings; and from a distance, upon the dumb paper, without the modulating voice, soothe that poor spirit, that wants the *one* and dreads “the All”? Some only of his words can we find space to give:

“My poor dear child, could I but press thee in thy tears to my heart! I too have hot bitter tears to shed; and we would mingle them. Oh! to see so precious a happiness broken! You know how my heart clung to it. Yet you set me such a beautiful example. Your sorrow is so pure and holy: it has nothing which your father could wish otherwise. Let us count this sorrow among the highest treasures of our life, and love it as we do our departed, and with quiet sadness conform ourselves to the eternal and holy disposal of God. But you come

to me and tell me I am to dissipate your doubts. It is only, however, the images of fancy in her hour of travail that you want me to confirm. Dear Jette, what can I say? Certainty is not given us as to what lies beyond this life. Mistake me not; certainty, I mean, for the imagination, which insists on seeing every thing in definite forms: but else is it supremely certain, and nothing would be certain if this were not, that there is no death, no extinction for the spirit. True it is, that in the personal life the spirit does not find its essence, but only makes its apparition,—to be renewed, we know not how: all here is beyond our knowledge; we can only imagine. But in your sacred sorrow let your loving pious fancy shape its visions freely, and forbid it not. For pious fancy it is, I know, and can never wish any thing which would be at variance with the eternal disposal of God: and so all that it paints will be true, if you only quietly let it be as it will. And so I can give you assurance that your love will for ever have what it desires. You surely cannot now wish that Ehrenfried,—O God, the dear name, how it comes to me, now that I write it!—you surely cannot wish that he should return into this life; because it would be contrary to the eternal plan, which every one prefers to any single and separate wish. For this present life your love covets no more than to bear him about in your heart, to keep his memory, his image, indelibly with you, as a most living and holy presence; and to let him live again in yourself, and anew in your sweet children,—that suffices you. For the future, you do not at present know what possibly or rightly would suffice you; because you know not the disposals there. But when once there, you will know them, and will then feel no more desire than now of any thing that would be at variance with them, and be just as sure of full and blessed content.

When your imagination brings before you the idea of a melting-away into the great All, let it not, dear child, lay on you any touch of bitter sorrow. Do but think of it as a merging not into death but into life, and that the highest life. It is indeed *that* after which we all strive in this life, only that we never reach it,—viz. to live simply in the divine whole to which we belong, and to put away from us the pretension to set up for ourselves, as if we could be our own. If he now is living in God, and you love him eternally in God as you loved and knew God in him, can you think of any thing sublimer and

more glorious? Is not this the highest end of love, in comparison with which every thing which clings only to the personal life and arises thence, is nothing? But when you call up before your thought new investitures of being, corresponding with those of the present life, and dream that while others are near your beloved, you may be far,—in this there is nothing, dear daughter; it is a mere spectre; and you must shun it. Love is assuredly the power that draws minds together,—the great eternal law of their nature. Is there, then, any one that loves him more than you? or any other that he loves more than he does you? Do you not belong to one another as segments of one life? Oh! as sure as my holy joy in your union is one of the dearest feelings of my heart, so it is with you, and to eternity nothing can ever come between you.” (Vol. ii. p. 84.)

Whether Henriette’s problem,—the problem of which thought and sorrow never tire,—was laid to rest for her by these careful words, remains untold. Scarcely were they in her hands before her heart was recalled to this world, yet not without the tincture of another, by the birth of her fatherless boy. Her artless, fresh, confiding letters are soon resumed; and they so lay open her whole nature at the feet of Schleiermacher, that we are hardly surprised to find his half-paternal sentiment towards her gradually changing into a tenderer affection. After the lapse of about a year and a half, he makes a summer journey to Rügen; and she engages herself to become his wife. He was just double her age:—on their marriage, in March, 1809, she was twenty-one and he was forty:—but her sad experience had brought a peculiar moral maturity: and the difference between them was perhaps no unfit balance to his great susceptibility and dependence on the side of the affections. An earlier, more equal, less protective relation, might have been less happy for his stability and force of character. The letters between them during the nine months prior to their marriage are too numerous for the general purpose of these volumes, and might advantageously have been thinned by the editor; especially as they were written at a time of deepest political anxiety; and the

reader looks for allusions to public affairs with an eagerness which makes him impatient of lovers' diffuseness and iteration.

Of Schleiermacher's enumerated contingencies for Halle, the place experienced the worst. It was included within the new kingdom of Westphalia under Jerome Bonaparte. A form of prayer for the king and queen was issued and enjoined on the clergy for weekly use in the churches. Schleiermacher declined to compromise his nationality by obedience, and quitted Halle for Berlin. As soon as the insecure and miserable peace of the autumn of 1807 was concluded, the project began to be entertained of constituting a University in Berlin. This was one of the measures devised by the heads of the patriotic party for rallying the national spirit and keeping alive the forces of German genius till an hour of opportunity should set them free : on this very account the king hesitated, and sycophants of the French party dissuaded. But Napoleon could not forbid a step which his own tyranny, in cancelling Halle and carving out Westphalia, had necessitated : and the enlightened counsels of William von Humboldt prevailed. Had the project fallen through, Schleiermacher, to whom it assigned professorial duties from the first, would have gone, on his marriage, to settle at Frankfort.

The University was born in a time of sorrow ; and could expect no festive years at first. From 1809 to 1813, the deepest political darkness brooded over Germany ; and every Prussian conspicuous enough to be noticed by the jealousy of the French oppressor had to choose between open servility and tacit conspiracy. Schleiermacher was so well known to be in closest connection and sympathy with the band of men who had resolved on recovering a national life, that he had already, at an early period of the French occupancy, been marked and reprimanded for disaffection. In December, 1808, he writes :

"I was intending to say plenty more to you : but what do you think intervenes ? A carriage drives up : a French officer

steps out, comes up here, and desires me to accompany him to Marshal Davoust. Two other gentlemen besides were seated in the carriage : and all that it came to was this ; Davoust addressed us, saying that we were marked as hot-headed disturbers, and so forth. To me the whole thing was very droll : I was obliged to play the part of interpreter for the others, and went through the character with all gravity. The others were people wholly unknown to me, in no way friends of mine. Lucky folks now-a-days are the quite unknown : and I owe my special honour to some stupid report about my preaching." (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

He continued, however, with quiet constancy, using both chair and pulpit in preparing for a worthier time ; and without deluding himself with any hopes of speedy political regeneration : in September, 1811, he writes to Charlotte von Kathen in Sweden :

"A dismal picture certainly does your whole condition present. Were it of any use to you, I would describe to you the aspect of things in many districts of our State, especially in Prussia,—a hundred times worse than with you. There is nothing for it but to give up all thought of outward well-being, and make up our mind that before improvement can begin on that side, we must go through the most frightful upturnings and desolations : and we must be content to provide for their effectual power and success when they come, by giving right direction to the mind of our people. To this I address myself by every means at my command : how long I may be able to do it, God knows." (Vol. ii. p. 259.)

It was not till the spring of 1813, when the remnant of the last French army was struggling home from Russia, that the smothered fires of national hope broke out again, and the German powers were reunited in a common effort to relieve Europe of the scourge it had endured so long. In May, a French army having advanced on its way to Berlin as far as the road between Wittenberg and Torgau, the city, which the king intended to defend, was deemed unsafe ; and Schleiermacher sent his wife and children (he had now a daughter of his own, in addition to the step-

children) into Silesia to be out of the way. His letters to Henriette give a lively picture of the state of the city during the latter part of May and the greater part of June ; at first in hourly expectation of the enemy's appearance ; then in anxiety from uncertain rumours of great engagements ; and finally, in half disappointment that even the successes of Bülow should have turned the tide another way. In a letter of May 15th he says :

"According to reports current to-day, an engagement is to be expected to-day or to-morrow between Bülow and the French that have crossed the Elbe, which will probably decide the approaching fate of Berlin. But do not be anxious about me, my love. The arrangements for defence will not have attained such forwardness as to enable us to do any thing here ; and therefore the militia levies will probably only be called out in order to withdraw from the city. In such case that is what I shall do, and shall come to you quite easily. Only think, this morning I had just set to regularly at a sermon, when this report, which Twesten brought me, obliged me to jump up. Going into the city, I heard that the militia levies were to move but *en masse* to the Templar's Hill in the morning at half-past four. Imagine my horror at finding that I had not yet got any ammunition, and it was Sunday. No notice, however, had yet been received at our sectional office. So I run quickly to the head office, and find there is not a word of truth in the rumoured order. But I will take warning and to-morrow supply myself with the needful, that I may not be put to shame before my comrades." (Vol. ii. p. 276.)

On the next day but one he writes :

"To-day I have done up the house, paid off the people though keeping them still here, bought powder-flask and canteen, got Röder's green bag mended and packed, and my money changed for gold. My most important papers, your letters and Henriette Herz's packets, I have given to Pischon to keep. The linen and your books are in the cellar. This haste, my love, has been occasioned by unfavourable accounts which were spread this morning early. Bülow, it was said, was under great pressure from superior force, and was in rapid retreat. Tran-

quillizing reports from him have now come in this evening. There is nothing to fear, he believes, for Berlin : and he intends, on receiving reinforcements, to move in advance again and take the offensive. The excitable populace, by help of this report, has got over all difficulties, and it has grown in their hands almost into a victory." (Vol. ii. p. 277.)

During all this time of excitement Schleiermacher continued,—and he alone,—to give his University lectures, as well as to preach. The danger to the city passed away. The wife, who, after all, had been nearer the actual seat of war, obtained a pass from Scharnhorst and returned : and the correspondence ceased. Of the great events of the autumn and winter,—the battle of Leipzig, the crossing of the Rhine by the allies and the advance into France, there is unfortunately no notice. Indeed, the only grudge we have against Henriette is, that she spoiled Schleiermacher's letter-writing. He is no sooner married than an epistolary dumbness seizes him : and it is only when a journey separates him from Henriette that the post-office ever hears of him again. Nor can we say that even then any thing like the old faculty reappears : the light play of thought and the variegated colours of feeling are gone ; and, except in one or two disquisitional letters, the preponderance of household prose becomes great. The period from the peace to his death, on the 12th February, 1834, was by far the most important for his influence on the world, the time of his greatest academic activity, of his most scientific productions, of his highest ecclesiastical repute. But precisely of this period these volumes contain only the most meagre memorials, and give us nothing to say. It is well known that the establishment of Hegel and the rising influence of his school threw Schleiermacher painfully into the shade ; and the strife of academic factions in Berlin somewhat embittered his latter days. Traces of this are to be found in the latter part of our second volume ; and a certain shade of depression steals over us as we read, as if the light were beginning to burn dim and could no longer conquer the

chill and sadness of the space around. When Arndt took the half-sister Nanni to wife in 1817, the good Charlotte exchanged Gnadenfrei for Berlin, and succeeded to her place. She died before her brother, in 1831: and of his departure it was left for Henriette to tell the tale;—how worthily of her and of him the following words will show: they were written as a memorial for her children:

“For twelve days your dear father had suffered from much hoarseness and cough, though looking, in spite of great paleness, bright and clear. Uneasy as we were, and much as we begged him to take more care of himself, he put aside all such suggestions with the assurance that he felt perfectly well, that this affection was quite superficial and was of no radical consequence.

Thursday the 6th was the last evening spent in the quiet cheerfulness of the family circle. During Friday night the illness set in with a fearful attack of pains throughout the body (he had had, without mentioning it, a transient one like it the night before), so that your dear father declared he could not say where the pains were, but only that every fibre of him was torn with pain. His look was that of a dying man, and he very distinctly expressed his anticipation of death. I had at once sent for the physician, who found the case very critical, but succeeded in subduing this state after a few hours, so that he lay still and without pain in bed.

On Sunday a consultation was held of four physicians. On that day the inflammation rapidly became extreme in a few hours. He was bled twice within the day: the physicians still gave hope, but in a way which hardly left on the bystanders any doubt how matters really stood. I never left his bed. The children and friends who were within call in the adjacent room executed all commissions: for personal attendance on him I was sufficient; and I was enjoined to preserve the utmost quiet. I kept the injunction so conscientiously as to give no opening for a single precious word.

He often assured me he did not suffer so much as might appear. During the whole illness he was in a mood of clear gentle quietude, of exact compliance with every direction, without a sound of complaint or dissatisfaction,—kindly and patient, though serious and abstracted.

Early on Monday the physician found his pulse and features those of a dying man.

I here set down from memory the few precious words which I have been able to retain. Once he called me to his bedside and said : ' I suppose I am, properly speaking, in a condition oscillating between consciousness and unconsciousness (referring to his having taken opium, and in consequence dozing a good deal) ; but inwardly I experience the divinest moments ; I cannot help thinking the deepest speculative thoughts, and these with me are completely one with the inmost religious feelings.' Once he raised his hand, saying with great solemnity,—' Here I light a flame of sacrifice.' Another time,—' To the children I bequeath the saying of St. John, " Love one another." ' Again, another time,—' The good children, what a God's-blessing they are to us ! ' Again,—' I charge you, greet all my friends, and tell them how deeply I have loved them.' ' How I am enjoying the precious days of our silver wedding,—Hildchen's wedding,—I am quite going over it all here beforehand. ' I should have been so glad to remain with you and the children.' And when I gave expression to my hope,—' Delude thyself not, dear love ' (with the highest fervour), ' there is still much that is hard to understand.' He also desired to see the children ; yet on my begging him to avoid every thing agitating, he relinquished the wish, and was satisfied that each should come just once into the room to bring something. Several times he asked who was in the next room : and when I mentioned the names of the dear friends and said, ' They are with the children joining in silent prayer,' it seemed to give him pleasure.

On the last morning his suffering visibly increased. He complained of violent burning within, and the first and last sound of complaint broke from him, ' O Lord, my suffering is great.' The unmistakeable features of death set in, the eye was unsteady, the death-struggle was there. He then put the two first fingers on the left eye, as he did when in deep reflection, and began to speak :

' I have never clung to the dead letter, and we have Jesus Christ's reconciling death, his body and his blood. But I have always believed, and I now still believe, that the Lord Jesus gave the Last Supper in water and wine.*

* Wine had been expressly forbidden him. And among the Jews, as among the ancients universally, wine, it is well known, was never used unmixed with water.

During this he had raised himself up, his features began to kindle, his voice was clear and strong. He asked with a priestly solemnity, 'Are ye all one with me in this faith, that the Lord Jesus blessed the water also in the wine?'—to which we replied with a loud 'Yes.' 'Thus let us take the Lord's Supper,—you the wine, and I the water,' said he very solemnly; 'but about G.' (the sacristan) 'we must not mind. Quick! quick! let no one scruple about the form.' When what was needful had been fetched,—we meanwhile waiting with him in solemn silence,—he began, in prelude to the act of celebration, to utter some words of prayer, with features transfigured and eyes in which a marvellous brilliancy was reflected on us,—the glow, indeed, of a glorified love as he gazed at us. Then he gave the bread first to me, next to each one else that was there, and lastly he took it himself, uttering aloud in every instance the institutive words, 'Take and eat,' &c. : so loud, indeed, did he speak as to be clearly heard by all the children, who knelt listening at the door of the next room.

In the same way he handed the wine, uttering the institutive words at length; and finally took the water, after again repeating the words to himself as well. Then, 'By these words of Scripture I abide; they are the foundation of my faith.' When he had uttered the blessing, his eyes turned once more in full affection upon me; then, 'In this love and communion we are one and remain one.' He laid himself back upon the pillow. The transfigured look rested on him still. In a few minutes he said: 'Now can I too no longer abide here:' and then, 'Lay me in another position.' We laid him on his side. He drew a few breaths, and life was gone. Meanwhile all the children had come in and knelt round the bed. His eye gradually closed. How inadequate now is even memory to the reality of that tremendous moment!" (Vol. ii. p. 482.)

VIII.

COMTE'S LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY.*

FROM the day of a man's death seven years must elapse so this Catechism informs us, before he can be "*incorporated in the Supreme Being*;" i.e. registered among the worthies of humanity, and honoured with a commemorative bust. We neither belong to the new priesthood, nor are within six years of the date that must decide the question of Comte's apotheosis. Leaving so great a verdict to the council of the future, we avail ourselves of the labours of his translator and the recent close of his career to notice a few characteristics of his genius and system. Neither the puerilities of his later writings, nor the self-exaggeration pervading them all, cancel his claim to recognition as the most powerful and constructive thinker of the modern scientific school, and as a half-pious believer in the dreary visions of a philosophy held by many, though avowed by few. The difficulties over which his influence has triumphed attest his intellectual force. In his survey of particular sciences, not excepting his own (the mathematics), he has incurred the reproach of serious errors and misconceptions. Even among *savants*, his temper and personal pretensions are as unique as are Ewald's among critics and theologians. His style is an oppressive miracle of tediousness, benumbing the vivacity of the cleverest translator, and taxing the

* "The Catechism of Positive Religion." Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman, 1858.—*National Review*, 1858.

patience of the most practised student. His chief reputed merit—the creation of Sociology—he proclaims with the airs of a *μáγος*, instead of committing it to the test of time and thought; and men like Mr. Mill, who had accepted his baptism, and been initiated into his gospel, excuse themselves from his apocalypse. And no sooner do “Secularists” indulge their gratitude for his abolition of theologies and hierarchies, than he publishes himself Supreme Pontiff of humanity, and sets up a theocracy without a God. Yet, in spite of every weakness and offence, he has found his way to the thought of the present age. A few vigorous minds he has moulded to an extent unknown, perhaps, even to themselves; and many more owe no slight obligation to the pregnant hints everywhere scattered through his first great work. His main attempt—viz. to destroy the anti-thesis between the physical and the moral sciences, and draw them out in one continuous series, by ranging man and his life among natural objects—has established itself as a characteristic of our time, and exhibits more signs of vigour than the older forms of anthropological and social doctrine. If the most marked intellectual tendency of the age be to advance the lines of every science into a domain hitherto distinct—to press physical conceptions into chemistry, chemical into physiology, physiological into morals and politics, and by the energy of inductive law to shoulder metaphysics and theology over the brink of the world altogether—it is largely due to the action, direct and indirect, of the *Philosophie Positive*.

The doctrines of Comte can scarcely be appreciated without some reference to his personal career. On this point, indeed, he himself lays no little stress; and he has accordingly supplied, in a series of prefaces, an autobiographical sketch of his mental history. It appears that during his earliest years he was exposed to two singularly inharmious influences, whose struggle must have affected his whole development. His family belonged to the Catholic and Monarchical party in the South of France; to con-

ciliate which the first Napoleon had surrendered to ecclesiastical *régime* the young revolutionary schools, in which, at the same time, the exact sciences constituted the preponderant discipline, and the political sentiments of the crisis still remained. No amalgamation could well take place between elements so discordant. From the first, the theological influence seems to have found no entry into our author's nature; and his whole problem was to bring his political and social ideas into some systematic relation to his mathematical and physical knowledge. In this respect his genius and character bear the true Napoleonic type; and as the exiled Emperor at St. Helena shows himself still the officer of artillery, and regards the world from the engineering point of view, so Comte betrays the same tendency to push dynamics into the conquest of history and mankind, and coerce the universe of life and persons into the formulas applicable to *things*. The French tendency to large and neat generalization, so tempting to the love of order, so dangerous to the paramount feeling of truth, does not appear to have been checked in him by any considerable devotion to the *literæ humaniores*. No trace appears of the *scholarly* habits of mind, and that peculiar balance of faculty, to which philological and moral studies seem to be indispensable. Though his view over history is wide, and supplies him with many original reflections, yet the tact of sympathetic criticism is nowhere found, and the dominance of the natural philosopher's rules of thought is always conspicuous. His mathematical training was completed in the Polytechnic School; and during its progress he seems to have fallen under the influence of St. Simon, and caught the inspiration of his socialistic dreams. This influence he himself declares to have been "disastrous;" inasmuch as it suspended his purely philosophical activity, in favour of schemes of direct political experiment. But the disciples of this singular enthusiast have always reproached Comte with intellectual plagiarism from their master; and certainly the historical generalizations of

Comte continually remind us of the principles and methods of the earlier school. After long dissatisfaction with the disorderly condition of all political and social speculation, and an eager desire to carry the exactitude of physical science up into the phenomena of life and humanity, he at last realized his hope in 1822, at the age of twenty-four, by the discovery of his great law as to the three successive phases of human evolution. This law is as follows: that, both in the individual and in the history of mankind, thought, in dealing with its problems, passes of necessity through (1) a theological stage; (2) a metaphysical; before reaching (thirdly, and finally) the positive: resorting, in the earliest instance, to the idea of living and personal agents as the motive-power of nature; then proceeding to substitute abstract entities, such as force, substance, &c.; and only at last content to relinquish every thing except the study and classification of phenomena in their relations of time and place. In 1825-6, he sketched in some minor essays the mode of applying this law to the re-organization of the body politic; and in the latter year commenced an oral exposition of his discovery in its entire range of application. His course was unhappily interrupted by a *profond orage cérébral*, in other words, a temporary attack of mental disorder; for their mismanagement of which he fiercely attacks his physicians and the usages of their profession. His recovery enabled him to complete his lectures in 1829. This *vivâ-voce* exposition forms the basis of his great work *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, the publication of which extended over twelve years, from 1830-1842. It consists of six very thick volumes, divided into sixty *leçons*; during the course of which he reviews, by the light of his law, the *ensemble* of human knowledge, beginning with the purely quantitative sciences, as the most simple; and having taken the inorganic studies in the order of retreat from this primitive base, advancing to the province of physiology. The laws won in that field he carries up into anthropology; and by

adding on the effects of combining men in associated numbers, he seeks to establish a special and crowning science of *Sociology*. It is on his ability to accomplish this final object that he stakes the whole credit of his method ; and whatever is prior to this he regards as the mere vestibule to his great structure. The better to secure a trial of his claims upon this issue, he has made his sociological system the subject of a separate work, *Système de Politique Positive* ; in which the natural sciences are entirely left behind, and his law is applied exclusively to the relations of human nature and history. The second title of his work, *Traité de Sociologie*, being borrowed from his essay of 1824, resumes, in 1851, the thread of his early career.

In the mean while a complete revolution had taken place both in his inner character and in his external relations ; cutting his life into two dissimilar periods, the identity of which in the same person his original disciples must find it difficult to realize. The severe mathematician, the rigorous philosophic censor, the scornful materialist, is now converted into the "High Priest of the Religion of Humanity," the chief of the "Occidental Republic," the type of the "Regeneration of the Affections," sending missionary despatches to Russian emperors and Turkish viziers, and surrendered apparently to the visionary enthusiasms of a St. Simon or a Robert Owen. He speaks of himself as the founder of a new, final, and universal worship. He claims an annual subsidy from his disciples, in support of his sacerdotal character, and addresses to all the Western lands the yearly circular which demands the tax. He repudiates our chronological era and the Roman calendar ; makes 1788 his zero of human history, which begins for him with the French Revolution ; gives us thirteen months in the year, and a day over for commemorating all the dead ; and dates his productions in a way horrifying to Quakers, and questionable even to Hero-worshippers ; finishing one preface on the 23rd Aristotle, year 63, another on 12th Dante, a third on the 25th Charle-

magne ; writing to the Emperor Nicholas on 19th Bichat, and to Reschid Pacha on the 7th Homer, &c. Whence this extraordinary change in a man trained under the austere discipline of the exact sciences ? Skilful observers of human character might perhaps notice in his first great work symptoms of great personal peculiarity, but certainly nothing which could prepare them for his later exhibitions. An overbearing dogmatism and astounding self-appreciation appear in all his expositions ; and the personal preface in which he takes leave of the last volume of his *Philosophie*, besides betraying frequent soreness and bickerings towards the Académie and the *savants* of the day, querulously turns upon the authorities of the Polytechnic School for not appointing him to one of the higher professorships, and almost dares them to dismiss him from the subordinate post he held there. His contemptuous estimate of the reputations of the hour and the intellectual spirit of his time would have more effect but for the manifest admixture of disappointed feeling ; for threnodies on the "decline of science" are heard with impatience when deriving their inspiration from personal grievances. There may have been grounds for the complaints of persecution so frequently insinuated against Arago ; but there is enough in Comte's teaching and influence, notwithstanding his incontestable genius, to explain some indisposition on the part of the directors of public education to trust him with distinguished functions, without supposing malignant cabals against him, prompted by jealousy, and working by mean intrigue. Having publicly proclaimed his real or supposed injuries, and challenged dismissal, he was almost unavoidably taken at his word ; and in 1843-4 underwent what he terms his "polytechnic spoliation," followed by seven years of persecution from the "pedantocracy" of Paris. It was during this interval that the agency presented itself which created his "second career." He had been thrown back entirely on private life : he had just completed his "immense elaboration," and his six volumes were before the world ;

and insight respecting the infinite source of all possibilities, and quite another to be familiar with the order of concrete actualities. But this rule reads both ways ; and if there be no right of road in one direction, neither is there in the other ; and Comte can no more disturb the theologian's truth than the theologian can interfere with his. If prevision is impossible, if we cannot operate forward from the absolute to the relative, conversely we cannot operate backward from the relative to the absolute ; and the positivist should as little pretend to deny upwards as the theologian to affirm downwards. As no theist professes that God is a phenomenon, the failure of phenomenological research to meet him contradicts no one's faith ; and the boast of one investigator that he found no God at the end of his telescope, and of another that the cerebral dissecting knife comes across no human soul, misconceived altogether, though quite in the spirit of Comte, the fundamental conditions of the problem. "*Ovta* are known, not as the corollaries, but as the postulates, of phenomena ; and if not recognized at the beginning, will never be found at the end. The two orders of apprehension, though each is the complement of the other, have no common measure ; and endless contradiction arises from confounding their functions and methods.

Above all is it absurd to test the validity of theological and metaphysical conceptions by their power of movement and "progress" ? Why, the very sameness with which they are taunted,—their patience from age to age,—is precisely the sole conceivable evidence they could offer that they are what they profess to be, the representation in us of the constancies of the universe. And nothing could more effectually discredit them, as the steady shadows of eternal entity, than a history of growth and change. If they indeed be, as they pretend, the background of cognition answering to the abiding realities which hold all phenomena, it is their business and function to keep still. Their vindication lies in their permanence. They are the

conservative elements of all knowledge ; the base and condition of movement, but not the moving thing ; the vital atmosphere that sustains it, but not its beating wing. Do you complain that the ideas of Causality, of Soul, of God, of Substance, never get on, but are essentially what they always were ? Instead of damaging them, you give the highest possible testimony to their veracity and authority. Did they sweep forward, as you desire, they would belie their word, and be detected as belonging to the tide of physical change, not to the infinite deep below. If on account of this stationary character any one denies to these ideas the name of knowledge ; if this word, as implying distinction and plurality, be refused to the self-identical and simple,—we shall not object, provided it be understood that they are, if not knowledge, the conditions of knowledge ; if not the object seen, the light by which we see ; that reliance on them is indispensable to reading the universe as it is, and that the enlarging field of phenomena and law finds them still equal to their all-comprehensive function, though needing revision in their special form and application.

And to what, after all, amount the alleged “unprogressiveness” and “barrenness” of all conceptions except of phenomena and their laws ? If by this be meant that we spin no theological cotton, and lay down no metaphysical telegraphs, that our breakfast-table displays our electro-plate, but not our creed,—the remark is true, but trivial enough. If it asserts that men’s private temper, and family administration, and political aims and social sympathies, are unaffected by their religious and philosophical convictions ; that those convictions have ceased to influence what the poet writes, the historian tells, the artist paints, what the schoolmaster teaches, what the merchant does with his wealth, what the patriot and the statesman endeavour to achieve by law,—the statement is as false as it is startling. Much as we are in the habit of hearing about the old “ages of faith,” when nobody doubted and everybody obeyed,

they never put in an appearance in real history, but shrink away like a golden age from the illumination of direct evidence, and retire into an elder darkness. Beyond the select enclosure of the Church order, there have always been hardy and defiant spirits, or thoughtless and indifferent, or subtle and refined, that have yielded their inner life but little to theological authority ; and wherever opportunity of expression has been given, as in the earliest poetry of France and Italy, this fact has unambiguously displayed itself. There seems no reason to suppose that theological and philosophical ideas ever had more power in the world than they have at this moment ; though their scattered and unorganized condition precludes them from embodied and hierarchical manifestation of authority. M. Comte has no appreciation of the freedom and variety of movement which the human mind in its modern development demands. With the French tendency to idolize the "unity of power," and to see in distributed and individual forces nothing but "*anarchy*," he treats the insurrection against Catholicism as a dissolution of faith ; and considers all the private and personal substitutes for the theocratic *régime* of the Church as merely provisional disguises of irretrievable decay. Nor does it occur to him that it is illogical to demand from the theological and abstract convictions of men the same direct and visible application to the business of the passing hour of which their technical knowledge is susceptible. In our practical work we have to deal with phenomena and modify them ; and here the instruments of our power can only be found in right apprehension of the laws of phenomena. Theology and metaphysics do not profess to teach us these ; but to go behind them, and enable us to think truly of their ground and source : supposing this promise realized, it can evidently give us no new arts, no rules by which either to predict or to command any particular succession of external facts. But the influence upon our tone of sentiment and affection, upon the interpretation we put on life and nature, on the admirations we feel and the ideal we

follow, is profound and powerful, although indefinite. It is always difficult, indeed, to fetch out this power into actual life, and give it concrete application; to bridge over the interval between our faith respecting real being and our manipulation with transient phenomena; to incorporate a spiritual religion into a working church: and of this confessed difficulty Comte avails himself to persuade us that the "positive sciences" contain the only practical order of human ideas. But the same argument would equally discredit all our ideas of beauty, harmony, and sublimity; whose expression is, in like manner and from like causes, difficult to create into palpable forms, and when so created, is equally inoperative in the prediction and command of phenomena. If the merchant does not keep his books by his theology, neither does the artist bake his bread by his æsthetics; and in either case the reproach of inefficiency is equally idle.

But Comte not only restricts the intellect to phenomena; he restricts the word "phenomena" to the *changes perceptible by sense*. They must be *external* to us, presented to material observation, in order to become "facts" at all. Successions of *feeling*, *idea*, and *will*, known to us by consciousness, are to be thrown out of the account, and furnish nothing upon which intelligence can work. *Psychology*, accordingly, resting as it does upon *self-observation*, is a mere illusion; and logic and ethics, so far as they build on it as their foundation, are altogether baseless. This repudiation of all *reflective knowledge* is due chiefly to Comte's acceptance of phrenology,—a system which has always taken an infatuated pleasure in knocking out its own brains, by denying *ab initio* the validity of that self-knowledge on which all its own evidence directly or indirectly depends. The arguments on which Comte relies in his criticism on the psychologists are the stock objections of Gall and Spurzheim and Combe, viz., that the mind observing and the mind observed being the same, the alleged fact must be gone and out of reach before it is looked at; that a mental

state is not a whole fact, but only a part or function of a fact, being as much a mere outcoming of some cerebral state as the feeling of indigestion is the sensational side of deranged action in the stomach; and that psychologists have never found any thing out, or reaped any scientific fruit. The inadequacy of this argument has been felt and acknowledged by J. S. Mill, whose superior knowledge of psychological literature, and disciplined habits of reflection, enabled him to appreciate far better than the French scientist the real value of this class of pursuits.

It is necessary to protest *in limine* against the representation which Comte gives of the "psychological method." He places it in false contrast with a mode of procedure against which it has nothing at all to object, and which its votaries have, in fact, been the chief agents in advancing. Availing himself of De Blainville's remark, that the phenomena of every living being may be regarded either *statically*, *i.e.*, with reference to the conditions essential to their occurrence, or *dynamically*, *i.e.*, with reference to the products in which they embody themselves, he lays it down that the mental functions must be studied under one of these two aspects: we must either engage ourselves with the *organs* requisite for their manifestation, in which case our work is purely physiological; or we must attend to the construction and course of scientific theories, and compare and analyze the ways of thinking by which the human mind has actually won its knowledge and achieved its progress,—and in this case our task resolves itself into a critique on the intellectual history of mankind. To these two processes he opposes the psychological, which, he says, pretends to discover the fundamental laws of the human mind by contemplating it in itself, *i.e.*, *wholly apart from either causes or effects*. The rivalry thus set up on behalf of the physiologists (to take their case first) every scientific psychologist will entirely disown. He does not in the least object to the most searching investigation of the organic conditions under which the several orders of mental phenomena arise: he

only maintains that, besides the relations in which they stand to their bodily antecedents, they also have certain relations *inter se*; that, as felt by us, they are variously like and unlike, so as to be susceptible of classification, and present themselves in determinable sequence so as to be reducible to laws. To effect *these* classifications, and ascertain these laws, is certainly the primary aim of the psychologist. He thinks it possible to attain it by comparative self-knowledge; and even were it proved that the whole series of phenomena were loose among themselves, produced not one out of another, but each separately from its own prior organic condition, he still deems it a legitimate and useful service to bring into order these derivative uniformities; for there is no reason why in this particular instance the general rule should fail, that order among the effects is a clue to corresponding order in the cause. But in assuming this as his centre of work, the psychologist passes no slight on the physiologist's investigations into the nervous and cerebral conditions of sensation, thought, and emotion. He is well aware that the light of discovered order radiates forward as well as backward, and that if uniformities of succession or co-existence can be detected in the physical conditions, they will become exponents of similar relations among the mental facts. He simply leaves this indirect method of classification to the physiologist, and himself resorts to the direct; willingly availing himself of every help supplied by researches into the vital organism, and giving no countenance to the narrow-minded assumption that the selection of one order of relations for special attention is a disparagement of another. It is not to the *discoveries*, but to the *fictions* of phrenologists, that intellectual philosophy objects; nor can any one familiar with the writings of Descartes and Locke, of Spinoza and Berkeley, of Reid, Mill, and Hamilton, deny its habitual eagerness to use to the utmost the results placed at its disposal by the zeal of the anatomist. The antagonism, therefore, supposed by Comte is all his own.

It is equally so when he accuses psychologists of *sub-*

stituting self-examination for study of the *realized products of human thought*,—such as scientific hypotheses, the history of civilization, and development of ideas. Not a book of modern psychology can be found, not a dialogue of Plato, not a treatise of Aristotle, in which the logical laws of human reason are not continually illustrated, if not directly deduced, by reference to the organism and method of the sciences, and the recorded procedures of human thought. The value of these historical materials for determining the principles of cognition is not more appreciated by Comte than by the objects of his criticism; the only difference is, that while they consult individual consciousness, in addition to the recorded development of the race, and for their power to read and interpret the monuments of intellectual history profess themselves indebted to sympathetic self-reflection, he denies that we can know ourselves, yet insists that we decipher the world. His position, therefore, is simply destructive; and we have not the invidious office of depreciating his proposed methods, which are of admitted value, but only of defending the philosophical competency of our own.

“The chief consideration proving clearly that the mind’s practical self-contemplation is a pure illusion,” is the following. Whatever the mind knows, is its *object* of knowledge; every *object of knowledge* is other than the *knowing subject*, therefore what the mind knows can never be itself. “By an invincible necessity, the human mind can immediately observe all phenomena except its own.” “The thinking individual cannot divide himself in two; let one reason, while the other looks at the reasoning. The organ observed and the organ observing being in this case the same, how is it possible that observation should have place?”

This argument curiously reverses a celebrated maxim of James Mill,—and, indeed, of Hobbes,—to the effect that *to have a feeling*, and *to know that you have it*, are *identical*. Comte tells us that *to have a feeling*, and *to know that you have it*, are *incompatible*. *e.g.*, I fall into a frozen pond; I know the water and the ice, but I cannot possibly know

that I am cold. Or, I go a sea-voyage under bilious conditions ; I observe the swaying water and the lurching ship ; but "an invincible necessity" conceals from me the fact that I am sick. Of the two things given in the act of perception, viz., the percipient consciousness and the perceived object, it has usually been supposed possible to doubt the second, but not the first ; the very doubt itself bringing, as another state of the conscious self, its own refutation. And accordingly, though we have numerous forms of idealism which construe all outward phenomena into mere appearances within the mind, we have hitherto had no strictly corresponding materialism, cancelling from our knowledge all mental states on the ground of their *being ours*, and claiming certainty for the outer world *precisely because it is foreign to us*. This, however, is the strange position taken up by Comte. The argument by which he supports it is a mere appeal to the mystery which belongs to all cognition, whether of external or internal facts. How is it possible, he asks, that we should know our own state, since we must cease our mental activity in order to observe it? In other words, reflection upon our inner experience must *follow upon* that experience itself, and be separated from it by a certain interval of time. Be it so ; why is this more inconceivable than the perception of an outward fact which stands off from me by a certain interval of space? If our intelligence can bridge the chasm of *local separation*, what hinders it from uniting the termini of succession? What is *memory*, if the *present self* can never know any thing about the *past self*? Its distinction is, that it reports to us, not simply outward things in themselves, but outward things (or inward) as they affect us ; so that—it has even been contended—there is properly no memory but of our own former states. If now its reports are *good for nothing*, there is an end of the matter, and human acquaintance with the past is an illusion. But if they be accepted as valid, the knowledge which they supply is either *immediate* or *mediate*. Is it immediate? Then are we immediately cognitive of

our own past states, in spite of Comte's maxim. Is it *mediate*? Then do we, as *now* remembering, know something past, as having *then* perceived it; the truth in my present remembrance is just what there was in my former perception; and without immediate cognition of my own state at the percipient moment, no mediate knowledge of it could be given by memory. In fact, the act of perception is necessarily and equally an act of self-consciousness, objective no more than subjective; and to claim for it authority for phenomena without, is in itself to concede to it like authority for phenomena within; nothing being an outward phenomenon at all except what appears on the double field of *thought* and *things*, and is known as *being* and as *felt*.

And if we be incapable of knowing our own experiences and thoughts, we cannot perform on them any act of comparison, separation, or combination. Yet what is *human language* but the crystallized form of countless discriminations and analogies, so clearly felt, and frequently referred to, as to demand the means of permanent expression? Comte refers us to scientific theories and logical processes as the only possible means of reaching logical laws. But how could these intellectual methods speak to us intelligibly at all, were it not for the parallel movement of our own thought, carried into the study as interpreter and test? To beings not self-conscious, or not able to rely on their reflective insight into their own ways of intellectual action, the record of other men's reasonings could awaken no responsive intelligence; only through our sympathetic self-knowledge do they find us out and teach us any thing. All grammar, all philology, all scientific language, are in fact *psychological deposits*; not less certainly testifying to the perpetual action of self-reflection, as one factor of human knowledge, than the geological strata bear witness to the operation through ages past of the very elements that work upon our homesteads and on the beach at our garden-gate to-day. Comte's advice is excellent, if addressed to those

who can open their vision upon their own nature and intelligence ; but has no sense or application for the sort of blind chimera or one-eyed cyclops that he imagines, with pictures of the universe glazed upon the surface, and never taken home to any known self within. No doubt our *self-knowledge* is dependent to an incalculable extent on the living in a human world, and standing before the face of *other men* : the manifestations of their nature, whether by natural language of the moment or by the historical record of past processes of thought, are conditions necessary to the development of our reflective faculties ; and if we were to insist on insulating the self-consciousness from all these data, that it might spin a science out of its own viscera, we should but impose upon an empty power a self-consuming task. But, on the other hand, our ability to decipher the expression of other minds depends, in its turn, on converse with our own ; and to bid us study the fruits of their research and meditation, while despairing of all acquaintance with our own, is to place a banquet before the sleeping or the dead. It is impossible to make *either* of the reciprocal conditions prior to the other ; their efficacy lies in the balance and alternation of action and reaction ; and so close is the inter-dependence of psychological and objective knowledge of human nature, that a theory which despises either excludes both.

The objection, however, which Comte is most zealous in urging against the psychologists is, that their method has never been crowned with any success, great or small, and that their labour has been absolutely barren. Even if this statement be tried by the test present to the author's own mind, viz., the amount of direct discovery respecting the processes of the mind, it is a monstrous exaggeration. The logical doctrine of Aristotle, the modern theory of vision, the ascertainment of laws of association and abstraction, Butler's exposition of the moral constitution of man,—deserve to be ranked among positive achievements of a high order, and are recognized as such by the vast majority

of competent judges on these points. If perfect unanimity is not attained even on these doctrines, neither is it secured at present in regard to any of the corresponding parts of biological science ; and the only advantage which the positivist has over his predecessors in intellectual philosophy is in his liberal promises for the future ; his disparagement of the past not being justified, so far as yet appears, by the detection of a single law of our mental or moral nature. These reproaches of backwardness should at least be reserved till they can be uttered from a point of real advance. Perhaps, too, the test by which the fruitfulness or sterility of a pursuit is estimated by Comte may not be altogether admissible. His demand obviously is for some new field of "previsicn" special to psychology : the demand is disappointed, because intrinsically unreasonable. From objective studies we expect objective results ; from subjective studies it is natural to look for subjective results : not so much for a *fresh sphere brought into knowledge*, as for a more refined *knowing power*, for quickened faculties self-protected from beguiling errors, for intellectual implements of more ethereal temper and disciplined skill. That this appropriate effect of reflective studies has been their habitual attendant, is undeniable ; every period of intense speculative activity being the precursor of the next advance of even physical science, and educating the faculties up to the point when the discovery of new laws becomes possible ; setting the previous gains of human research in due order and relation, and preparing language and method for new service. Alternately acting and studying its action, the mind, whether by *systole* or *diastole*, sustains the pulsation of its living thought ; and to demand the one operation without the other, is not less absurd than to complain that the heart does not always propel without resilience. Nor is it only in the successive periods of human culture that this need of reflective studies is observable. No fact is more conspicuous in individual biography and the comparative experiences of education, than the systematic superiority,

in pliancy and balance of faculty, of men not strange to metaphysical and moral studies, over those who never quit the circle of mathematical relations and physical laws. Were the methods of intellectual and moral philosophy altogether illusory, it is inconceivable that a certain habituation to them should be an indispensable gymnastic for the mind, and a needful check to the narrowing tendency of the "positive sciences," when exclusively pursued.*

Closely connected with Comte's contempt for the psychologists is his disrespect for certain ideas and beliefs whose only guarantee is in our self-consciousness. Thus

* In spite of Comte's contempt for psychology, he is one of the most resolute of psychologists himself; and freely appeals, when convenient, to that very self-consciousness which at other times he declares to be quite blank and dumb. Thus we find him announcing that the "phenomena of life" are "*known by immediate consciousness*" ("Phil. Pos.," vol. ii. p. 648, vol. iii. p. 8); an assertion standing in accurate contradiction to the doctrine on which we have been commenting. Nay, so completely does he forget his denial of any possible self-knowledge, as to affirm, when required for his purpose, that "*man at first knows nothing but himself*,"—so as to apply his self-knowledge as a universal formula for the interpretation of nature. But how could man erect his self-consciousness into a rule for explaining all phenomena, if no inward fact were cognizable by him at all? Perhaps, however, it is only since monotheism came in, that psychology has become impossible and absurd; for, while denying it to modern metaphysicians, Comte is full of admiration of its use among the ancient augurs. He claims for polytheism the honour of instituting the first careful observation of nature; laments that we have to put up with our poor meteorological registers in place of the far superior weather-tables of the Etruscan soothsayers; and affirms that, with a view to the interpretation of dreams, the intellectual and moral phenomena were made the subject of the most delicate observations, pursued day by day with a perseverance not to be again expected till the positive philosophy has reached its final development ("Phil. Pos.," vol. v. p. 135). It is to be presumed that, as dreams are altogether inward facts, this marvellous store of scientific observation accumulated in their service, and throwing light on the intellectual and moral life, could be no other than *psychological capital*. How is it that it may be invested in Divination, but must be inaccessible to Science, at least until Positivism finds a profitable use for it?

he treats as an illusion our idea of *Causation* ; requiring us to dispense with it altogether, not merely in its theological form of *Will*, but no less in its scientific equivalent of *Force*. "Every proposition," he says, "which is not ultimately reducible to the simple enunciation of a fact, particular or general, must be destitute of all real and intelligible meaning." Again : "*Forces*, in mechanics, are only *movements*, produced or tending to be produced ; but although this is happily pretty well understood now-a-days, yet an essential reform is still required, if not in the conception, at least in the habitual language, in order to cancel altogether the old metaphysical notion of *force*, and present more accurately than hitherto the true point of view." And he shows the same jealousy of any properly *dynamical* notions when complaining afterwards of Bichat's speculation respecting "*vital forces*," and proposing to return to the true path by substituting the word "*properties*" for "*forces*" ! His definition of the word "*Law*," as an "invariable relation of succession or resemblance among phenomena," together with his severe restriction of the human mind to the investigation of "*Laws*," demands of us an entire disuse of all belief or even idea of Causality.

Now if he had been content with saying that causes lie beyond the field of observation, and that scientific induction, even in its highest generalizations, can never carry us further than the order of co-existence and sequence among phenomena, he would have stated only an important truth, —the one great truth on whose clear apprehension depends the whole difference between ancient and modern investigation of nature. All knowledge which finds its test and triumph in accurate *prevision*, or, more generally, in the determination of absent facts by means of present data, does require exclusively an attentive study of the relations of events in time and place. Though we were endowed with no other power than the ability to register, compare, and analyze series, without any suspicion of a purpose, or wonder about origination, we should want nothing (except,

indeed, an indispensable moral incentive) to complete the conditions of scientific discovery. It stands to reason, indeed, that, in order to *foresee*, we need only to know the *sequences* to which events, beginning from the present, are limited ; and that, in order to fill in the absent half of a cluster of phenomena by suggestion from what is at hand, we have but to learn the groupings in which they uniformly occur. And the rule, thus rational in its principle, is confirmed by the actual history of natural knowledge. No scrutiny, it is true, ever succeeds in laying hold of a *new force*, and fixing it in its distinction before our view : all that can be done is to detect some unsuspected *effects*, which are but a fresh disposition or succession of phenomena ; and behind that veil no astuteness can carry us. We are apt to be deceived on this point by the habitual employment, in scientific treatises, of *names* for reputed forces of different kinds,—chemical, electric, magnetic, vital, &c. We naturally suppose that the votary of each department of research has something to tell us of the force prevailing there, and of the characters which distinguish it from its dynamic neighbours. On closer inspection, however, we shall find that of the force itself, apart from what it *does*, he has nothing special to say : he defines it by the *appearances* it puts forth ; he separates it from *other* forces by stating the *dissimilar effects* which they severally exhibit ; nor has he any other means of referring to the ranks of *δυνάμεις* than by marshalling the perceptible phenomena under their appropriate heads. The name “*magnetism*” stands for the viewless cause of all those movements in certain metals (iron, cobalt, nickel) which occur in the vicinity of particular ferruginous ores, or of iron brought into similar conditions : the movements may be induced under considerable variety of prior conditions, through which it would be impossible for us to trace any identity of originating power ; and the assumption of unity rests entirely on the termination of all these conditions in one result, viz., the polar disposition or deflection of the needle. It is the specialty of the phenomenon that is

honoured with the *hypothesis* of a special force. *Heat*, again, is the name of an equally unknown cause of certain phenomena,—such as a given animal sensation, and the expansion of bodies, and their change from solid to liquid and liquid into gaseous,—which are entered under this category for no other reason than that they cling together, and though not alike in themselves or appreciable through the same sense, arise under the same physical conditions. The concurrence of these effects having tied them into a group, the rise of any one of them becomes a sign of the possibility of the rest, or of the presence of the supposed cause : but of that cause, *per se*, as apart from its effects,—of its unity, except in their concurrence ; of its difference from magnetism, except in the unlikeness and separation of the effects,—we have assuredly no cognizance. Thus much, then, must be freely granted to Comte,—that all investigation into *natural forces* is delusive, unless understood to be mere *phenomenological research*, prosecuted under the disguise of dynamical language ; and that its only real result must be to ascertain the analogies and the order of perceptible facts. If this be true, we must materially alter our ordinary conceptions of the operations of nature. We must no longer attribute any reality or efficient existence to gravitation, electricity, cohesion, &c. ; but, treating them as mere fictions of thought subservient to classification, must resolve the universe, *under the eye of science*, into a legion of phenomena, irregular to begin with, but susceptible of being regimented and disciplined by due attention to their likeness and affinities. If our language is to be regulated exclusively by the resources of the natural sciences, and nothing to be admitted into it but what they can undertake to guarantee, nothing short of a clean sweep of every dynamical form of phrase can satisfy the obligations of truth. And yet this is manifestly impossible ; and has been found so by Comte himself.

How are we to reduce this apparent inconsistency ? Inductive science gives us no access to causes behind pheno-

mena ; yet we cannot expound it without speaking of them, and assuming them. Is fiction, then, the indispensable vehicle of truth ? And must a false postulate underlie the whole fabric of our knowledge ? So would it assuredly be, if every idea were to be discarded as invalid for which inductive science declines to be responsible. But when we have confessed that, by the way of perception, and in the study of laws, causation cannot be reached, it by no means follows that the idea is to be expelled the service of the human mind. The question arises, whether, as it evades us at the *end* of science, it may not, perhaps, be found at the *beginning* : the spectacle-case may well be empty, if the glasses are already on the nose, helping us all the while to see the very emptiness itself. If the idea of causality be a metaphysical datum, it is no wonder that we miss it as a physical quæsitum ; nor is it difficult to understand why it presents no variety to our mind, however various be the phenomena behind which it is planted, or the corresponding changes of name it may assume. By an irresistible law of thought, *all phenomena present themselves to us as the expression of power*, and refer us to a causal ground whence they issue. This dynamic source we neither see, nor hear, nor feel ; it is given in *thought*,—supplied by the spontaneous activity of the mind itself as the correlative prefix to the phenomenon observed. By the general acknowledgment of philosophers, this idea is so strictly “a necessary idea” as to be entirely irremovable from the conception of any change ; to cut the tie between them, and think of phenomena as *not effects*, is impossible, in fact, even to the very writers who propose it in theory.

What value, then, are we to put upon this belief ? Either we must take it as a natural revelation, or reject it as a natural lie ; in the case of an original datum of thought contradictory to no other, a third course is impossible. If we are to rely on the veracity of our constitution as thinking beings, we must accept the subjective postulate as giving a valid rule for objective nature. If we are to suppose our

intellectual constitution mendacious, and deem causation a mental fiction, no reason will remain for trusting our perceptive constitution any more ; and our observation of facts and quest of laws will perish by the contagion of uncertainty. It is impossible, except by arbitrary caprice, to save the one part of our cognitive nature while sacrificing the other, and vain to pretend that the depositions of the first are in any sense opposed to those of the other. That the "power" given to us in *thought* is apprehensible by no *perception*, avails as little to disprove its reality as the *inaudibleness* of light to convict the eye of false reports. Yet this is the only argument by which Comte justifies his contempt for causes. We freely surrender to him all search by scientific methods after a *plurality of forces* distinguishable in themselves : but he confounds this illusory aim with the recognition, on the authority of a law of thought, of *universal causation*, inserted by the mind, without any change of type, behind all sets of phenomena in turn. Start up what may to arrest our attention, one and the same homogeneous idea of *power* occurs to us ; and whether it receives the name of chemical, or physical, or vital, the dynamical background of the conception remains unvaried, and the momentary representation alone is exposed to change. The trustworthiness of this belief has the same guarantee as the self-evident predicates of space and time : it is the indispensable condition of our thinking of phenomena at all ; they are just as absolutely unrepresentable to the mind apart from causality, as motion without duration and extension. Indeed, it is remarkable how these two great data, Space and Time, rescue us from the scepticism of the materialist school. They stand as eternal barriers to forbid our final exit from the natural faiths of reason ; or as a bridge that spans the gulf between metaphysical and physical apprehension, and has a bearing upon each ; so that, destroy which you will, the whole roadway of human knowledge falls, and neither of the interdependent realms remains accessible or habitable at all. Will you take your stand on the entities of Reason

alone? Then, as Comte truly says, your knowledge will never advance a step; you will find no law, and win no prevision. Will you try the other side, and say that Perception of phenomena is the only source of knowledge? Then you must throw away from your belief both space and time, which, as eternal, are not phenomena, and as infinite, you cannot have perceived; and with them must perish all that they contain, so that your solid realism goes off into absolute Nihilism. Will you attempt a compromise, and let natural faith have its way unquestioned respecting these two necessary receptacles of phenomena? Then the postulates of thought, by no means stopping there, are not only good for these, but good for more; and causality slips in by the plea that makes room for Law.

Final causation, not less than efficient, our author imagines to be contradicted and disproved by "positive" knowledge; and he is fond of turning aside from his exposition to mark the points where science appears to exclude the notion of providential design. Thus astronomical discovery, in his opinion, completely overthrows the doctrine of Divine purpose in the arrangements of the solar system:

1. Because design, whenever alleged, is conceived of as relative to *man*, whose nature gives the only measure we have of good and evil; and though he might plausibly be supposed the object of Divine care so long as his station was assumed to be central, the idea must vanish with the disclosure of the earth's dependent and planetary position.
2. Because it is demonstrated that the order and stability of the solar system, and the fitness of its several bodies for the residence of living beings, are necessary consequences of purely mechanical laws.
3. Because in many respects the system might be greatly improved, and by no means deserves the admiration wasted on it.*

This last argument

* "With persons unused to the study of the celestial bodies, though very likely well informed on other parts of natural philosophy, astronomy has still the repute of being a science eminently religious; as if the famous words, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' had

we may leave to those who feel themselves able to pronounce on the relative merits of possible universes, as compared with one another and with the actual. The belief in design is by no means pledged to the doctrine of optimism. The readiness with which every theist admits the existence of evil, the frequency with which he speaks of imperfections in life and nature, and his habitual reference to a future and ideal world, show that his faith can co-exist, without prejudice, with the conception of more "advantageous conditions" of being than he witnesses where he is. For ourselves, we confess Comte's censorship over the universe affects us very much in the same way as many religious writers' patronage of it. *They* undertake to show how much better, *he* how much worse, it is than it might have been. If this sort of argument is open to the one, it cannot be closed against the other; and we may leave them to settle it between them as best they may. Whether the stomach is made on the best principles; whether the sea is not a little too salt; whether the isthmus of Panama is not to be regretted; whether the ice may not be rather overdone about the poles; whether, if M. Lesseps had been consulted, the shortcomings of the Red Sea might not have been avoided; whether the two sides of the moon are fairly treated; whether Jupiter is all right without a ring, or Venus would be improved by diminution of light and levity,—are matters for those who know every thing and a good deal more. Such questions are as a flood let loose, and spreading without use and without bound, covering the landmarks of all fruit-bearing truth and turning thought into a desolating waste. Mend the world as you will, there must always remain ideal standards, measured by which it will be liable to criticism as before. The body

lost nothing of their truth." In a note Comte adds, "Now-a-days, to minds familiarized betimes with the true astronomical philosophy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, Newton, and all those who have contributed to the ascertainment of their laws."—"Philosophie Positive," vol. ii. p. 36.

of man, for instance, is variously frail, and can scarcely stand, without fracture, a ten-feet fall ; but give him cast-iron ribs, and a railway accident will contrive to crush him ; and the more you harden him, the greater the forces into which he will venture. In short, the critique of nature in detail is quite beyond us ; and whether we find there little providences or monstrous blemishes, we are alike in danger of seeing only the reflection of our own egotism. Praising or censuring the arrangements of the world, we equally set up certain ideal ends of our own imagining, which we assume that it was or ought to serve ; by the test of these we try nature, and, according as her structure realizes or falls short of them, we pronounce it perfect or imperfect. Comte and the divines are therefore both within the same school of teleological criticism ; both speak of a good or a bad way of realizing a presupposed conception ; both are equally far from confining themselves to the study of *actual* phenomena and effects, uncomparing with others that *might have been*. Forming as we do part of the scheme of nature, limited as our power of conception is to the resources of the universe that bounds the horizon of our minds, we cannot pretend to be judges of the skill or clumsiness of the world's laws ; and the moment we pass beyond the simple admiring perception of order and relation, and begin to imagine how much better or worse matters would have stood under other conditions, we entangle ourselves in a thicket of ever-growing problems, from which extrication is impossible. The faith in Divine purpose will persevere through all ; but the critique of that purpose in special instances is variable and insecure, and was properly excluded by Bacon from the business of science.

Thus the particular thought from which the creation of the world has been supposed to spring, viz., to be the moral centre of the universe, and the scene of a drama fixing the gaze of all higher beings, does really, as Comte's first argument remarks, lose its hold of probability by the Copernican discovery. The plurality of worlds, be they inhabited or

uninhabited, is fatally at variance with the scheme of moral symmetry that makes man the hero of all time and nature. But to discredit this particular idea is one thing; to disprove the presence of design altogether is another. The tendency of the Copernican discovery is quite in the opposite direction, to give enlargement, instead of curtailment and extinction, to the significance and purpose of the world. The old theory of the divines proving too small to suit the magnificence of the facts; its chief object, man, finding himself in presence of a scene so unexpectedly august,—*which* is the more natural inference, that therefore this scene must have a *greater* cause than we had conceived, or that it can have *none at all*? And so perhaps it will ever be. In one instance after another *ad infinitum*, it will be found that the idea we had planted at the heart of a thing is too small, and is transcended by the scale of the reality. To make this the excuse for substituting a smaller or a blank, is perversely to justify a logical retrogression by a scientific advance, and to say that, the more glorious the creation, the less thought must it contain. No less a paradox than this is Comte's reasoning that, because a particular idea of the Divine intention gives way, Final Causation in general is exploded.

The only considerable argument in the passage on which we are remarking is the second,—that the physical forces and arrangements being known, to which the order and stability of the solar system is due, the phenomena are exhaustively explained without any intervention of purpose at all. Now what is the nature, and wherein lies the plausibility, of this reasoning? It is simply a playing-off of *physical* causation against *moral*, or, as it is called, *final* causation; the forces of matter are adequate to produce all the movements and all the equilibrium, and so no force of mind is wanted. But have we not just learned from Comte that we know nothing of any *forces of matter*, nothing of any *production* of one phenomenon from any other, or from causation at all? that our investigations and discoveries are

absolutely debarred from passing beyond the grouping and succession of phenomena? Then what does he mean by here finding in physical causes a substitute and equivalent for the volitional action which he excludes? They cannot shut out and supersede that action, unless they are competent to do the same thing; if they claim to stand in its place, they must undertake to discharge the required office instead of it. Either, therefore, gravitation must be equal to the task hitherto given to the Divine Will, *i.e.*, must be a real efficient force, and not a mere generalized phenomenon; or else it cannot make good its rival pretensions, or enter at all upon the field which is at present occupied by final causes simply on the merit of this qualification. In other words, our author may take his choice of two positions: he may limit the possible achievements of our minds to the ascertainment of laws, and say that causal problems are inaccessible; or, admitting causal problems, he may pronounce one solution true and another false, declaring, *e.g.*, in favour of physical forces as against spiritual agency. But he cannot do *both*, and slip about from the one to the other at will; he cannot fight a particular causal hypothesis with a mere law of phenomena which is not causal, and say in the same breath that we can know nothing of this matter, and also that we know the matter to be not so-and-so, but otherwise than that. Cause against cause, law against law; but no cross-fire is possible; and, slam the heavy gate of gravitation as you may in the face of Living Agency, still if its bars are only ranges of co-existence and succession, and its chevaux-de-frise only bristling clusters of phenomena, causation will slip through and round and over, and feel no obstruction to be there.

As to the choice which Comte practically makes between the two positions just described, there can be no doubt. He assuredly thinks of nature, not simply as the theatre of phenomena, but as the residence of *forces*. In what sense can he affirm that periodicity of planetary perturbation, and the consequent equilibrium of the solar system and its

orbital movements, are *necessary consequences of gravitation*, if he does not conceive of gravitation as a cause? From the two great conditions of every Newtonian solution, viz., projectile impulse and centripetal tendency; eject the idea of *force*, and what remains? The entire conception is simply made up of this, and has no sort of faintest existence without it. It is useless to give it notice to quit, and pretend that it is gone, when you have put a new name upon the door. We must not call it "attraction," lest there should seem to be a *power* within: we are to speak of it as "gravitation," because that is only "weight," which is nothing but a "fact;" as if it were not a fact that held a power, a true dynamic affair, which no imagination can chop up into incoherent successions. Nor is the evasion more successful when we try the phrase "*tendency of bodies to mutual approach*." The approach itself may be called a phenomenon; but the "tendency" is no phenomenon, and cannot be attributed by us to the bodies without regarding them as the residence of force. And what are we to say to the *projectile impulse* in the case of the planets? Is that also a phenomenon? Who witnessed and reported it? Is it not evident that this whole scheme of physical astronomy is a resolution of observed facts into dynamic equivalents, and that the hypothesis posits for its calculations, not phenomena, but proper forces? Its logic is this: *if* an impulse of certain intensity were given, and *if* such and such a mutual attraction were constantly present, then the sort of motions which we observe in the bodies of our system *would follow*. So, however, they also would *if* willed by an Omnipotent Intelligence. Both doctrines are so far hypothetical; both hypotheses are dynamic; both are an adequate provision for the facts; so that on this ground neither can exclude the other. There is, however, this difference: we know that the doctrine of composition of forces is an artificial device, by which, in innumerable cases, we treat *as if plural* a spring of motion which, like our own volition to a given muscular action, is *really simple*;

the *quasi-plurality* being a contrivance for bringing the phenomenon under dominion of the calculus, and finding its equivalent. If it be maintained that the phenomenon is *really composite*, antagonist muscles and numerous levers being set in motion, we reply, that the complexity is at all events in the *mode of execution*, not in the principle of origination, which, being our own conscious volition, we know has none of those parts, but goes straight at the resultant. It appears, therefore, that the composite doctrine betrays its fictitious character where the volitional origination is an indisputable fact; and that, even allowing it in such case to represent reality, it is a mere executive reality, wielded as an instrumental medium by the immediate power of Will behind. In the same manner, the hypothetical composition of the Newtonian forces does nothing to exclude the primary causation of a Divine Mind.

In this connection it is curious to notice, in so acute a mind as our author's, the logical inconsequence produced by incompatible antipathies. He commits the inconsistency,—which would be extraordinary were it not ordinary with the class,—of excluding all Will from the universe because there is nothing but Necessity, yet insisting on Necessity as an attribute of all Will. It is evident that whichever of these two positions is established destroys the other; yet it is scarcely possible for the atheist to avoid holding both. "Look at this whole frame of things," he says, "how can it proceed from a mind,—a supernatural will? Is it not all subject to regular laws, and do we not actually obtain *pre-vision* of its phenomena? If it were the product of mind, its order would be variable and free." Of mind, therefore, it is a mark, that its phenomena are unsusceptible of prevision; of volition it is characteristic to be free; and the absence of these attributes negatives the presence of voluntary agency. Here, then, the atheistic argument itself not only concedes liberty to will as possible, but reasons from it as the one essential. Yet no sooner do these writers begin to treat of the only will which we directly know, viz.,

our own, than they contend for the contradictory of all this ; affirming that the will has no freedom whatever ; that it follows determinate and ascertainable laws ; that its products are not variable or irreducible to rules of prevision ; and that if we cannot yet foresee them, the fault is not in the indeterminateness of the facts, but in the imperfect conquests of our knowledge. From this it would seem that necessity and determinateness of sequence, being not less predicable of will than of other orders of facts, may as well be a sign of *it* as of any thing else, and cannot at all be taken to disprove it. Either, then, the will is free, or else theism is unharmed ; and the attack on either of these propositions saves the other. The fact is, the atheistic reasoning is an involuntary testimony to the inextinguishable faith in the freedom of the will,—a testimony the more impressive because unconsciously given by a hostile witness. When the problem practically comes before him, how to get rid of *supernatural volition* from the universe, he can find but one mode, viz., to get rid of every trace of *freedom*, and enthrone everywhere *natural necessity*. In this he follows a perfectly correct logical instinct ; he tries the issue upon the antithesis of two notions that are truly contradictory. But if they are mutually exclusive in the universe, so are they in man ; and it is the secret consciousness of this that suggests and sustains the whole argument. When, after this radical acknowledgment, Comte condescends to the assertion that any man who fancies himself free, may undeceive himself by standing on his head for a few minutes, and trying what becomes of his clearest thoughts and strongest resolves, we cannot fail to see how much deeper is his involuntary wisdom than his superficial polemic. As well might you urge it as a disproof of free-will, that you cannot put the moon in your pocket, or contrive to live five hundred years, or write an epic in your sleep. Be the limitations of our power prescribed by nature, or self-imposed, or a mixture of the two, no one ever denied or questioned them ; no one ever contended for a freedom in man un-

fettered by organic conditions. To do so would be to pronounce him omnipotent and absolute. In truth, free causality is so far from requiring the absence of all limiting conditions, that it cannot be conceived of except as in their presence. Its activity is in its very essence *preferential*,—the adoption of *this* to the exclusion of *that* ; and to empty out all data, to cancel the finite terms, is to destroy the problem and preclude the power. All mental action is intrinsically *relative*, and when predicated as *absolute* becomes entirely inconceivable. It is therefore mere trifling to argue against free-will by pointing out the dependence of moral phenomena on organic conditions. These conditions are the very data of the whole problem ; they may exist in every variety of number and intensity ; by increasing which the range left open to determination may be continually narrowed, till, in the extreme case, it wholly disappears, the quæsitum is among the data, and the problem is self-resolved. The real question is, whether this extreme case is universal.

But we must release our readers from an unconscionable detention. We should, however, have been unfaithful interpreters of our author, if we had not made them feel a little of the tedium he inflicts. Our interest in him being chiefly from the moral side, we have addressed ourselves exclusively to the dogmatic groundwork of his system, and especially to the assumptions by which he discredits psychological science, appends ethics to biology, and dismisses religion into limbo. It is in this, his *Prima Philosophia*, that we find it necessary to contest every step. When, advancing from this abstract ground, he begins to construct his hierarchy of the sciences, we acknowledge for the first time the true style of a master-hand. Two things only provoke remark in this part of his work : (1) The principle of arrangement by which he gives order to the sciences, advancing from the more universal properties to the more special, is by no means original ; and in the hands of Dr. Arnott had already, in 1827, been employed to raise in outline precisely the symmetrical pyramid of knowledge which

Comte contemplates with so much pride. Our author's additional rule, that with this logical order the historical growth of the sciences agrees, will not, in our opinion, bear examination. (2) This linear arrangement of the sciences, all around the same axis, appears to us absolutely untrue, both to their inner logic and their outward history. We deny that the knowledge of human nature and life waits for an antecedent biology, chemistry, physics, and astronomy, or uses their conclusions, when obtained, as its presuppositions. We maintain the essential independence of its evidence and method, and the possibility, nay even necessity, of its beginning at the same moment, and advancing *pari passu*, with our apprehension of the outward world. We assert that the sciences dispose themselves round *two* great axes of thought, parallel and not unrelated, yet distinct ;—the natural sciences held together by the one, the moral by the other. In practice our author himself proceeds as if it were so ; and in his review of political and social doctrine, leaves his physiology and chemistry entirely behind. His notices of both groups of sciences, taken separately, abound with original criticisms and striking generalizations ; but it is especially in the sphere of physical knowledge that his habits of thought render him an instructive and suggestive guide.

As for his celebrated threefold law, we will only point to the distorting effect it has had on his great historical survey. In obedience to its cruel exactions, the natural organism of European civilization has been torn to pieces. As the third, or positive stage, had accomplished its advent in the author's own person, it was necessary to find the metaphysical period just before ; and so the whole life of the Reformed Christianity, in embryo and in manifest existence, is stripped of its garb of *faith*, and turned out to view as a naked metaphysical phenomenon. But metaphysics, again, have to be ushered in by theology ; and of the three stages of theology Monotheism is the last,—necessarily following on Polytheism, as that, again, on Fetichism. There is nothing for

it, therefore, but to let the mediæval Catholic Christianity stand as the world's first monotheism, and to treat it as the legitimate offspring and necessary development of the Greek and Roman polytheism. This accordingly Comte actually does. Protestantism he illegitimizes and outlaws from religion altogether ; and the genuine Christianity he fathers upon the faith of Homer and the Scipios ! Once or twice, indeed, it seems to cross him that there was such a people as the Hebrews, and that they were not the polytheists they ought to have been. He sees the fact, but pushes it out of his way with the remark, that the Jewish monotheism was "premature" ! The Jews were always a disobliging people: what business had they to be up so early in the morning, disturbing the house ever so long before M. Comte's bell rang to prayers ?

It is unfortunate that Comte, like many men at once capable and vain, rests his chief pretensions on precisely what is weakest, least original, and most misleading, in his modes of thought : whilst he drops unconsciously, and leaves unmarked, his strongest and most fertile reflections. The consequence necessarily is, that his first reputation, conferred by disciples in answer to his own demand, will have to shift its ground ; that a prior polemic must prepare the way for ultimate appreciation ; and that before he can be wisely heard, the louder half of him must be forgot.

IX.

IN MEMORIAM

REV. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.,

Principal of Manchester New College, London, and Professor of
Biblical and Historical Theology.

Born, Aug. 15, 1797 ; Died, May 28, 1869.

OF the books which fill a scholar's library by far the greater number carry their whole interest and value in themselves, as if they were the products of a thinking machine, and can be used without once suggesting any image of the author. But among the choicest are those which, in delivering their thought, afford glimpses also of the writer's personality, and seem rather to speak and look their meaning than merely put it on record. Where this is the case, the reader craves some nearer insight into the mind which is making him its confidant ; and the text on the page doubles its significance if there be but a portrait in the frontispiece.

On the "Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty" the stamp of individuality is less deep than on the writings of F. D. Maurice, and less peculiar than on those of Thomas Carlyle. Yet the volume leaves on every susceptible reader the ineffaceable impression of a most winning presence, persuasive alike by purity of thought, sweetness of affection, and tenderness of reverence ; and impels him to ask what manner of life, what cast of character it could be, which

yielded a wisdom so complete and so endearing. So far as a slight record of personal incidents can render the picture more distinct, the following sketch may supply some sort of answer.

Mr. Tayler began, as well as ended, his life in London. At the date of his birth, his father, the Rev. James Tayler, was minister of St. Thomas's Chapel, in the Borough, and was living in Church Row, Newington Butts. His mother was a member of the honoured family of Venning. From his father's mother, a lady of the name of Hugon, he inherited an interest in the Huguenot traditions. He was five years old when in 1802 his father became one of the ministers of the High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, and, in addition to his pastoral charge, undertook the care of pupils in the house. It was in the schoolroom at home that he laid the foundation of that accurate grammatical knowledge and delicate appreciation of idiom which permitted his scholarship to become so fine, and rendered his Latin style scarcely less graceful than his English; for he went direct from Nottingham to Manchester New College, York, in 1814, and during the two years which he spent there not only attracted the strong personal affection of both his tutors and his companions, but by his classical attainments and literary taste fixed the especial attention of the Rev. John Kenrick; awakening the confident hope of future excellence, and beginning that congenial intercourse between the distinguished instructor and the admiring pupil which at its close the elder survives (1869) to mourn. In 1816 he entered Glasgow College, where he acquired, under the influence of Professors Mylne and Jardine, that tincture of philosophic thought which ever after penetrated and organized his historical and literary judgments; and whence he returned, with his B.A. degree, qualified to assume at York the duties of Assistant or Suffragan Classical Tutor, during Mr. Kenrick's absence on the Continent in 1819-20. He has often said that the intellectual discipline of that year, the necessity it imposed upon

him, not only of enlarging his knowledge, but of inverting the direction of his mental activity, in order to give out instead of taking in, beneficially affected his whole subsequent culture and career, and rendered so congenial to him the functions of a teacher, that he never afterwards was content to be without them.

His ministerial life began in 1820, when, on April 20th (Good Friday), he was ordained to the pastorate of the congregation then assembling in Mosley Street, now in Upper Brook Street, Manchester. Of the group of friends that took part in that impressive service, the Revs. James Tayler, W. Shepherd, C. Wellbeloved, J. G. Robberds, J. J. Tayler, and, on behalf of the congregation, G. W. Wood, Esq., not one remains ; nor probably any member of that quarterly meeting of ministers, which was purposely convened for the same day. But the writer of this notice well remembers a letter, received by a school-fellow of his from his mother, describing the scene in the chapel, and especially the demeanour and address of the young minister. He was spoken of with an enthusiasm which augured the writer's future friendship for him. He was said to have "every personal perfection, except *voice*." It is curious to note thus early that his characteristic modesty and openness of mind, his irrepressible divination of *future* truth, provoked criticism from some of the more stereotyped believers, who look on pastoral ordination as a kind of conjugal engagement, in which the amount of the settlements can never be disturbed. "I do declare," he said, "my firm belief, *so far as I have hitherto inquired*, that Jesus Christ was expressly commissioned by God to reform and instruct the world," &c. A reviewer in the "Monthly Repository" of that day (1822, p. 501), "cannot see the necessity of his qualifying in this manner his declaration of belief," and "thinks that he has been too much alarmed at the idea of giving *a confession of faith*;" and is "apprehensive that some among a mixed audience might understand such a qualification respecting the truth of the Gospel

to imply that it was a matter of considerable doubt and uncertainty." Here is the germ already of two tendencies which during the last half century have often checked each other ; and which his insight, his patience, his comprehensive sympathy, have done wonders to conciliate.

His thirty-three years of ministerial labour in Manchester had their chief importance in the quiet extension and deepening quality of his influence over two generations of citizens, chiefly belonging to the more cultivated and energetic class. Even in a city whose special industry and whose great names naturally give pre-eminence among intellectual pursuits to the physical sciences, it was soon found that his proper place, in the direction of its literary and educational institutions, was scarcely in the second rank. In an early year of his residence he delivered, in the theatre of the Philosophical Institution, lectures on English literature, which brought out not only his ample reading, but the largeness of his comparative criticism, and his versatile susceptibility to beauty of thought, expression, and character. In his private classes, consisting chiefly of young people past the school age, he exercised perhaps his happiest influence. His quick affections were readily drawn towards pupils whose minds were eager with the first thirst for truth and sense of excellence ; and their response to his own pure admirations, their escape under his guidance from the glare of false tastes to the simplicity of nature, rewarded at once his benevolence and his faith. His affection for the young impressed a marked character upon his whole ministry. No pastor was ever more diligent, more systematic, or more original, in his plans for instructing the "catechumens" of his flock ; and the fact that these plans led up to the production of that most charming of ecclesiastical histories, the "*Retrospect of Religious Life in England*," attests the high point of culture which he enabled his congregation to reach. His attachment to liberty of teaching was not allied to any negligence in teaching ; nor did his indignation at all ecclesiastical

narrowness and tyranny mislead him into an approval of mere self-will and anarchy in religious affairs. Not only would he have preserved, as founded in permanent wants of human nature, the ancient order of training in each Christian society,—the baptismal dedication, the catechetical instruction, the confirmation to mark the assumption of full responsibility; but he was favourable to a general association of the separate worshipping societies of each communion, conducted on a representative system, and with its common affairs administered by a board. A scheme for such an organization he laid before the Lancashire and Cheshire Provincial Meeting in June, 1837; but the distrust of any thing that bore the semblance of ecclesiastical rule was too strong to allow of serious attention to the proposal.

The even course of his period in Manchester was intersected by a few of the great crises of life. After five years of lonely work he married, in January, 1825, a daughter of the late Timothy Smith, Esq., of Birmingham, and opened a home, the genial but simple hospitalities of which are among the bright memories of many a surviving friend. Twice in the course of thirty-seven years of married life was the rare serenity of that home interrupted by the stroke of sorrow. A daughter, born in 1838, and welcomed with the tender surprise which embraces a late and scarce hoped-for child, was taken away again in 1839. There remained, old enough to share the sadness of this loss, a brother and sister, who had grown up side by side, each receptive of the culture and graces which were their common inheritance; and who, as their minds opened with years, became more and more knit together by refined tastes as well as natural love. The son passed with distinction through every stage of his academic and legal studies. He had commenced with unusual success his practice at the bar, when disease of the heart snatched him away, and silenced the brilliant prophecies by which his college friends justified the parents' hopes and the sister's pride. This was in December, 1854:

and those who remember Mr. J. H. Tayler, his clear and vivid nature, his manly purity and honour, his quick humour, his discriminating judgment, and who think what a darkness follows the extinction of a light thus unique within the house, will not wonder if to his father the joy and spring of life were never quite the same again. The next separation, eight years later, which was to reunite the mother and the son, and to complete the mutual dependence of the daughter and the father, was more gently prepared, and though bringing its pathetic train of tender memories, was free from the shock of surprise.

No one could have much intercourse with Mr. Tayler without observing that he was not only at home in the German learning and literature, but fond of German life; and habitually praised its simplicity of habit, its genial tone of sentiment, its facilities for real interchange of thought. This taste dates, it is probable, from the year 1834; in the autumn of which he was compelled, by ill-health and great depression of spirits, to seek repose and change of scene upon the Continent. Accompanied by Mrs. Tayler and his son and daughter, he spent a year, chiefly at Göttingen and at Bonn, attending the lectures of eminent professors, and in private intercourse commencing some personal and literary friendships,—especially with Brandis and Bleek,—which he never lost an opportunity of refreshing in his frequent summer visits to Germany. As late as September, 1867, he writes:—"We had a shock in passing through Bonn. We called, as usual, at the house of our old and venerated friend, Professor Brandis, and found from the servant that he had been dead four weeks. We afterwards saw his niece, who still lives in the house, and learned from her the particulars; it was a gradual decay. Since then I have seen in the papers that Professor Mittermeier, an enlightened and benevolent Catholic jurist, and Rothe, whose works are familiar to you,—both of whom I had known some years ago at Heidelberg, where they were the ornaments of the University,—are gone to their final rest,

Faraday, too, I learn, is no more. Such events do not, indeed, sadden the aspect of life, but they make it look grave and serious ; and they warn a man like myself, who has already completed his seventieth year, to gather up and finish what he has yet on hand, and enter on nothing new, on nothing at least which is not a natural development of what he has already begun. The familiar words of Horace again and again come into my mind :

‘*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*’”

During the visit to Heidelberg to which he here alludes, in the vacation of 1856, he had much friendly intercourse with Baron Bunsen ; and when he returned to the spot last autumn, he was fresh from Madame Bunsen’s Memoir of her husband, and, in writing out his impressions from the volumes, says :—“ He was a truly good and noble-minded man. I came from her work with a higher estimate than I had before of the qualities of his heart, of his moral and religious excellences ; but with, I think, a somewhat lower opinion of what he had done, both as a man of action and a man of learning.” “ He had about him, if I may so express it, a ‘*fatalis quædam facilitas*,’ which enabled him to get through an amazing amount of learned work amidst the cares and distractions of public life, but at the same time affected the quality of the product. However, take him all in all, Bunsen’s is a delightful character to look back upon ; so much purity, simplicity, and affectionateness, such singleness of aim, such rectitude of purpose, in a position so much exposed to worldly snares, and with such constant temptation to tread in crooked paths.”

Not the least memorable of the interviews which he enjoyed last autumn with old friends and correspondents took place at the house of Professor Welcker, who had lived to complete his great work on Mythology, but, a few weeks after, sank to his rest. The conversation naturally turned upon the subject of the Professor’s researches,—the origin of human faith in Divine things,

and the comparative authority of its several forms : and he summed up the conclusions to which his life-long studies had brought him in words to this effect :—"I have made up my mind that the essence of pure religion is embodied in Christianity ; and that the essence of Christianity is Moral harmony with God through Love of himself and of humanity." Mr. Tayler was deeply moved to receive, from the already failing voice of one of the profoundest scholars and thinkers of Europe, a verdict so precisely expressing his own inmost conviction ; and quoted it as an encouragement to those who, resting in the same faith, are reproached on the one hand with saying too much, and on the other with saying too little.

There was a rare charm about Mr. Tayler's letters ; but they were especially delightful when written under the influence of foreign scenery and life. His love of nature was too keen to be exacting ; the simplest elements of beauty—such skies, and seas, and beech-woods, and cultivated fields, as may be seen on the level shores of Kiel—as well as the grander solitudes of the Bernese or Appenzel Alps, spoke to him with soothing and elevating power ; and his descriptions of them were often landscape vignettes that rendered to the life both the scene and the feeling of the observer. And in like manner his sympathy with men was too wide to be fastidious ; and, with all his personal refinement of character and demeanour, he threw himself with evident enjoyment into conversation with people of every class in the countries which he visited ; and, as he readily won their confidence, he gained an insight into their life and manners which rendered his report of them at once humane and picturesque. No one was ever less spoiled by his books for intercourse with men. As if his affections had been in prison, he escaped from his study with a spring of benevolent exhilaration, and often said that no sooner had he put his foot on the deck of the steamer to cross the Channel, than he left all cares behind, and looked forward

to the scenes for which he was bound with all the enthusiasm of an unworn spirit. The interests which selected his vacation retreats on the Continent, or which his active mind found there, were very various. At Kiel, in 1857, he enjoyed the friendship of Madame Hensler, sister-in-law and biographer of Niebuhr. In the next year he attended the Tercentenary festival at the University of Jena, and brought away a painful impression of the unintellectual and petrified life of the country clergy whom the occasion collected, in contrast with the culture and activity of mind in the University which sent them forth. At Liebenstein, in Thuringen, he found himself, in 1862, amid the very echoes of Luther's history, and visited every spot consecrated by traditions of the Reformer. Once only, in 1864, did he cross the Alps, not, however, to proceed further than Verona and Venice; the Tyrol and the Italian Lakes being the main objects of his tour. An interest which he had always felt in the Remonstrant Church of Holland drew him to that country in 1867, and opened for him friendly relations, which he greatly prized, with Professors Kuenen and Scholten, at Leyden; Dr. Albert Reville, at Rotterdam; and Professors Moll and Tidemann, at Amsterdam. From the last of these, the Principal of the College of the Remonstrants, he learned that the religious development of that body presented an historical parallel even more exact than he had suspected with the course of the English Presbyterians since the Revolution. The occasion of his last journey, to greet the Unitarian Church of Transylvania, is fresh in the recollection of all who either heard or read his recent interesting narrative of his visit.

To return, however, from his foreign to his English life: within a year of his resuming duty at Manchester, after the twelvemonth in Germany, the Mosley Street Chapel (in 1836) was sold, and the site immediately given up for the erection of the warehouses now occupying it. The large schoolroom, just then built in Lower Mosley Street, was for three years used by the unhoused congregation as their place

of worship ; till in 1839 the new chapel in Upper Brook Street, of which Sir Charles Barry was the architect, was opened. The fears at first entertained about the acoustic qualities of the building were overcome by judicious alterations ; and after the difficulties incident to removal had worked themselves off, the congregation rapidly increased, and in the latter years of his connection with it rewarded the minister's devotion, not less by the harmony and the spiritual character of its members than by their numbers. These were, indeed, he was accustomed to say, the happiest years of his ministerial life ; and they might have run on without change, had not the choice been forced upon him between the Pastorate and the Professorship, which, since 1840, he had held in union. But in 1853 Manchester New College was removed to London ; and as he had always wished to see that step taken, he did not shrink from the responsibility of presiding over its execution. Accepting the office of Principal, in addition to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, and of Doctrinal and Practical Theology, he resigned the congregational charge which he had held for a third of a century, and gave himself up to the studious pursuits and academic duties which experience had rendered ever more congenial to him. Not that he had the least intention of withdrawing into a life of learned seclusion, or of declining any public service compatible with his primary responsibilities. His Lancashire conscience, in which Church and School were inseparably connected, was not content with the too prevalent usages of the London Sunday : and, with the support of a small group of like-minded friends, he established the Sunday Schools out of which, by successive enlargements, the present Portland British Schools arose ; and personally worked in them, not only as an administrator, but as a regular teacher. His very last public act, when already the traces of threatening illness were but too visible, was to address to the parents of the scholars, at their evening party on the 23rd April, the words of kindly Christian wisdom which always fell with gracious influence

from his lips. After the sad event which vacated the pulpit of Little Portland Street Chapel in 1858, Mr. Tayler became senior minister of the congregation ; but, two years later, a serious illness—prelude to that which has now taken him to his rest—warned him to abate the strain upon his energies, and he withdrew from stated ministerial duty, though always ready to preach when he could serve a friend or a good cause.

In his "Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty" Mr. Tayler has rendered superfluous all attempt to describe the characteristics of his sermons. A flow of thought so rich and rare and delicate, a vehicle of language so pure and graceful and well-compacted, a tone of feeling so deep in its quietude, would seem perhaps to suit the Academic Chapel rather than the Nonconformist meeting-house. And this impression would be confirmed, it may be, by the gentle voice, audible only through a clear elocution, and by the unimpassioned though affectionate manner of the preacher. But scarcely any one, except under the unhealthy craving for strong excitement, could ever listen to him without being led to some humbling self-knowledge or some purer aspiration, or without feeling the spaces of his mind enlarged and the atmosphere of his affections sweetened by contact with a spirit higher than his own. And there were times when, under the influence of awakening public events, the preacher gave such free wing to his indignation at wrong and his faith in the Eternal Righteousness, as to carry his hearers off their feet by his lofty and humane enthusiasm. The two Revolutions in France, in 1830 and 1848, were thus treated by him on the instant in the purest spirit of historical appreciation and in a noble strain of moral eloquence.* From those two sermons, and from the scorn and disgust with which he habitually spoke of the present *régime* in France, it is plain how much he was mis-

* "The Retributory Providence of God, illustrated in the Case of Nations and Individuals." 1830. "Apprehensions and Hopes, excited by the Recent Revolution in France." 1848.

understood by observers who looked no deeper than his benevolence, and who assumed from his readiness to believe in the right that he had no sternness for imposture and wrong. His charity found its only limit in his purity.

Of his work as Theological Professor his pupils will hereafter most fitly speak. But if the writer of this notice must, for completeness' sake, venture to anticipate them, he will say that Mr. Tayler has been the English Schleiermacher. How much that implies; what a vast and well-organized conception of the Theological sciences in themselves and in their relations; what a living sense of religion animating them all, and redeeming them from erudite dryness; what patient scholarship; what acute critical discernment; what grasp of the essence and free handling of the forms of Christian life; what elevation above both prejudice and fear,—will be understood by all who are familiar with the greatest German divine since the Reformation. Differences of course there are between the two teachers thus compared; but they are not all in favour of the more renowned. If Mr. Tayler's dialectical and speculative skill was less marked than Schleiermacher's, his critical judgment was less fanciful, and his historical feeling both sounder in itself and directed by more thorough archaeological and literary knowledge. But, however far we may carry these discriminations, the bases of thought and character in the two minds are essentially the same; and within the comparatively small range to which the conditions of English society restrict Mr. Tayler's influence, his life will be traced by just such effects as Schleiermacher's in Germany; a recovery of theology and Church history from the contempt into which they were fast sinking; a returning reverence for the characteristics of Christian civilization; a gentle separation of the religion of Christ from the traditions of Christendom; and a recognition of the Divine communion with the human soul in the religious history of our race.

Not long ago Mr. Tayler remarked in conversation that

the most considerable changes in his judgments had taken place within the last ten or fifteen years ; and that, in his opinion, men who used their minds would not find them become stationary with age. He was, certainly, an example of mental growth unarrested by bodily decline. Never was there a nature more visibly evergreen on one side, deciduous on the other. Year by year, if you gazed on him only with the outer eye, you might say, from the slackening step and drooping form, that his cycle was nearly run. But if you looked deeper and conversed with his spiritual being, you would feel around you a morning light rather than the shadows of a setting life. He published nothing, and he spoke nothing, more admirable than his latest utterances ; his volume on the "Fourth Gospel," his pamphlets on "A Catholic Christian Church the Want of our Time," and on "Christianity—What it is and What it has Done," and his speech at the Crystal Palace Whitsun meeting two years ago. The hand that held the pen might tremble ; but wait till the words are on the printed page ; and you find that a consummate literary master has disposed them there. When he stood up for public speech, the great halls of assembly might seem at first to baffle his voice ; but wait till he comes to the burden on his heart ; and if he does not win a way for it to yours, and kindle you with his prophetic fire, and at times remind you of one who "spake as having authority and not as the scribes," it is hard to say to what pleadings of nature and sweetness of culture you can be susceptible. In all the purest elements of power he was richer to the last. As the days shortened and the shadows lengthened, there was for him no winter of the soul ; not a frozen feeling, not a chill breath of temper, not a withered leaf of thought, not a suspended growth of any living grace. So progressive was his inward life that, to his latest years, he was still looking into fresh problems, and taking new attitudes of thought. He seemed to need only *Time*, and he would grasp yet younger discoveries, and penetrate them, as he ever did, with the

ancient pieties. And now Time is given him without stint; only, alas! by the divine adoption of death; so that for us he wins no more the purified faith of the future.

There was a rare blending in Mr. Tayler of the historical intellect with the prophet's soul. His religion was *present and intuitive*,—a consciousness abiding and intense; an inward walk with Heaven; an ideal light upon the earth; a Revelation of the Spirit, which would speak even in silence and loneliness. He loved the meditations of the Christian mystics. He found the ultimate truth in the teachings of George Fox and Barclay; and owned with them the *Living God* in a *living humanity*. Weak natures, on finding this divineness in the Present, are overpowered by it, and lose all interest in the Past. Blind natures, that cannot find it, transfer all interest to the Past, and rely upon it to bequeath them a religion else impossible. But Mr. Tayler, with mind possessed by the Divine light and life of to-day, simply bore it with him into all the ages to show the way, and shine upon the hidden beauties, and wake up the inner meanings, of the story of humanity. The same pity, the same honour, the same indignation which he brought to the sorrows, the endurance, and the wrongs of the passing hour, went with him into the drama of other times, and gave him friendships and aversions through a hundred generations of the dead, and turned his memory into a portrait-gallery of saintly and heroic men. His sympathy, unlike Gibbon's, was not with the pageantry that marches across the page, but with the personal experiences that hide themselves from view, and are betrayed only in a poet's allusion or a monumental phrase. The costume of the past, well as he knew it, fell away before his eye, and disclosed to him the sensitive form of an undying humanity. History was to him, in short, but the "*apparatus criticus*" for settling the true text and reaching the true interpretation of the Divine life in our world. Hence his mind, quick as it was in compassion for the nearest sorrow, was none the less cosmopolitan and historical, at home in

any place or time where civilized man was moving on the stage. The easy dignity with which he assumed illustrious foreign friendships and found himself admitted to the "congress of the wise ;" the calm distance from which he looked on every party-strife at home, appreciating its principles, stranger to its passions ; the serenity with which he emerged from momentous crises of thought and found himself in a new latitude of belief ; all arose from the elevation of his point of view, and from his never quitting the Divine centre of repose, to lose himself in any current of transitory tendency.

And this communion with God, this clinging to the Infinite Perfection, gives the secret, as of his quietude, so of his simplicity. With all his learning, no one could be less bookish and pedantic, or have the fresh springs of his nature less choked with dead remains of the Past. With a mind elaborately rich, built up by patient discipline to a rare strength and symmetry, he had the tender conscience, the quick and sweet affections, of youth at the first sacrament. If you could forget the refinement of his language and be insensible to the finish of his thought, you might take him for the apostolic missionary, whose soul went forth utterly and only to the poor, the child, the stricken ; instead of the accomplished scholar, whose word crossed the seas on either hand, and reached the eye of men who read nothing but the best. None could look at him and say that the power of Christianity is spent ; or that, where it yet lives, it is at the expense of the large mind and the deep poetic heart, and cannot blend the philosophic and the saintly spirit.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN KENRICK,

Born, Feb. 4, 1788 ; Died, May 7, 1877.

WHEN the Committees were about to be formed for revising the Translation of the Scriptures, and the most eminent available names were brought together for selection, the Dean of Westminster learned with surprise that a scholar whose repute had been familiar to him in his College days, and whom he had placed in the same line with Blomfield and Thirlwall, still lived to serve the interests of learning and religion. Seven years have since elapsed ; and it is only now that we are called upon to add the name of John Kenrick to the honour-list of the past, and to sum up in memory his claims on our gratitude and veneration. For the *Theological Review*, which opened with one of his most interesting papers, and was often enriched by the contributions of his pen, it cannot be inappropriate to say a few words on his career and character. But it is the misfortune of the nonagenarian Professor that he leaves no worthy witness of his early labours and his growing power : and in the present instance the notice of his life devolves on one whose only title to speak of it is the accident of survivorship and perseverance of affection ; who left his classes fifty years ago, and carried from them a standard of philological accuracy, of historical justice, of literary taste, which has directed his aspirations ever since.

If Mr. Kenrick was never engaged in the stated duties of the Christian ministry, it was not for want of early dedication to them or of hereditary encouragement to assume them. Like his father, Rev. Timothy Kenrick, he was set apart, while yet a boy, for the Nonconformist pastorate; and the office was endeared to his family on both sides by examples, running back into the previous century, of "worthy and useful ministers whose names are yet precious in our churches." Nor in himself was there any failure of response to these influences. He had no leanings to conformity, no indifference to theology, no slight appreciation of the work of liberal Dissent; and the earnestness with which, from time to time, he took up problems of Biblical criticism, and applied his acute powers of combination to their solution, shews that it was circumstance only that prevented him from being a great divine. But his studies early set in the direction which was to become his path of eminence; and the natural deflecting influences were, one after another, turned aside. In 1793, the loss of his mother, when he was five years old, withdrew the religious pressure which most avails the growing boy and freshens his secret vows. In 1794, he came indeed into the charge of a new mother: * but that is a different thing. Meanwhile, and for six years after, he was surrendered to the drill of a smart grammar-school, beginning with tears and ending with distinction; conquering paradigms and syntax, and well-helped to the sense of what he read, but morally repelled by the master's passionate and suspicious temper. On the opening of the Exeter Theological Academy under his father in 1799, he was enrolled among its students, though still a child, and seemed thus to be prematurely committed as a cadet of the Divinity school. Hebrew he did add to his list of attainments; and through the friendly help of Mr. Barham, then fresh from studies abroad, he

* Elizabeth Belsham, born, Dec. 7, 1743; died, Jan. 10, 1819. She had lived with her brother Thomas at Daventry from 1781-9, and at Hackney from 1791-4.

gained considerable knowledge of German. But in 1804, his father, during a visit to Wrexham, was seized with apoplexy in the fields, and died in an instant. The Academy was broken up; and the orphaned boy of sixteen was placed in 1805 under the care of Rev. John Kentish, of Birmingham, who for two years directed his reading and dealt with him as his son. Into this interval was compressed all his special preparation for the Christian ministry. He read portions of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, with suitable critical aids; studied prescribed theses in theology, and made abstracts of the authors consulted; and exercised himself in the writing of essays and schemes of sermons. The influence of his accomplished and conscientious guide was eminently favourable to habits of accuracy, thoroughness, and fairness of mind. But he naturally outgrew the resources of a private library and a busy pastor; and, on the advice of Dr. Lant Carpenter, became a Williams exhibitioner in 1807, and sought a wider field in Glasgow College.

The Scotch Universities, having, in fact, to do the work of gymnasia, are not eminent as schools of philology, and would hardly offer a tempting place of study to one whose main object was high classical attainment. But where, as in Mr. Kenrick's case, the grammatical grounding is already thorough and secure and the range of reading considerable, it is no disadvantage that the work of memory and acquisition should rest for awhile, and allow the reflective powers, which the Glasgow methods successfully develop, to overtake and reduce the stored material. If he learned little else in the private Greek class of Professor Young, he always attributed to it his first insight into the origin of inflexions from significant affixes and into the logical grounds of syntactical rules. He brought with him the habit of exactitude, and carried away with him that of philosophical analysis; and was thus prepared to become one of the first interpreters of the German methods of treating grammar and annotating classical texts.

The fruits indeed of his three sessions at Glasgow afford remarkable evidence of intellectual and moral strength of purpose. To one who abhorred metaphysics and had no aptitude for mathematics, pure or applied, nothing could seem less full of promise than a Trivium of Logic, Ethics, and Physics, each claiming its year, and all essential to the Academical Degree. These names, it is true, were made to cover a good deal more than is included in their definition; and the essays which were publicly read and criticized in the first class, the comparative reviews of philosophical theories which largely engaged the second, and the condescending resort to experimental methods which relieved the third, gave them a literary, historical, and scientific interest beyond the circle of technical proficient. With such energy did Mr. Kenrick apply himself to the work of every year, that, besides being first prizeman in his class, he bore away the Gold Medal for an essay on the English Constitution during the Tudor Period, and the Silver Medal for an essay on the Aberration of Light. When in 1810 he took his M.A. degree and departed, he left behind him in the memory of his friends, and especially of Professor Mylne, an image of purity, modesty, and strength, which was never lost in the retreating crowd, but followed with an eye of prophetic pride. The Professor himself, writing to Dr. Lant Carpenter, May 10, 1810, speaks thus of his late pupil: "John Kenrick has, ever since he appeared amongst us, stood in a place to which no rival approached. His mind, from the very first outset, seemed to be already matured in its powers, and possessed of an extent of knowledge to which few inquirers at any time of life have been able to reach. He thought and examined and composed like a practical and experienced scholar and inquirer."

A College in which all the Professors were bound by the Westminster Confession of Faith would seem unlikely to play very happily the part of *Alma Mater* to a resolute young Unitarian. But in the previous century the broad theology of Leechman and the ethics of Hutcheson had

relaxed the severe Calvinism of Glasgow, had given a liberal tone to a large intellectual minority both within and without the University. Hence the young English student suffered no ostracism, either social or academical, for his heresy. At the same time he had the sympathy of like-minded companions,—James Yates, John Wood, Benjamin Heywood, Henry Turner, Henry Crompton,—all of them studious and orderly, and looking up to him as their senior and their model. So well did he stand with the orthodox candidates of the Divinity Class, that, in order to enrol him in their self-improvement society, they stretched their rules and made him an honorary member : and for them it was that he wrote the Sermon preached in 1817 at the Oldbury Double Lecture, and published with the title, “*The Love of Truth a Branch of the Duty of Benevolence.*”

During the long Scotch vacation his frugal resources did not permit his return home ; and he spent it, year by year, partly at the friendly house of Dr. Woodrow, of Stevenston, partly in pedestrian excursions through the Western Highlands. Born in a country rich indeed and not absolutely level, but of low undulating lines, he had now the compensation of that glorious surprise with which real mountains, when first seen, fix the eye and fill the mind. Few perhaps of his pupils or later friends, on whom the singular balance of his mind left a feeling of excessive calm, would suspect in him the glow of enthusiasm with which, only six years ago, he remembers a winter view of Arran from the Aryshire fields. “*I was driven,*” he says, “*in the mail-cart from Irvine, where I had slept, to the manse at Stevenston, in a December morning, and saw the sun rise on the snowy top of Goatfell, in Arran. The impression made upon me by the sight is vivid, even at the distance of more than sixty years.*” “*I have since seen the Jungfrau with the rising sun upon it, and the evening-glow on Mont Blanc ; but neither sight has given me such pleasure as the sunrise on Arran.*” That stately and lovely

mountain, so attractive to the artist and the geologist, would seem to have some wayward humour for scholars. A few years ago, it caught Dr. William Smith in a rock-trap above Glen Rosa, and detained him all night on an impassable ledge. And in 1809, it tempted Mr. Kenrick down one of its inclines at a run which he could not arrest, and set a granite boulder in the way, which he was compelled to clear by a leap, at the cost of plunging headforemost on the ground. He was saved by alighting in a deep bush of heather. Of another expedition, to Oban and Mull, he speaks with delighted recollection in a letter written three years ago to the writer of this notice, who was then living near the foot of Glen Croe, on the line of his route in 1808. He had walked with his companion by Loch Lomond and Loch Long, and returned alone by Loch Awe, paying in the interval a fortnight's visit to one of the Lairds of Mull. The rough hospitality of the place, the dilapidated nakedness of the house, its lonely and desolate position, the appearance of the lady every morning (her good manners and education notwithstanding) with bare feet, had evidently touched him with humorous surprise. An excursion to Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, had spoken to a deeper feeling, and given him one of those rare experiences in which expectation does not flatten the reality : and as he followed the sunlight diluting itself in the depths of the cave, and stepped from ridge to ridge amid the lessening murmur of the waves, and found all that was contained but hid in the first view of that wonderful arch, he "could understand," he says, "the feeling which prompted the French mineralogist Faujas de Saint Fond to fall down on his knees at the entrance."

During his last session at Glasgow, Mr. Kenrick had been asked to undertake a Junior Tutorship in Manchester New College, York ; the classical department being reserved for him, while the mathematical and philosophical was assigned to Rev. William Turner, Jun. By the advice of Mr. Kentish and Mr. Belsham (whom he naturally con-

sulted as his stepmother's brother), he closed with the proposal, without however intending that it should withhold him from the active ministry for more than a few years. After spending in his native city that richest of all vacations which lies between the University and the World, he went his way to York : in the autumn evening of his arrival, the minster, first seen low-lying in the distance, then looming large with the gradual approach, looked at him as if charged with the secret of his future, and fixed his questioning eye on those solemn towers beneath the shadow of which he has now fallen asleep. "I can never forget," he says, "the feeling which then came over me, and which recurs vividly whenever I happen to see them from the same point." It was not entirely without reason that his heart sank within him at the prospect of his new responsibilities. With his high standard of teaching, the classical department gave work enough : but he found himself charged also with Ancient and Modern History. He was not much older than several of his pupils, and looked younger : and the prestige of his brilliant Glasgow career, though giving him authority with the studious, was unavailing with refractory folly. The arrangements of the College were not favourable to effective discipline or unanxious study. After several years of struggle with discouragements, Mr. Kenrick was at last released from the obligation of residence within the College, now left to the administration of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and was allowed a year's absence in Germany to enlarge and mature the materials of his work. The duties of his office were meanwhile entrusted to his accomplished pupil and friend, John James Tayler, then fresh from his graduation at Glasgow.

The German year which followed, from July 1819, was full of various interest. But, omitting such parts of the story as might have been true of any travelling scholar, we must restrict ourselves to a few characteristic features that may add a touch to our personal portraiture. On the first scene of Mr. Kenrick's foreign experience a tragic shadow

fell. During a stay of some weeks at Homburg, to gain practice in the language before the term of study came, his companion, John Wellbeloved, a youth of the highest promise, was struck down with fever and died. It would not have been surprising if, under such a terrible collapse of his responsible cares, grief and loneliness had broken up his plans and sent him home. But the steadfastness of his nature prevailed; and he fixed himself for the winter semester at Göttingen, for the following summer semester at Berlin. Availing himself of the magnificent library at the former, he made it his chief object, with the aid of Heeren's references, to write a Course of Modern History Lectures, which should free him from unsatisfactory textbooks and render his instructions systematic and compact. This object accomplished, he addressed himself at Berlin chiefly to classical work under the great philologists; Tacitus, with Wolf; Demosthenes, with Boeckh; and the practice of Latin composition and conversation, with Rector Zumpt. With the last the conversation cannot have been all in Latin; for we well remember a remark of Zumpt's on Mr. Kenrick's German,—that it differed from a native's in one thing only, that it was *too* pure,—correct literary speech without a trace of local colouring. No great scholar left upon him so great an impression as Boeckh; whose masterly insight into the public and private life of Ancient Athens, the sources and distribution of its revenues, the forms of its courts and assemblies, the construction and usages of its theatres, the system of its music, the technicalities of its commerce, and the prices of its goods, together with a singular ease and neatness in elucidating special obscurities of text, filled him with admiration, and made it usual with him to call the editor of Pindar, the "Prince of critics."

In the assiduous pursuit of his historical and classical studies, he did not miss the opportunity of hearing the most eminent lecturers on subjects less peculiarly his own. He had pleasant memories to produce of Eichhorn's vast

erudition and dry rationalism, and fondness for English students and clay-pipes ; of Blumenbach's lectures revised well up to date, with nothing stereotyped except their droll anecdotes ; of the difficulty of addressing his wife as *Frau Obermedicinalrätthin* at the hospitable gatherings of her drawing-room ; of the negligent teaching and jealous temper of Wolf ; of the fluent subtleties of Schleiermacher, which only a metaphysical enthusiast could rush to hear at six in the morning. Though Hegel had already, for more than a year, succeeded to Fichte's chair, his influence had not yet seriously affected the ascendancy of Schleiermacher ; whose preaching drew greater crowds, Mr. Kenrick used to say, than in England could be drawn together by any such quiet presentation of liberal thought and refined feeling. Something was due, no doubt, to his open protest against the reactionary tendencies of the Court and the shameless breach of its promise to set up representative institutions. It was a time of great political excitement. In the previous year Kotzebue had fallen at Mannheim under the dagger of Carl Ludwig Sand. The heroism of the young assassin, and the lofty fanaticism with which he awaited the executioner's sword, had awakened a profound compassion for his fate. Yielding to this impulse, Professor de Wette had written a letter of condolence to Sand's mother, crediting the act with a patriotic and self-sacrificing motive, and so far allowing it to be a fine sign of the times, but declaring it nevertheless to be immoral, and laying down the principle that " Evil is not to be overcome by evil, but only by the good : no Right can be established by wrong, artifice, or violence, and the good end does not sanctify the unrighteous means." For writing this letter De Wette was deposed from his chair. Schleiermacher, his friend, regarded this act as not only a personal wrong, but an indignity to the University ; and, at the very time of Mr. Kenrick's intercourse with him, he convened a meeting of De Wette's friends, to secure him an income under his deprivation, Buttman undertaking the collection of the fund,

and Reimer acting as its treasurer.* Whilst keeping clear, as a foreign guest, of the political ferment of the hour, Mr. Kenrick made no secret of his sympathy with these men. Though he accepted attentions from some of the Court circle to whom he was recommended, there was a limit which his liberalism was averse to pass; and, being embarrassed by a letter of introduction to the Duke of Cumberland, of which he was bound to make use, he adroitly waited to present it till the newspapers announced that the Duke had quitted Berlin.

Rich in the fruits of his year's industry and opportunities, he set out on his homeward way early in July, 1820. Arranging a circuitous route to include as much as possible, he passed by Saxony, Bohemia and Bavaria, into the Tyrol and Switzerland, forgetting neither person nor place that had any special interest for the scholar. Homeric sympathy gives him the password to Thiersch in Munich, whose gentlemanly manners remind him of Oxford. Honour for his favourite Quintilian takes him to the Convent Library at St. Gall, where in the fifteenth century the MS. of the Institutes was found. Interest in methods of education draws him to Fellenburg at Hofwyl and Pestalozzi at Yverdun, with somewhat disappointing results. And so, gathering on the road a store of exact and well-compared impressions, he returns to the scene of his labours, with its difficulties left behind, and its harvest yet to reap. His marriage in the following year to Lætitia, eldest daughter of Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, completed his re-settlement at York, and opened that delightful home which, under different roofs, has for fifty-six years been unchanging in grace and brightness, and of which the visitors'-book, had there been such a thing, would have contained a rare list of memorable names. The death of Mrs. Wellbeloved in the following year rendered his accession to the family circle a seasonable source of strength. Sharing their sorrow, he in-

* See a letter of Schleiermacher's to Lücke, dated June 20, 1820. "Aus Schleiermacher's Leben, in Briefen," B. iv. pp. 263, 264.

fused into it his own calmness ; and gave it clear form in his funeral sermon, "The Blessings of Children on a virtuous Mother." To his excellent father-in-law, constitutionally variable in health and spirits, and now bereft of his chief light, he became more and more the essential moral support. Bound to him not by affection only, but by affinity of pursuits and agreement in tastes and principles, he could be his counsellor without a word of advice, and act for him by simply acting with him ; and so sustain his strength by removing its misgivings and leaving it free and unembarrassed. In no relation did the singular tact which Mr. Kenrick possessed operate more beneficently than in his deferential friendship for his venerable colleague, whose labours it certainly lightened, whose powers it probably prolonged, and whose decline it cheered and tranquillized.

The even life of study and teaching in which he was now established was henceforth undisturbed, so far as we are aware, by any question of possible removal, except in the year 1825, when a last attempt was made to claim him for the active ministry. Mr. Belsham, burdened with increasing infirmities, needed the assistance of a colleague qualified to become his successor in the pulpit of Essex Street Chapel, London ; and it was understood to be his strong desire that the appointment should be made acceptable to Mr. Kenrick. His great attainments and intellectual authority would doubtless have added fresh lustre to the traditional dignity of that position. But, in spite of the clearest and pleasantest enunciation, his voice had not the strength, or his temperament the physical energy, requisite for effective preaching : and he was probably unwilling to lay aside the fruits of historical and classical research, or to leave them immature, in order to take up theological and ecclesiastical studies which had hitherto occupied with him only a secondary place. Happily for his College, he was not tempted by the opportunity of change.

Of the mode in which for thirty years (1810-1840) the duties of the Classical department were performed at York,

each full Divinity Student had a five years' sample. Yet in bearing his testimony he may well distrust its worth : for, while he was pupil, he had not earned the competency to judge ; and, since that time, no new experience perhaps has furnished him with points of comparison. With nothing but the German class-rooms to set beside our College recollections, we can only say that, in Mr. Kenrick's treatment of every subject, there seemed to be one constant characteristic,—a comprehensive grasp of its whole outline, with accurate scrutiny of its separate contents. Nothing fragmentary, nothing discursive, nothing speculative, broke the proportions or disturbed the steady march of his pre-arranged advance. His prolegomena to every classical text furnished a compendium of its literary history, and reproduced the conditions of ancient life, civic, legal, domestic, personal, under which it arose. The reading of it in class was marked by a similar completeness : nothing was allowed to slip by without coming into the full focus of elucidation : grammatical construction, textual criticism, archæology, dialect, geography, dates, graces or defects of style, all were brought into distinct view ; yet without inducing any tedious slowness in the progress, or killing out the spirit of the piece. The books which it was the greatest treat to read with him were such as abounded in allusions to places, persons or events outside the page,—the speeches of Demosthenes, the histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, above all, perhaps, the letters of Cicero : the ease with which all light flowed in that was needful, and all was kept out that was superfluous, evinced the skill of a master. The same finely balanced judgment was apparent in his treatment of translation and his choice of language. His literary taste inclined neither to the romantic, like the German, nor to the rhetorical, like the French, but rested in the manly English simplicity. Above all he disliked the sort of prudish finery by which underbred men of sentiment sometimes make themselves ridiculous. A student of this type, coming upon a passage of Tacitus in which some

German tribe is said to have worn "*bracas*," stopped at that word, and, on being asked, "Well, Mr. B., what does *bracas* mean?" replied with a blush, "A species of habili-ment for covering the lower part of the body;" and was relieved of his delicacy by Mr. Kenrick's comment, "Humph, Mr. B., commonly called *breeches*." Yet, with all his love of plainness, in its proper place, he rose without effort to the poetical level of a Chorus of Sophocles or an Ode of Pindar, and, though still insisting on exactitude, would bear nothing that wronged the lyrical feeling of the passage. If there was any defective side to his Greek and Latin scholarship, it was in relation to the philosophical literature. Plato (except the *Apology* and the *Phædon*) and Aristotle were hardly noticed, so far as we know, and the speculative treatises of Cicero rarely read. This omission was wiser than the course which we have known to be followed by another Professor who also had a distaste for metaphysics, viz., that of reading the philosophers in order to turn them into ridicule. To inspire his pupils with zeal for their studies, the teacher does well to take up only such authors as kindle his own liveliest interest and draw out his richest resources.

In the present abundance of sensible elementary books for the teaching of Greek and Latin, it ought not to be forgotten that Mr. Kenrick was in the front rank of the pioneers of improvement. His translation of Zumpt's Latin Grammar (1823) appeared within four years of Valentine Blomfield's edition of *Matthiæ*, and was quickly followed by his *Exercises on Latin Syntax and Introduction to Greek Prose Composition*, as well as by his abridged Grammars for the use of Schools. Nor can any of his pupils,—least of all those who in public schools had learned to trip in sense or nonsense verses,—ever forget the insight given them into idiomatic construction and the movement of style by the practice he gave them in writing Greek and Latin prose. Scholars have a quick scent for scholarship; and these publications so far made him known, that when

the rapid growth of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar in successive German editions rendered it necessary to reconstruct the English translation on a larger scale, the Bishop of London, who had not leisure for the task, had recourse to him as best qualified to undertake it. The fifth edition, accordingly, in which the new matter was incorporated, came out under his editorial care. To those who remember its appearance in 1832, the title-page carries an invisible trait of character which deserves a record. The printer had set up the editor's name as the "Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.," and sent the proof in that form both to Fulham and to York. From the former it was returned with the "*Rev.*" erased: and from the *Right Reverend* a letter was addressed to the editor, explaining the impossibility of conceding the sacred prefix to a person not in Holy Orders. Dr. Blomfield the Grecian could look up to the Scholar; but Dr. Blomfield the Bishop must look down on the Non-conformist.

The whole method of Mr. Kenrick in the conduct of his department was marked by a paramount devotion to the requirements of his students, and a disinterested suppression of all erudition superfluous for them. Keeping pace himself with the newest learning, and familiar with all the debateable ground opened by modern philological and historical criticism, he was never diverted from the sober task of positive teaching to young men who had to learn, or tempted to use his class in subservience to his private studies, by pouring into it his unfinished reading or displaying to it half a controversy. His Lectures on Ancient and on Modern History were models of selection, compression and proportion. They assumed the hearer to be a genuine historical student, whose wants would be met by faithful and lucid narrative, and well-weighed judgments on public events and characters; and, though full of the outline and movement inseparable from distinct conceptions, never deviated into the biographical, or stood still long enough to become the picturesque. They told the

story of nations, as it happens, in the concrete play of incident and balance of passions ; massing together persons and actions so far as they formed parties and were at disposal of a common cause, but never led, by any dazzling generalization, to weave the true events into a false drama of the past. Further than Guizot his admiration could not go with the French school ; and even to him he preferred the political wisdom and judicial caution of Hallam.

In books of civil history, there are usually chapters devoted to the progress of science and literature. However valuable in themselves, they disagreeably interrupt the thread of the narrative ; while, from their very constitution as an intrusive segment, they have no internal vital continuity. To avoid these disturbing patches of book-criticism, Mr. Kenrick reserved their materials, and constructed from them a separate course. Under the old title of "*Belles Lettres*," he gave, in these lectures, a comprehensive history of literature and the fine arts in Europe from the Homeric period to the French Revolution. So far as he treated the same subjects, and so long as he was upon the same period, his course resembled and anticipated, in its spirit as in its method, Hallam's "*Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries*." But it did not embrace any survey of writers on science : and it ranged over thirty centuries instead of three. In this long journey there are of course vast barrens, over which the critic, who has always his wings, may be permitted to fly : and even in the well-watered lands he need not follow every stream. Certain it is, however, that under the lecturer's guidance, not a fountain of true genius was left unvisited, and few untasted ; for, besides his terse descriptive sketches of great writers, he gave characteristic extracts and translations which fixed the features vividly in the hearer's mind. The lectures were a marvel of condensation ; and the vigour which, nevertheless breathed through them, was doubtless due to the

author's personal familiarity with so large a proportion of the literature which he reviewed.

Though Mr. Kenrick's lectures were not published, the critical essays and historical works by which he is known as an author, grew naturally out of the studies connected with his Chair. It was impossible to take Grecian history out of its cradle and tell the incidents of its youth without inquiry into its parentage and the sources of its speech ; and more than fifty years ago he had not only accurately defined the conception of a Myth, but applied it in detail to the prehistoric period of Greece and Rome, within limits of good sense often transgressed by Müller and Niebuhr, yet now recognized as just. Several early Reviews of these writers shew that, while he appreciated their genius, his judgment could withstand the enthusiasm of the one, and his courage question the "divination" of the other. And his subsequent "Essay on Primeval History" (1846) is a carefully reasoned statement of the principles of criticism applicable to the earliest traditions of nations. In like manner it was impossible to read Herodotus in class without checking him by all that could be learned on the banks of the Nile, the coasts of Tyre, and by the rivers of Mesopotamia. Hence, he closely followed the labours of the Egyptologists from Young to Lepsius, and interpreted the results both in his "Egypt of Herodotus" (1841), and in his "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs" (1850),—both of them masterly manuals of whatever is known on their subject, and containing models of sagacious criticism on points that are doubtful. As the last quarter of a century has already added something to our knowledge of ancient Egypt, and the sources of further light are not yet exhausted, it is possible that the history, so admirably secured up to the author's date, may have to be re-written. With his volume on "Phœnicia" (1855), we think it is otherwise. Here there seems less room to hope for any discovery of fresh materials : and of those which are in our hands, no more exhaustive treatment, no more discriminating criti-

cism, no more constructive use can be expected, than are combined in this thorough and highly-finished work.

Throughout his historical and philological writings may be observed a certain severe caution, a suspicious reception of brilliant ingenuities, which might easily be mistaken for mere old-fashioned conservatism. It was, however, the temper of a man, not who was unwilling to see as much as others could shew him, but who already saw more; who remained unconvinced by the clever advocate, because he was the competent judge. More than any one we have ever met in life, he surrendered himself unconditionally to objective evidence; would accept anything, where this was cogent; nothing, where it failed. Idle excuses for not producing it where it was needed, he could not endure; and still less, any tampering with it, or dressing of it up into imposing but empty forms. The honest genius of Young was more congenial to him than the semi-charlatanism of Champollion: and no sooner was the mythical theory, which he was one of the first to apply to stories accounting for names and customs and buildings, overstrained by the physical mythologists on the one hand and Strauss' *Leben Jesu* on the other, than he intellectually resented the attempt to make a true principle responsible for a false consequence. With a high appreciation of the cost of knowledge, he distrusted all proposals to seize it by intuition, or to construct it out of inadequate materials held together by ideal cement. Hence it was that he turned a sceptical side towards "*the higher criticism*," which, in determining the age and genuineness of writings, appeals to the "*æsthetic sense*," instead of to "the definite tests of history, chronology, and language;" and said that "to make a feeling so difficult of analysis, so various in individuals, and so variable in the same individual, so dependent on association and idiosyncrasy, a test of criticism, is worse than to take the foot of the Chancellor for the time being, as the standard of Long Measure."* This distrust, however, was perfectly disin-

"The Poetical Element of Roman History."—*Prospective Review*, Vol. II. p. 334. 1846.

terested, felt alike towards those who thus built up history, and towards those who pulled it down. The point of his criticism pricked all bubbles impartially, and cleared away every thing but the natural sunshine and the wholesome air. In his estimate of evidence it must not be supposed that he overlooked or depreciated the internal marks of feeling and character, in the right reading of which literary criticism must always be largely concerned. His quick rejection of forced and artificial combinations arose from a subtle sense of what is natural in thought ; and some of his firmest judgments,—*e.g.*, on the Homeric question and on the Protevangelion,—were derived, in no slight degree, from delicate traces of psychological and moral unity in the writings submitted to his scrutiny. But then, ere he would trust his own “æsthetic feeling,” he required that it should produce and define its grounds, so as to present itself with adequate justification before other minds. And the terms he exacted from himself he deemed obligatory upon every scholar : and if any man in the cloak of the schools assumed the air of a prophet or “diviner,” he promptly and profanely asked him for a “sign.”

It remains only to say a few words of Mr. Kenrick as a theologian. For two reasons, they cannot give any adequate representation of his matured thought on divine things. The materials are too scanty : and they are separated by long intervals of time, and are not to be quoted together, as if his mind had been stationary through fifty years. That in that time his exegetical judgments and his whole attitude towards the Scriptures changed to an extent which he himself did not measure as it went on, was evidenced by one of his later experiences. Being urged to bring out a new edition of his father’s “Exposition of the Historical Writings of the New Testament,” he addressed himself with undoubting faith to the task of revision. He did not propose to touch the characteristics of the book, and make it a reflection of his own mind instead of his father’s ; but merely to remove whatever had been manifestly outgrown, and bring text and comment into such harmony as the

author himself would desire with the present state of knowledge. At the very outset he was met by the uncritical excision of the introductory chapters of Matthew and Luke,—an excision to which no conscientious scholar could concede even the negative sanction of silence. In the reflections on the Pentecostal descent of the Spirit, he found the gift of tongues treated as the miraculous power, instantaneously conferred, of speaking and understanding several foreign languages,—an interpretation which he himself had unanswerably confuted. In the notes on the proem of John, the preference is given to the mode of explanation which he regarded as least tenable. On this point perhaps his scruple might have been removed by the consideration that he had nothing certain to substitute for the construction which he deemed inadmissible. For we remember his saying, with the playful seriousness which made his presence so winning, that, on entering the better world, his first question would be for the Apostle John, and his first word to him, “Dear Apostle, what *did* you mean by your Proem?” In almost every section, however, of the “Exposition,” he encountered matter which he was equally unwilling to alter and to leave unaltered; and in the end he thought it best to abandon the republication, and let his father’s volumes repose on their well-merited repute of usefulness to two generations.

The fact that this experience took Mr. Kenrick completely by surprise, shews, as we have said, that he had gradually, but considerably, shifted his theological position. In him, both the large change, and the imperfect consciousness of it, were perfectly natural. He began life in the school of the elder,—the pre-Channing,—English Unitarianism, and apparently rested contentedly on its characteristic postulates and propositions;—its natural theology of the scientific type, in which God results as First Cause from the inadequacy of Second Causes, and a Future Life remains a dark precarious possibility; its Christian Revelation, as the disclosure, by a miraculously accredited messenger,

of supplementary truth not otherwise accessible. Other theory of the world and of the Divine relation to Man than this doctrine involves, we see no reason to suppose that Mr. Kenrick ever deliberately adopted. His aversion to speculative systems indisposed him for beginning again from the beginning: nor did he feel drawn towards the pretensions of the *a-priori* schools of thought by the mystical phraseology of Schleiermacher and the indistinct propositions of Bunsen. Rather than commit himself to these hazy tracks, he preferred "*stare super antiquas vias.*" His Christianity therefore appeared to remain, in its essence, a Religion of *Authority*, depending for its weight on its credentials of miracle. Discipleship, in this view, consists in believing what the gospel says and doing what it bids, because its messengers held a commission to teach and to command; the New Testament writings containing the record of their message. These lines of thought, which we still meet in later productions, are most distinct perhaps in his Sermon of 1813, "The Necessity of Revelation to teach the Doctrine of a Future Life," and in that of 1836, "The Authority of Jesus as a divinely-inspired Teacher, sufficient for the Evidence and the Efficacy of Christianity." And the vehemence with which Theodore Parker assailed this theory of Authority was the decisive reason, with Mr. Kenrick, for ranking him among the opponents of Christianity; though he naturally dwelt, with more offended feeling, on the disparaging terms applied to the person of Jesus. There is no doubt then that, when challenged to take sides, he would have ranged himself still with the ranks of accredited religion, known to be true not by its contents but by its attested source.

Yet his critical acumen, directed upon the Scriptures, led him to inevitable concessions which, though inconsiderable when taken one by one, insensibly perforated and "honey-combed" the whole ground of that older theory. While repelling "Strauss's attack upon the evidences of revelation," he admits the co-existence of myth and history,

and the need of discrimination to separate them.* While vindicating the historical fidelity of the synoptical Gospels, he establishes in them a scale of true and less true, not excluding the false and contradictory, and gives the highest credit to an evangelist who cannot be claimed as an eye-witness of what he relates.† He contends earnestly for the *genuineness* of the prophecies attributed to Christ respecting the approaching end of the world and his own coming on the clouds to judge mankind; yet relinquishes their *truth*, and admits that they were spoken under illusion.‡ He resolves the inspiration on the day of Pentecost into eager, fluent, even inarticulate speech, the utterance of intense emotion; and the gift of tongues at Corinth into the outpouring of religious feeling in the Christian assembly, by *foreigners* in their own language; on both occasions reducing to a human phenomenon a χάρισμα which certainly is represented as Divine.§ Whether history coloured by tradition and mixed with myths, Apostles whose access of enthusiasm is construed into a descent of the Spirit, and a Prophet subject to mistaken visions of his own functions and the world's future, leave standing ground for a dictatorial and oracular revelation, to be taken on trust for its credentials, appears to us more than doubtful. But if this is not the kind of Revelation which our nature needs, if the prior conditions of religious apprehension and spiritual conviction are already given in the constitution of our mind, and only require, for their awakening into explicit truth, the objective appeal of a life and soul given to God in free and filial sacrifice,—then do we carry, in our conscience, reason, and affections, a verifying power, which supersedes dictation and renders the fallibilities of an inspired soul innocuous. We have little doubt that, with Mr. Kenrick, as

* *Prospective Review*, Vol. VI. p. 75.

† “Biblical Essays. On the Gospel of Mark.”

‡ *Theological Review*, Vol. II. p. 253.

§ *Prospective Review*, Vol. VIII. p. 303. “Biblical Essays. The Gift of Tongues.”

with many of his contemporaries, an ever-deepening reverence for the inward spirit and personal attributes of Christ silently substituted itself for the subjection of intellect and will to his dicta : and rendered it possible, so long as that divine image remained clear, to admit without a shock some inaccurate reports of his words and some erroneous conceptions in his mind. But for this change, rendering his discipleship less an *obedience* to Christ than a *communion* with him, he could never have yielded so much to critical evidence with so calm a faith. Into what a flutter of "abhorrence" is Mr. Belsham thrown by an account (evidently from the Göttingen student himself of 1819) of the lectures of a rationalist class-room : "I love the critical, I abhor the theological works of the German writers. I am astonished that the absurd hypothesis of anti-supernaturalism should have prevailed to such a degree. Is it possible that those who hold such opinions should be serious? Must they not certainly know, that to deny the miracles of Christ is to deny his divine mission, which is itself a miracle ; and that, in fact, it is downright infidelity?"* Could any one whose religion was held fast by the screw of this logic have maintained "sweet counsel" and unconstrained affection with the ever-moving mind of John James Tayler? Could he have so felt the power of quite a different school of thought, as to pronounce the concluding treatise in "Essays and Reviews," "the *Novum Organum* of Biblical Interpretation?"†—a treatise the effect of which is to clear the spiritual aspects of Scripture from all dependence on disputable "evidences ;" and which speaks in this wise : "The life of Christ, regarded quite naturally as of one 'who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin,' is also the life and centre of Christian teaching. There is no higher aim which the preacher can propose to himself than to awaken what may be termed the feeling of the presence of God and the mind of Christ in

* "Williams's Memoirs of Thomas Belsham," p. 703.

† *Theological Review*, Vol. I. p. 49.

Scripture ; not to collect evidences about dates and books, or to familiarize metaphysical distinctions ; but to make the heart and conscience of his hearers bear him witness that the lessons which are contained in Scripture,—lessons of justice and truth,—lessons of mercy and peace,—of the need of man and the goodness of God to him,—are indeed not human but divine.”* Without attributing to Mr. Kenrick any conscious removal from his early theological position, we yet believe that his judgment had led him to conclusions, and the currents of life floated him into a climate of feeling, congenial only with a philosophy other than he had imbibed ; and that, whether or not it found a place in his understanding, it had some secret harmony with the largeness of his later sympathy and the serenity of his faith.

Never were great and various gifts held more modestly or used more disinterestedly than Mr. Kenrick’s. Of his title to take his part in the foremost discussions of European learning he could not be ignorant ; and the firmness of his judgments shews that his intellect was unembarrassed by enfeebling self-distrust. But this firmness, far from being a self-assertion, arose in fact from self-forgetfulness ; the security which he felt came from his free surrender of personal prejudice and will to the truth of things as it traced itself before him. He was so far above the level of either vanity or dogmatism, that cynicism itself could not think of them in his presence. And how readily he placed his vast knowledge and wise counsels at the disposal of others, is privately known to many a struggling student and man of letters, and publicly attested by the admirable condition of the Museum at York in its department of Antiquities. So quickly indeed, in his very manner, did his kindly nature come to the front and seize what was of interest to you, that you would hardly suspect the treasures of thought that lay behind, were it not for the fine sense and delicate light with which the commonest topics were touched, and the

* *Essays and Reviews* : Jowett on the Interpretation of Scripture, p. 430.

deliberate yet easy finish of his most colloquial speech. Precisely because he was absolutely simple and natural, he could never lay aside the ways of the scholar, and with his refined courtesy be mistaken for a mere man of the world : his very passages of wit were too far from nonsense, and too terse in form, to flow from less practised faculties : they were more like the well-aimed flash of some dramatic dialogue, than the random stroke of social repartee. Beyond the inner circle of his friends, he left so much the impression of dignity, if not of reserve, that this lighter play of his nature may seem hardly credible. But in truth he was susceptible through life of the most friendly alternations of gravity and laughter : on the first touch of sunshine the grey depths of his vast sense and knowledge leapt up and sparkled. Professor Mylne's account of him at College might be summed up in the proverbial expression, "an old head on young shoulders ;" and this expression curiously gives his physical as well as his moral portraiture. Look at him in his lecture-chair, at the age of thirty, and cut off from view all below his face, and in the massive brow, the steady eyes, the full deliberate lips and measured frugality of words, you would take him for a veteran scholar who had taught so long as to have outgrown the use of books. Look at him at the age of sixty as he passes in the street, noticing him, however, only from behind, and in the springy step, the falling shoulders, the straight unburdened figure, you might suppose him a youth on some brisk errand. Within, as well as without, there was a blending in him of the young with the mature, of boyish humour and sensitive purity with intellectual strength and moral dignity. This delightful union endeared him all the more to his intimate friends, because inconspicuous to others : it was a kind of precious secret reserved for them. If you were a stranger, you were indeed still secure of the pleasantest courtesy from him, till you showed yourself a fool or something worse. If *that* happened, you felt, you knew not whence, a sudden shock, as if you had sailed full speed upon a sunken reef.

Without positive rebuke, he had a negative way of cutting short folly, and shaming wrong, which had the effect of summary and unanswerable justice. But this administration of the cold bath to what he disapproved, though often best for quenching the ill, was not so much a purposed treatment of it as a mere arrest of his natural sympathy, and falling back into reserve. With all his patience and geniality, there can be no doubt that a little sense and a good deal of character were essential to call forth his confidence and affection.

That such a man as we have described should be faithful to his convictions, and cheerfully accept the scale of duty which might be compatible with them, is so much a matter of course, that we will not dishonour him by suggesting how much greater a place he might have filled in the world had that place been determined by his powers alone without his conscience. He was above ambition, incapable of pretence, eager to see things as they are, and assured that, through the darkness that sometimes enfolds them, the only guide is the unswerving love of truth ; and, accepting life for service, not for sway, he never measured his sphere to see whether it was small or great, but deemed it enough to bear his witness where he stood, and help, as he might, the companions of his way. He has lived long enough to gather in something of their gratitude and love. And now—to use his own last words—“comes at length the happy change,” through which he “knows even as he is known.”

POLITICAL ESSAYS.

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XI.

INTERNATIONAL DUTIES AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.*

THE story is told of Plato, that when exasperated by the delinquency of a slave, he said, "I shall not chastise you now, *for* I am angry." Whether the boy was flogged next day, without any anger at all, the gossip of philosophy does not report. But if he was, it must have been a dreary business, ugly alike for whipper and whipped ;—a material striping of cold flesh, unredeemed by any flush of higher meaning, and reduced from justice into surgery. If anything worthy is to come of moral indignation, you must take it at its heat ; and to suppress all action upon it till sentiment is gone, dissipated into scepticisms or grown stale with self-interest, is simply to miss the responsible moment, and attempt by dead pressure what a living percussion was given to achieve. It is a poor wisdom that cannot regulate an impulse liable to tempestuous excess, except by waiting till it has blown over, and must forego its use in fear of its

* "Correspondence Relative to the Affairs of Hungary, 1847-1849." Presented to Both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. August 15, 1850.

"Eastern Papers." Parts I. to XIII. inclusive. Presented to the House of Commons by Command of Her Majesty. 1854, 1855.

"The Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East." An Historical Summary. Fourth Edition. Continued down to the Present Time. London. 1854.

"The Letter of John Bright, Esq., M.P., on the War." Verified and Illustrated by Extracts from the Parliamentary Documents, &c London, 1854.

"The War with Russia : its Origin and Cause." A Reply to the Letter of J. Bright, Esq., M.P. By John Alfred Langford. London, 1855. *National Review*, July, 1855.

abuse. The hour of its presence is the hour for its just control ; and to hinder it from wrong by denying all its rights is an evasion of the very essence of obligation.

At the beginning of last year, the English nation was in a mood of reasonable indignation at the arrogance and hypocrisy of the Russian Autocrat. But we were represented by a Platonic Administration, who thought we had better sleep upon it and cool down,—who shrank from the responsibility of vigorously wielding the public rebuke, and hoped to find us disposed to compromise on the morrow, and conscious of the inconveniences and cost of anger. The languid and half-hearted tone of Ministers was felt to imply something else than the honest reluctance of men generously just to believe in the necessity of coercion : it was the manifest expression of indistinctness of view and indecision of will, and was uneasily suspected to indicate a state of mind out of sympathy with the demands of the nation. There was the less excuse for this, because the popular feeling, though beyond example universal, ran into no excess, and required no repression, but was so measured and reasonable that no statesman had need to be ashamed of forthwith shaping it into action. Never, we suppose, was a great war entered upon with less of blind *passion* in the public mind ; and when Mr. Gladstone dissuades his countrymen from the brutal vengeance that thirsts for mere bloodshed and humiliation, his counsels grossly wrong the temper of every party in the nation. The want of frankness and manifest resolve in the Government has produced results less palpable, indeed, than the fruits of executive mismanagement, but scarcely less deplorable. It has incurred a moral waste of the fresh and higher spirit of the country. It has lost the flood-tide of an unparalleled unanimity. It has allowed time for scruples and sophistries to arise, and perplex the first instinct of right. It has reanimated the jealousies and ambitions of party. It has encouraged every lower propensity to speak out, and push its plea,—of international indifferentism, of Muscovite omnipotence, of

Turkish infidelity. The nation—who can deny it?—breathes a less pure and noble air than inspired it a year ago ; and with its material preparations—vastly more complete, its moral faith in itself, in its public men, in the drift of its enterprise, in the future of Europe, is bewildered and depressed. The first judgment of the English people on the Russian question, pronounced when Sir Hamilton Seymour's papers were published, was prompt and decisive,—not only sweeping away party and class distinctions, but suppressing even the most crotchety and croaking voices, and recalling an experience lost for generations past,—what it is for a country to feel, throughout, the pulsation of a common thought. The commercial spirit forgot its sensitive interests and compromising tastes, and yielded to the claims of right ; and even the pledged professors of non-resistance were staggered by the attitude of the public mind, to which their stereotyped descriptions of insatiate rage and martial madness had evidently no application, which was indeed so little Satanic that the Peace Tracts read like utter unrealities, and which even indicated an aim and temper higher than mere philanthropy was entitled to rebuke. That first feeling was essentially an instinct of justice, with nothing in it vindictive, aggressive, or revolutionary. But, like all popular impulses, it was *only* a feeling ; it needed interpretation and direction ; it was a verdict on the past, a discovery of startling truth in the present, and did not clearly see its path across the future. The statesmen who were bound to help it into a determinate track left it at large, or referred it to direction-posts that pointed no-whither. Objectors, seeing it in a maze, took courage to ask, what exactly it would be at, and how far precisely it was prepared to go ;—questions which it was conscious of a total inability to answer. Nor to a distracted public, at a loss to justify its own enthusiasm, were there wanting grounds of natural misgiving. It was a fine thing to be clinking glasses with France ; but there was an uneasy element too in that alliance. It was perhaps necessary to

find out what Austria would do ; but then how to be civil at Vienna without an unkindly cut to Pesth and Warsaw ! It was all right not to let the "sick man" be frightened into convulsions by hinting extreme unction and displaying testamentary parchments at his bedside ; but the Turk was not a *protégé* to reward much hope and pride. Did not Exeter Hall denounce him ? And were not the prophecies dead against him ? Thus have time and delay frittered away the first feeling, and permitted the entrance of self-distrust and perplexity. Nevertheless, the popular sentiment, however puzzled to explain itself, is still, we think, essentially sound, and yields up, on proper interrogation, the true principles both of rectitude and of policy, by which to appreciate the present crisis.

We take for granted that there is such a thing as right and wrong in the relations and conduct of states ; that they are amenable to the same moral law that has authority over the life of individuals ; and that, in its obligation, this law is not a flexible affair, of human convention, but a permanent ordinance of nature and of God. With any one who deliberately denies these positions it would be idle to discuss international questions on ethical grounds. He either thinks that there ought to be no "nations" at all, but only scattered parcels of homogeneous men ; or that, if we must recognize them in fact, we have nothing to do with them in duty, except to let them alone and take no notice of them. In the one case, he deals with the world in a cosmopolitan way, as the cage of a particular species in natural history, or as an examination-room of separate souls on trial for heaven or hell ; in the other, he estimates it selfishly, and has no other patriotism than to secure its gains while declining its struggles. Few reasoners, it is probable, would openly profess to hold by these assumptions in our day ; yet they lurk unconsciously in almost every political argument. They are favoured by the habits of mind characteristic of commerce ;—by the religious sentiment, while its broad outline is empty of special colouring ;—by

the absence of *historic* taste and culture from the middle-class intelligence of England. Hence the utter want of any coherent principles of political judgment,—the helplessness of mind in regard to foreign affairs, invariably evinced in the popular and Parliamentary debates, especially, we regret to say, among the modern liberals. The ablest men, drawn into that field, seem to wander without a clue ; they enunciate no principle, expound no policy ; they mix up in one tissue calculations of cost and threnodies of humanity, quarters of corn and Mahommedan polygamy ; they plead the necessity of a safe isolation on grounds of universal love ; and expend their strength in excursive criticisms on the past which afford no guidance for the future. Mr. Bright repudiates Vattel, and will hear nothing of international law ; but of the “ far higher morality ” to which he affects to carry the appeal he gives no illustration, unless it be in his vindication of the course of Russian diplomacy and the innocence of the Menschikoff note ; or in his habit of Parliamentary personality, which unfortunately gives to his public virtue too much the aspect of antipathy to public men. Mr. Cobden protests against being regarded as an advocate of non-resistance ; but will pledge himself to nothing else *till* the Russians appear at Portsmouth ; and will then bargain for a post in the hospital rather than the forts, lest he should really shoot somebody. Nay, even the class of professed statesmen, as Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, allow themselves to speak of “ going to war *in order to obtain a peace*,”—an expression which, like all cant phrases, surely misses the moral pith of the whole question, and indicates a mind not clearly seeing its own way. Not Peace, but Right, is the proper aim of war ; not the negative boon of order without conflict, but the positive establishment of a just equilibrium of relations. Peace, no doubt, attends on justice ; but cannot be its end, because freely sacrificed on its behalf. Amid these indications of unsettled thought in public men, we do not hesitate to say that, crude and often

inadmissible as may be the dicta of international law, they at least attempt a problem of whose conditions their critics scarce conceive, and draw the first tentative lines of a real morality of nations.

It is a curious fact, that in the organized doctrines of our times, we have no provision for justifying the affections, and establishing the duties of the citizen. No church, no creed, recognizes political ethics; and they are left to struggle into haphazard existence through the irresistible pressure of usage. Religious persons are shy of politics; remain in a state of uneasy relation to them; consider patriotism as decidedly heathenish; and are usually withdrawn, by the force of personal piety, into quite another sphere. Hence no reverential feeling touches the civic relations: they are abandoned to the secular spirit to work out; and fall under the influence of the extreme individualism which threatens modern society with anarchy. No doubt, the cause of this is to be found in the turn given to European thought in the sixteenth century. The antithesis set up by the Reformers between *Law* and *Gospel* removed from the State whatever was sacred, and from the Church whatever was human; and giving the soul to the latter, left only "body and goods" for the former: and so produced materialism in politics as a counterpart to spiritualism in religion. In reaction from a theocracy which domineered over all civil life, arose a faith that grew too enthusiastic to touch it. Moreover, by insisting on the need of personal faith, and making every thing hinge on the separate relation which men, taken one by one, sustained to God, Protestantism reduced the world to an atomic constitution;—with nothing between the *universal Humanity* collectively redeemed by Christ, and the *particular individuals* successively appropriating (or failing to appropriate) his sacrifice. Heaven had its controversy with two forms of being, and recognized no other; with the whole race, condemned in the type, and ransomed in the type; and with each single soul in its own probationary hour. Thus, before the eye of

reality mankind lie resolved at once into their ultimate components : the life of the world is but the aggregate of private lives : intermediate groupings, by language, by class, by lineage, by native land, are accidents of no account : and any study or pursuit that makes much of these things is a carnal affair, fascinating only to the "Old Adam." It is easy to see that, in this mode of thought, historical relations have no recognition, and nations no moral existence ; and to speak of them as objects of affection or grounds of obligation betrays the illusion of the unregenerate mind.

This is the origin of the low modern doctrine of politics ; not perhaps improved by the substitution of faith in free-trade for the zeal of free religion. The practical exemplification of its tendency was already copiously afforded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We are accustomed to regard the Puritans as the founders of our modern liberties : nor do we err in this ; yet we have reason to thank God that their success was not greater, and that the true English instinct barred their further way. They cared little for their country, except as a theatre for their faith : that they belonged to it was one of the accidents of nature which they despised, and was indifferent to the ordinances of grace which they revered. It was only in their secular offices and relations that they had attachment to their fatherland : in their spiritual life,—which alone was real,—they transcended all local ties. Cromwell, the Huntingdon brewer, was an Englishman : but Cromwell, the saint, was one of the Lord's people. Coligny, the Admiral, was citizen of France : but Coligny, the Huguenot, aimed, on behalf of his sect, at an *imperium in imperio*, with which no national government could coexist ; and demanded for them separate fortresses, and guarantees, and institutions, which would have destroyed all Gallican unity, and virtually established two federated nations encamped upon the same soil. The sympathies of the Protestants were with each other all over the world, and not with the land of their birth and the

institutions of their inheritance. Politically, they had their strife at home, their friendships abroad. Their correspondence, their preachers, their literature, were European. They prayed passionately for their "brethren," tamely for their country,—whose history they cared not to study; whose ornamental arts they despised; whose poetry was too warm with the blood of generous life for them; whose cathedrals they stripped and whitewashed; whose lordly timbers they cut; and whose whole past they would have cleansed away as a mass of Babylonish horrors. Their aim, in short, was not patriotic, but cosmopolitan; not so much to guard the honour and unity of England, as to gather the whole world into an Evangelical Alliance. Had they fully triumphed in their aim, and shorn the flowing locks which history had grown so richly and so long, this earth would have presented a dismal and an ugly spectacle. As it is, they balanced their many services by bequeathing to us a poor and narrow doctrine of politics, which empties out from them every noble colouring of moral desire, and reduces government to an organization of police; which makes the state exist for the mere claims of individuals, without reciprocal devotion of the individual to the ennoblement of the commonwealth; and which totally detaches all religious sentiment, all historical knowledge and enthusiasm, from the criticism and estimate of public affairs, and tries them, regardless of the special genius and duty of a people, by the standards of a material selfishness or an abstract philanthropy.

We object altogether to the habit, formed on theological suggestion, of deducing concrete political doctrine from general principles of human nature and assumed rights of individual men. Of universal morals and religion these, doubtless, are the proper ground: nor can any political theory be permitted to contradict the affirmations of human conscience and faith; it must construct itself within these comprehensive conditions. But if we deal with the inhabited world,—or any portion of it,—as all made up of *individuals*; if we study it in tables of population and

statistics of trade, and conclude that, while these show no convulsion, all things continue essentially the same ; if we pretend that one man naturally weighs as much as another, and so herd them together in electoral penfolds ; if we look at each country as an area computed to feed so many people and raise so much produce, and suppose that this being given, the *human* affairs will settle themselves ; we shall miss the chief phenomena which we have to account for in the past, and apply for the future. The proximate factors of each commonwealth are not in its single citizens, but in its natural and therefore permanent *classes* of men ; each determined, by distinct occupation and opportunity, to a peculiar aspect of character, and a special direction of taste and desire. The land, the mill, the sea, the shop, the Court, the Church, the management of capital, the exercise of personal skill, are so many schools of habit and sentiment, that will persist, while persons and families pass away, and make themselves felt as the true moral constituents of an abiding State. Each of these apprehends and brings to light some phase of human life more or less latent to the rest, and elicits aptitudes else unsuspected : and though they are all, when separately taken, eccentric in relation to the balance-point of perfect wisdom and excellence, yet collectively they are so grouped round it as to indicate whereabouts it lies. Under condition of not domineering over the others, or contravening any moral law, each has a right to assert its place, and even to regard it with some pride as a providential trust, held as an element of the country's good : nor is there a surer test of political health than the free manifestation, without insolence and without shame, of its own character and conscience, by every natural and durable class.

Similarly, only more decisively, the organism of the world's life is made up, not of individuals, but of *nations* ; all amenable, it is true, to one Divine Law of Right ; but with insight into it from different sides, and strongly discriminated by features morally neutral. Moreover, their

vitality, their interest for history, their contribution to the civilization of the world, evidently spring not from what they have in common with all mankind, but from what is special to themselves. What fire would have touched the genius of the Greek if he had felt himself undistinguished from the barbarian? What actually *did* become of him, though petted by Roman patronage and rewarded with Roman gold, when he tried his wits again at Alexandria, amid the motley congeries of peoples pretending to be one? The flame, once of so ethereal a clearness, all turned to mere illuminated smoke. Talk as we may of human brotherhood, affection is not and cannot be universal, but always fixes on the specific : and whoever attempts to work the problems of society from the abstract end, inverts the order of Providence, and leaves to the last the only forces with which he can make a beginning. The distinctive genius of nations is no accident : the plurality of languages is no curse : even antagonism of tendency implies no failure, but only the negative resistance, which tests and elicits the forces of higher life. Who would exchange the running waters of a local literature, descending and sparkling from the native uplands of any gifted tribe, for tasteless draughts from the tank of a universal language? A people's history and character are determined, not by its *science*, which is universal, and would be everywhere at home, but by its poetry, its arts, its admirations, its humour, which a degree of latitude or a few centuries of time may render foreign : and an epic or a song, short as its living duration must be, may have a human power greater than the Porisms or the Principia. The endowments and opportunities of each civilized people, then, whether natural or inherited, constitute at once a trust for the world and a right for itself : they are entitled to exist, so long as they respect the limits of the moral law ; being there on the same terms with the genius of the artist or the inspiration of the poet in private life. And identified, as they always must be, with the whole national ideal of what is best, intermingled with the

affections and conscience of the people, there is not only an instinct, but an obligation, to vindicate and uphold them as a Divine deposit which it were faithless to betray.

This principle is frequently conceded, with the stipulation that the claim shall not be pushed beyond the limits of "self-defence." But what *is* a nation's "*self*?"—where are we to look for that personal essence, under change of which she would no longer be the same? Not surely in her coasts and fields; for they were geographically there before she had a name among human things. Not in her buildings and their stores; for these she has created and can recreate. Not in the sinews of her peasants or the lives of her children of to-day; for they are but for one generation, the transient representatives of her longevity; but rather in the physiognomy of her arts and literature, the spirit of her laws, the pride of her traditions, the honourable aims she has borne through her noblest time, and whose standard she has never surrendered. These constitute the proper type of a nation's historical identity; and whoever touches these by assault or weakens them by insult, as truly hurts her to the quick and challenges her "self-defence" as if he sent an armada to her shores. To every nature it is given to vindicate its own essence; and the impulse which starts into defensive attitude at impalpable and moral aggression is more truly reasonable and noble than the materialistic scruple which stands still till a blow is delivered on *the body*.

In claiming a right, we acknowledge a personality. Nor is it a mere fiction of jurists that deals with States as *persons*. God and reality deal with them as such, endowing them with the attributes and visiting them with the liabilities of moral agents. And they themselves accept and acknowledge this character of continuous responsibility in the forms and organism of their life; covering over the semblance of interruption, and giving perpetuity of aspect and will by the device of *hereditary* sovereignty; handing down obligations with good faith from age to age; making bind-

ing engagements, asserting indefeasible rights, appealing to a common consciousness, without regard to the lapse of time or the change of all the actual men. That retribution for public wrong strides by centuries, and stepping over the guilty generation crushes often the individually-innocent successors, implies a collective accountability quite distinct from the cycle of private duty,—a law of too deliberate beat for biographic measurement, but whose solemn pulsations are felt through history. Certain it is that the Moral Governor of the world does treat a nation *as if* it were a person :—calling it to account as identical when not a creature in it remains the same, and crowning it with recompense when the heroes that earned it have made way for degenerate heirs. Is this moral personality a *fiction*, then? Does God act upon a *quasi*? If so, who shall tell us what is real?

We reject, then, the doctrine of mere individualism, as the source of confusion in political thought, and of a mischievous indifferentism, sometimes selfish and sometimes immorally humane. We hold to the principle that, jurally, States are invested with a proper personality, and that they have, accordingly, real duties to discharge and trusts to protect, which must be defined by the same considerations that are valid for the conscience of individuals. We have shown how the right of self-defence assumes, on this ground, a far higher character than that of mere animal instinct. But it is further evident that there is absolutely *no* plea for *self-defence* which has not equal, and it may well be far intenser validity, in the case of injury to *others*. The title under which you protect yourself is not that of bodily fear, but that of moral equity, which regards the particular incidence of the hurt, on this or that spot, as a non-essential; and in giving you a right on your own behalf, imposes also the duty of protecting others. Indeed, what more shameful rule can a casuist lay down than this, that an injury may be resisted if directed against yourself, but must be let alone if it fall upon your neighbour? as if your

own sacred person were the turning-point between good and evil, and it were no law that the strong should help the weak, but only that the strong may help themselves ! Everything that redeems the act of defence from mere animal anger, and gives it nobleness and elevation, exists in proportion as the occasion is disinterested :—as there is indignation at wrong, without personal affront ; pitiful affection, clear of vindictive passion ; the demand for justice instead of assertion of one's self. The one advantage, and the only one, which the selfish case has over the disinterested, is not one of moral right, but of natural possibility. You are better master over your resources on your own account than in remoter instances ;—you can estimate them more perfectly and direct them more surely ; and as the obligation to succour can, on the one hand, never go beyond the measure of power, and on the other becomes more stringent with closeness of sympathy, the boundary-line of just interposition, like every demarcation of duty, is often difficult to draw. Not more so, however, in the case of states than in that of individuals : the perplexities of the problem and the principles for its solution are of the very same *moral type*, and differ only in the greater complication of the public conditions and the vaster scale of the results. But this only deepens responsibility instead of dissolving it. There is a curse on selfishness in states as in individuals ; and selfishness it *is* for them to withdraw from the ferment of humanity and care for nothing but security and gain. Neither man nor nation can worthily live upon *self-culture*, or even continue it with freshness and success, where no generous sympathies and sacrifices break the narrow shell. And what is to call a people out of itself, and move it with higher interests than the bickerings of statesmen and the price of stocks, if it refuse its place in the council-chamber of the world ? What common action can it have, what magnanimity can it exercise, what historic efforts can it make, without share in foreign matters, where right and wrong contest the empire of mankind ? National

character withers and wastes where it is driven in upon itself, and external sympathies find no active expression. A sickly fretfulness supervenes ; criticism amputates action as it grows ; benevolence loses its good sense ; literature oversteps the modesty of nature ; morbid credulities and incredulities thicken ; and in the absence of great passions the most is made of little ones, and selfishness becomes an institution and takes possession of a "dismal science" of its own.

These principles, dimly felt, if not clearly seen, lurk in the general English approbation of the present war ; and if they be true, the popular judgment is essentially sound. If England and France, Russia and Turkey, belong to a family of states having the mutual dependence of a common organism, then each is bound to respect the life of the others ; and it would be degrading and shameful to stand by and see a fatal blow struck at the weakest by the hugest. So far, there is a valid claim to *defend another* on the ground of injured right. If, again, the execution of the Russian design would have touched England in the essence of her life, and hurt her historical and political position, she would betray her personal trust by remaining passive. And, so far, she is sustained by the right and bound by the duty of *self-defence*.

That a fatal blow *was* impending over Constantinople, and that Menschikoff's mission was intended to find a colourable pretext for the assault, we shall take no great pains to prove. It is mere trifling with the evidence to discuss the particular terms of the concession about the Holy Places, of the Menschikoff ultimatum, of the Vienna Note, and to fling the controversy into the labyrinth of diplomatic interpretation, while losing sight of the broad features of historic fact and political experience, by which alone the value and significance of Russian words and deeds can be appreciated. Even, indeed, on this narrow forensic ground, the case of the Western Powers seems to us to be complete, more so than their own statesmen have chosen to

avow. France, no doubt, had advanced some untenable claims on behalf of the Latin Christians in respect of the Sacra of Jerusalem; and it was long the artifice of Nicholas, disgracefully repeated by his English advocates, to take advantage of this error, and represent the dispute as referring entirely to the affair of the Holy Places. That controversy, however, it is well known, was entirely set at rest. The Paris Government had declined to be responsible for the proceedings of M. de Lavalette, and had recalled him; and on the 6th of May, 1853, the firmans which adjusted and closed the question were accepted as satisfactory by the ambassadors of both France and Russia. That night the various disputants could breathe freely again and sleep sound. But next day Prince Menschikoff reappears with a fresh demand,—reserved in the background till it was found that of the prior one no quarrel could be made,—the celebrated demand of a recognized protectorate over eleven millions of Christian subjects of the Porte. Lest the monstrous nature of this claim,—virtually to divide with the Sultan the sovereignty of Turkey,—should not secure a breach, it was presented with peremptory insolence, and an answer required within four days. This tone, indeed, the ambassador had assumed all along; bringing with him a military suite, boasting that he came direct from reviewing an army in Bessarabia ready to march, and a fleet of twenty-seven ships in Sebastopol ready to sail: nor was it any secret that stores for 150,000 men were accumulated at Odessa, that Russian officers were swarming in the Archipelago and Montenegro, and that Admiral Korniloff, with his fleet, was gone to Athens, “to see the antiquities.” The claim of Russia to exercise a civil protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkey is put forth as an “ancient right,” based upon the treaty of Kainarji, which closed the disastrous war with the Empress Catherine in 1774. The treaty bears no such construction in any school of interpretation except the Chancery of St. Petersburg; and it is to be regretted that Lord John Russell

ever allowed himself to speak of this "exceptional protection" as "no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty" (Despatch, Feb. 9, 1853);—and still more, that he should recently have justified and repeated the statement, without furnishing any evidence of its truth. The limits of the Russian right are defined in the following articles of the treaty in question :—

"Art. 7.—The Sublime Porte promises to protect the Christian religion and the churches belonging to it; and it also permits the ministers of the Imperial Court of Russia to make, on all occasions, representations, as well in respect to the new church at Constantinople (which is spoken of in Article 14) as of those which belong to it, promising to take them into consideration, as coming from a person in the confidence of a neighbouring and sincerely friendly power."

"Art. 8.—It will be permitted to the subjects of the Russian Empire to visit the city of Jerusalem and the Holy Places; and there shall not be exacted from them, neither at Jerusalem nor elsewhere, any *karacz*, contributions, duty (*droit*), or other imposition."

"Art. 14.—After the example of the other Powers, it is permitted to the High Court of Russia, besides the chapel erected in the house of the Embassy, to construct, in a quarter of Galata named Beg Oglou, a public church of the Greek religion, which shall always be under the protection of the ministers of that Empire, and held free from all interruption and annoyance."

On these articles, the author of the "Progress of Russia in the East" makes the following just comments :—

"Here there is a distinct promise, on the part of the Sultan, that he will protect the Christian religion and the Christian churches in Turkey; and any failure to fulfil that promise would form a just ground of complaint and reclamation on the part of Russia. In that sense, therefore, but in no other, Russia has a right to watch over the protection, *by the Porte*, of the Christian religion, and the churches belonging to it. But the Emperor Nicholas claims a great deal more. He seems to have founded upon the 14th Article, which has reference only to the establishment of a single church of the Greek

rite, in the suburb of Galata, under the protection of the Russian minister, a claim to extend that protection to every subject of the Porte who conforms to that rite. The permission to establish that church in Galata is expressly founded upon the example of other powers, which had, besides the private chapels in their embassies, churches where the service was conducted according to their respective religious rites, under the protection of their ministers. There was a necessity for this : all the embassies are entitled, by conventions and special agreements, to afford protection to persons of various classes not considered subjects of the Sultan. These individuals and families, in most cases either natives of other countries or descendants of persons from different parts of Europe, who had settled at Constantinople under foreign protection, are considered and treated as foreigners, even though they may have been born in Turkey ; and, as foreigners, are subject to the jurisdiction of the embassy and consulate under whose protection they reside. Disputes between them are settled, not by the Turkish tribunals, but in the court of the consul, who is armed for this purpose with judicial authority. It was necessary that those persons should have churches in which they could assemble for religious service according to their respective rites ; and those churches, as well as the clergy who officiated, and the worship conducted in them, were placed under the special protection of the different embassies, for the purpose of guarding them from the intrusion of lawless persons of a different faith, and the interruption or disturbance of the worship there conducted.

“ The diplomatic relations of Russia with the Porte in 1774, the date of the treaty of Kainarji, were comparatively recent ; and it was by that treaty that she first obtained permission to erect a church for the Greek rite—such as other powers had been permitted to erect for other rites—and to place it and the worship conducted in it under the protection of the Russian minister. This was not an unreasonable demand ; for, although there were many churches of the Greek rite in Constantinople and its suburbs, they belonged to the original Eastern church, which continues to acknowledge the supreme authority, in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, of the Patriarch and Synod of Constantinople, and which regards as schismatic the Russian-Greek Church, of which the Czar Peter I. assumed for himself

and his successors the patriarchate and control. But, upon a concession so unimportant, and which merely placed Russia on the same footing as the other powers had long been, to found a pretension to extend a similar protection to eleven or twelve millions of the Sultan's subjects, is to attempt a most formidable usurpation."—p. 156.

In fact, Russia demanded, under cover of this treaty, a power totally different, both in extent and kind, from anything contemplated in its articles: in extent, because stretched to include the *civil* rights as well as the *spiritual* privileges of the Christians, and straining these privileges, for all ordinary Greek subjects of the Ottoman empire, up to the exceptional standards of favour accorded to the chapels of foreign embassies or stations; in kind, because no longer mediate and negative, through the Porte's initiative or through expostulation at its failure, but immediate and positive, by direct relation between the "orthodox" in Turkey and the Czar, and by the definitions of international engagement instead of the sovereign legislation of the Porte. To tear away the mask and set aside the Russian pretence of asking nothing new, the Sultan issued edicts expressly confirming all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, and renewing every existing promise of protection; but because he would neither concede the initiative to Russia, nor pledge himself to govern 11,000,000 of his *subjects* by the rule of the most favoured *foreign nation*, negotiation was exchanged for war. And what was the ground or occasion for these formidable demands from St. Petersburg? Russia had no right to ask for new guarantees in support of even the old promise, without producing proofs that the promise as it stood was untrustworthy. Yet no specific instance of its violation or failure is alleged: and the vague form of Count Nesselrode's complaints,—speaking only in general terms of "numerous arbitrary acts of the Ottoman government,"*—sufficiently betrays that no distincter allegations could be safely made.

* Manifesto of June 26th, 1853.

The Muscovite proposals, then, even if sincerely intended as a basis of negotiation, were utterly inadmissible, and in themselves constituted an aggression. But they were never meant for acceptance ; they were a mere imposture, sent in advance of an invasion. The seizure of the unhappy Principalities was already provided for : and even if Prince Menschikoff had been less rash and boastful, we could scarcely have been deceived about the real designs of his Imperial master. While his note was still under consideration, the bridge by which the Russians were to cross the Pruth was in the contractor's yard : and the concentration of troops and stores admitted of but one interpretation. There can be no doubt that at St. Petersburg the hour, so long hoped for, was supposed to have struck : and the actors all stood ready to play out the catastrophe of the historic drama. Yet with deplorable, though happily demonstrable, mendacity, the Emperor charges his own seizure of the Principalities on the provocation given by the Western Powers in ordering their fleets to "the waters of Constantinople !" the facts being, that the order to the fleets went from London on 1st of June, 1853, while the intention to seize the Principalities was announced at St. Petersburg *the day before* ; and that while the naval force was sent only to the neutral waters of Besika Bay, two hundred miles from Constantinople,—an anchorage as free to them as the Piræus,—the battalions of Russia invaded a dependency of Turkey, in direct violation of specific treaties, as well as of the general law of nations, and without any formal declaration of war. Let any one compare the manifesto of Count Nesselrode (July 2, 1853), its studied moderation, its tortuous excuses, its unmistakable insincerity, with Lord Clarendon's vigorous exposure of its mis-statements and hypocrisy (July 16, 1853), and he will be inclined to look for the true key of Russian policy anywhere rather than in the words that expound it and the sentiments it affects to express.

The theatrical character of the Russian Government,

covering low arts beneath airs of magnanimity, and giving decency to the greediness of ambition by long "graces before meat," is apparent enough from the style of its political papers and court conversations. But if more palpable proof be wanted, it abounds in the history of the empire for the last hundred years. During that time the depredations of Russia have appropriated an area equal to all that yet remains unabsorbed of Europe, from Cape North to Crete, and from Constantinople to Connamara: and far from this plunder having especially favoured the East, every great capital of Europe finds the Czar a nearer neighbour by at least five hundred miles. Yet at this political banquet every dainty dish has been approached, and even every mouthful swallowed, with profuse disclaimer of any hungry appetite; the luscious Persian fruits have been tasted only out of compliment: and the rich southern wines been tossed off merely to pledge "the word of a gentleman." The histrionic genius, we know, is apt to run in families; and if the family be autocratic, may become immortal in an empire, "refining as it runs." The stage-effects and attitudes by which we have been duped so long, and shall be duped again, are assuredly no new craft to the Romanoffs. All through, we observe the same charming offers of prompt sympathy to frightened neighbours or suffering malcontents, followed by permanent protectorate, and ending in annexation. We find the same readiness with the most frank assurances and satisfactory explanations; the same lifted eyebrows and start of astonished innocence at the slightest imputation; the same willingness to disown any proceedings and sacrifice any number of agents, provided the work of intrigue goes on, and smoke enough is raised to blind suspicious eyes: and perhaps the only thing in which decided proficiency has been made in the last generation or two, is on the *religious* side;—the air of special relation to heaven, of that peculiar and amphibious kind which reconciles piety and presumption, which kneels that it may dominate, and both giving and inviting worship

oscillates between the mortal and the God. The language in which the late Emperor, both to Sir Hamilton Seymour, and more recently in public manifestoes, disclaimed all territorial ambition, and half-complained of his empire as too large, is the very same by which he practised on the credulity of Persia in 1828. He told her that he did not want land, but *must* have a well-marked boundary for the two countries, and so would set the Araxes to flow between them; and having thus got the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan on the *left* side of the river, *where it was fordable*, he refused to deliver up the provinces of Talish and Moghan on the right (or Persian) bank, *where alone the water was deep enough to give a serviceable boundary at all*.* In fact, the established prelude to every usurpation is some profession of moderate counsels, the offer of some "Greek present," or the request for peaceful intercourse. In the interests of the Caspian commerce, the Russians modestly asked leave of Persia, in 1771, to open a "counting-house" near Astrabad. Permission being given, they began to build a fortress, commanding the harbour, with eighteen guns:

"Whereof Aga-Mahmed (the Khan) being informed, resolved to give them a check. He came to look at the fortress, admired the building, praised the activity of the Russians, and invited himself to dine with his attendants on board the frigate of Voinovitch. After having merrily spent the day, and testified great friendship for the Russians, the Khan engaged them in return to come and take a dinner at one of his country-seats among the mountains. Thither they repaired the succeeding day; but they had no sooner entered his house, than Aga-Mahmed caused them to be put in irons, at the same time threatening Voinovitch to have his head cut off, and serve all his officers in the same manner, unless the fortress was immediately razed to the ground."

"Voinovitch, who plainly saw that all resistance would be fruitless, signed an order, which was carried to the commandant of the fort. The cannons were re-shipped, and the wall broken

* "Russia in the East," p. 81.

down. This done, Aga-Mahmed ordered the Russian officers into his presence ; and not satisfied with loading them with scornful and injurious language, he delivered several of them over to his slaves, who, after inflicting on them every sort of indignity, were commanded to drive them and their companions with scourges to their ships.*

This Muscovite interpretation of commerce appears to have undergone no change, for the quarantine establishments permitted by treaty near the Danube mouth, have been converted, it seems, into military posts ; while to force the corn trade from the Principalities to Odessa, the river has been permitted to lose some seven feet of depth. The frailty of treaties is unhappily proverbial, but there is a peculiarity about the Russian disregard of them which is morally significant. Other governments usually respect their engagements for a while, and the temptations which eventually lead them to slip the noose commonly arise from new events and combinations, giving some unintended tightness to the terms. But Russia seems justly chargeable with negotiating without even a momentary purpose of keeping her word. The very fortress of Anapa, just evacuated this very month, she was bound by the Treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, to surrender at once ; but she preferred to retain it, and did so. The treaty of Goolistan in 1814, by which she obtained her Trans-Caucasian possessions, was signed by the Persian plenipotentiary, to save the delay of reference to St. Petersburg, on the express condition that the province of Talish should be restored by a special act, which the Russian plenipotentiary promised to obtain. The promise, though pressed upon the Imperial Court by the British as well as the Persian minister, was not denied, but was never fulfilled. In 1827, Russia was simultaneously a party in two treaties ; that of London, by which she engaged with France and England to interpose in the Greek revolt (which she had first excited and then had wanted single-handed to put down), and re-establish peace at any cost ; and that of Aker-

* "Russia in the East," p. 27.

man, by which she bound herself to Turkey not to interpose in the Greek affair at all. Against such instances the favourite reply of real indifferentism and affected humility,—that *we* have no right to cast the first stone,—is of no avail. The argument, at best, is trumpery enough, that guilty once ourselves, we must give the world and the devil *carte blanche* for ever after. But, much as we have nationally to answer for, we must emphatically deny that there is any real analogy between the general course of English policy and the mendacious rapacity of Russia.

What the “protectorate” exercised by such a power over the subjects of a neighbouring state is likely to turn out, it is not difficult to conjecture ; nor are examples wanting to convert the conjecture into an inference from experience. Russia has been a very protecting power, with sensitive and capacious wings, and fond of visiting any nest where there are eggs to hatch. The great object of her solicitude,—so she habitually phrases it,—is the “*independence*” of neighbouring people ; and her method is, first to proclaim this independence ; to emancipate them, that is, from a present allegiance which has its sensible burdens ; and then, if their inexperience wants a little guidance, to step in and supply it in place of the superseded rule. In 1739, she established, by the Treaty of Belgrade, the “*independence*” of the Circassian Kabardas ; though the Christian inhabitants were so insensible to her good offices, that they actually renounced their religion and embraced Mohammedanism in order to take refuge beneath the shield of Turkey. In 1774, the unhappy provinces were incorporated with Russia, by the Treaty of Kainarji. The same treaty which brought this business to completion, began upon the Crimea, and promoted it to its “*independence*” ; rescinded, that is, the tie that bound its khans to their suzerain at Constantinople. To wait till the next war and treaty for the succeeding step was now too tedious for Muscovite impatience. Yet the Tartar inhabitants were harmless and compliant, and afforded no pretext for interference. But a troublesome pirate or

marauder having established himself on the Eastern side of the Straits of Yenikale, the Russian general, under pretence of protecting the neighbourhood from depredation, marched an army,—not to Taman, where the freebooter was,—but into the Crimea ; distributed his troops through the peninsula, and annexed it to Russia : and when a show of indignant resistance was made to this abuse of the confidence natural to a time of peace, thirty thousand of the inhabitants were seized and massacred in cold blood ! This is the title which France and England, with their allies, are now disputing with the heir of Catharine around the waters of Sebastopol.

The whole course of Russian history, then, for the last hundred years, invalidates every profession of moderation and good faith which may issue from the Chancery of St. Petersburg, and reveals a persistent and aggressive ambition which it is impossible to mistake. The established signs of its immediate approach to the Bosphorus became conspicuous in 1853 ; and if there be such a thing as international morals at all, it was the duty of the Western States to bar the intended injury, and bid the Muscovite stand off. The obligation, implied in the whole system of modern political relations, becomes express by the treaty of July, 1841, which mutually engages the Great Powers to co-operate in preserving the repose and consolidating the strength of the Ottoman empire. Unless it can be shown that a performance of the duty had become impossible, any argument for its evasion would be equally valid on behalf of any act of convenient desertion and pleasant perfidy. Whether prevention had become impossible or not, events will show better than discussion. But this at least was clear, that it was possible *now or never* ; that whatever difficulties beset the enterprise of *repulse*, tenfold discouragement would attend an enterprise of *rescue* ; and that to wait till the fleet of Sebastopol was at the Golden Horn, beneath the eyes of the Russian army on the southern slopes of the Balkan, would be to let the future of Europe go by default.

For who can fail to see that the issue *is* of this magnitude, and that Russia, mistress of the Hellespont, sweeps at once with her influence, and ultimately with her dominion, the whole Old World from Japan to the Atlantic? The sequence of events, terminating in this issue, or in its moral equivalent, appears to us so simple and necessary as to remove the usual precariousness of political vaticination. An empire, won in Greek interests and by pretensions to a pontifical rule over Eastern Christendom, would first give Otho his passports back to Bavaria; and would assemble its pilgrims at the Holy Places by way of the Archipelago and the Levant. The first moment of Panslavonic triumph hands over to the conqueror the Dalmatian coast and the Slavic populations of Austria. The empire of Vienna thus disintegrated, losing its most reliable military material, and being totally destitute of any moral cohesion, falls in piecemeal, and the more surely because scarcely one of its races would have reason to regret the change. The feeble kingdom of Naples would be glad of an irresistible patron; nor is Western Catholicism anywhere,—in Spain, in Tuscany, in Bavaria,—in a condition to present a front of political resistance to the inverted crusade advancing from the East. There are malcontents enough in Italy, and conflicting passions of democrats and priests, to keep the elements fermenting till the effervescence leaves them flat and dead. But Germany,—Mr. Cobden's "educated" nation,—is there no barrier *there*? Alas! we believe and hope every thing good of Germany *except* political union and power. Her courts are already wholly, and her people half, corrupted by Russian alliances and admirations: poised in vigilance between Paris and St. Petersburg, she considers her nationality still pledged to look suspiciously at the West, and bound by good fellowship to accept the compliments of the East. A direct invasion, indeed, would at once rouse and unite her people, and repeat the patriotic sacrifices of the war of liberation. But this is not the method of the Czars. The schemes of Napoleon I.

were personal, and could not wait ;—a lifetime was the limit of their chance :—the policy of Russia is traditional and slow, advancing not like passion, but like destiny ; pressing, like a circumambient atmosphere, into every open opportunity, and oozing into every leaky will. Against so insinuating a power there are not, we fear, in Germany, the requisite elements of resistance,—mutual trust, definite aims, and moral solidity. A huge Macedonian autocracy, disposing of the resources of an empire, deals to immense advantage with a group of small or secondary states, jealous of each other, and peopled by a race of susceptible sentiment and rich culture, but sunk, for want of a common faith and a common experience, into intellectual distraction and practical feebleness. Nothing, therefore, beyond an occasion for patience and circumspection is opposed by central Europe to the Muscovite advance, and France and England present the first formidable and positive barrier. Who can say that, offered *then*, it is not offered too late ? Nor, meanwhile, is it supposable that these countries could remain to that hour what they are now. There are plenty of combustible elements in France, whose outbursts might call in the great Russian fire-engine to quench it with conservative floods. And as for England, two inevitable changes would have altered her whole relation to the world. With the fall of Turkey, Persia, already trembling between Russian pensions and patriotic shame, wholly disappears ; and India, penetrated by the intrigues, and bordered by the reputed omnipotence of Russia, would need no invasion to become untenable, but with the sudden sweep of Oriental revolution, would go over to the strongest. And in the presence of a power uniting with its fleets the Mediterranean and the Baltic, with freedom to retreat into the Euxine or scour the Atlantic ; with the rocks of the Ægean turned into Cronstadts, and the harbours of Asia Minor into Portsmouths ; the naval supremacy of England, and therefore the security of her commerce, the protection of her dependencies, the spread of her colonization, would be

hopelessly compromised. Thus to surrender her proper life, and let the national genius entrusted to her perish by her apathy, what else would it be than historical suicide?

It is customary with easy-minded politicians to set aside all apprehensions of Russian aggrandizement with the remark that, "An empire of so vast a bulk must fall to pieces." Will you then stand by and see it built up, on the contingency of its hereafter tumbling down? Astounding argument! On what does such an empire rise? Upon annihilated nations. And what brings it to the ground? The agonies and heavings of subjugated populations, too wretched for its framework to hold. Who cares to calculate the chances of life for a colossal despotism, once at large to stride over the world? To those who tremble for its next step, and over whom the barbaric foot already hangs, is it consolatory to say, "Take comfort, for the giant by and by will trip and perhaps die?" It is not the *continuance* only of denationalizing tyrannies, but the *process* of their formation, and the throes of their dissolution, that make them the wasting curse of the world. The doctrine of ultimate ratios,—of the goal which limits a tendency at last,—has no just *practical* application to human things, and is but a logical instrument of theoretical construction. Life is all *transition*: men are not at the end, but ever on the road, toiling, panting, hoping, striving; and between the pauses of historic law of which you coldly speak, generations have slipped through and the work of centuries been undone. But we have no faith in the received maxim, that monster empires are impossible. That under certain conditions they may exist, Macedonia and Rome sufficiently prove; and in a world whose societies have lost their forces of moral unity, it is not to be hastily assumed that a high and susceptible civilization is in itself a source of strength. It is a serious problem whether, in the absence of common sentiments of reverence, and the consequent ascendancy of restless and divergent individualities, it is possible to create on a large scale the mutual sympathy and trust, and the

sense of concurrent interest, without which resolution and self-sacrifice cannot be concentrated and sustained. There are elements combined in a semi-barbaric empire like Russia, frightfully favourable to military domination ;— hordes of human beings at the disposal of a single will ; a command of the material arts of more advanced communities, without their moral hesitations ; a population susceptible of fanatical excitement, possessed with the idea of a national destiny, and identifying their political allegiance with their religious worship ; and the prestige of a rapidly growing and consolidating power, standing before governments shaken by revolution, and peoples distracted with intellectual anarchy. He must be a bold prophet who can weigh the elements of the European system, and compute their possible combinations and antagonisms, without profound anxiety.

The grounds on which we have justified the present struggle, sufficiently define our conception of its object. That object plainly is to take from Russia the power of further aggrandizement, and the disposition to further menace. To keep this one end steadily in view ; to rest in nothing short of it ; to be tempted into nothing beyond it, appears to us the true duty of this country. By their tendency to secure this result soon and effectually, all proposed methods of procedure ought to be tried. The resort to war is ever a fearful responsibility, and it ceases to be defensible where its moral idea and aim are not kept distinct and clear, and visibly made the rule of its operations. The statesman who proclaims hostilities for one cause, and then thinks that, while his hand is in, he may as well do a little business for another, brings suspicion on his motives, and takes away all solemnity from his act. For this reason it is impossible to give prominence in the present war to the English sympathy with oppressed nationalities, and to treat their restoration as *its object*. And he who would demand attention to them has but one course of argument open to him ; he must show that to attempt

their restoration, offers the best chance of making Russia harmless. Only in this character, as instruments of a policy, can they fairly come before us for a hearing now. Did we make them *principals* in the quarrel from the first, we should be justly exposed to the reproach of insincerity, negotiating in one sense and fighting in another. The Western Powers are accused, naturally enough, of compromising their better sympathies by advances to Austria, of paying in precious character for her alliance, and after all barely obtaining her neutralization. With the feeling that inspires this objection we are completely in accordance; nor could any good hope breathe freely in England till the Vienna delusion was broken up, and the key was turned upon the empty conference-chamber. But if the friendship of Austria has been too patiently sought, it would have been an equal error and a greater wrong to use the breach with Nicholas as a mere occasion for breaking up *her* empire; to make her the chief object of hostilities due to the delinquencies of another. Yet this is precisely what we should have done, if we had begun by pronouncing the words, "Hungary, Poland, Italy." Their terrible power (*glorious* also, when the just hour strikes) must act *primarily* to convulse the empire of Francis Joseph, with whom we were at peace; and only *secondarily* that of the Czar, against whom we went to arms. Even if Austria were justly suspected of prowling about the skirts of the Russian design, and by connivance preparing a claim to some share in the contingent booty, she was not in a position to be made *principal enemy*: her evil propensities showed themselves at the remotest corner of this country's Turkish interests and engagements, and were but incipient and tentative auxiliaries of the main offender. Of selfish hesitancy in her calculations we cannot acquit her: yet it does not follow, except in the logic of passion, that no opportunity should have been allowed her to withdraw from her hovering position, and take sides with the police instead of the thieves. If by detaching a half-inclined accomplice

you can baffle a scheme of depredation, or favourably alter the balance of its chances, it is surely lawful to do so, provided it be by no unworthy means, but by indicating the path of more legitimate interest and less doubtful honour. In casting about then for means of carrying on the contest to which they were committed, the Western Powers would not have been justified in appealing, in the first instance, to the nationalities ; and were not precluded from the attempt to determine Austria to their side, and form a complete European combination. The experiment was worth trying. Its success would have compelled the recoil of Russia. Its failure would remove the mask from the character of the German powers, and would open to England and France, in the second act of the conflict, lines of policy which were not legitimate in the first. To call up the oppressed races at the outset, not in aid of any spontaneous and localized effort by some one of them, but all at once, by foreign stimulus and in a foreign cause,—what would it have implied? Universal war, from the Rhine to the Araxes, from Finland to Sicily ; limited by no definite and paramount idea, but with a dozen supreme objects in different parts, until all objects were lost in the uncontrollable chaos of passions ; a war in which the *régime* of the *coup d'état* would have been little likely to join ; which, in the most favourable case, would have arrayed against the West every constituted government, and the whole military power of central, southern, and eastern Europe, with no allies but provisional juntas and undisciplined populations. We have no dynastic, no aristocratic predilections, but we approve the shrinking hand that would not hurl a torch to kindle such a flame.

Our sacrifices, however, to the Austrian experiment are now at an end. Vienna has had her opportunity, and, declining it, leaves us free to adapt our future policy to the exigencies of the war. Her withdrawal increases the physical difficulties, but simplifies the moral complication of the problem. The allies must adopt a different tone to

Austria. Her armies oppress and demoralize the Principalities : let her be desired to evacuate them : let a reasonable and popular government be constituted there under European guarantee, and the appearance there of a Russian regiment be declared an act of war. Russia owes to the world and a just God restitution for the crimes that are her only title-deeds to Warsaw. Let no scruple towards the partners in that guilt any longer deter us from becoming the instruments of retribution, and testing the fidelity of the Czar's Polish subjects. There is no need to put forth any promise or programme of a restored kingdom, and so give Berlin and Vienna the plea for war. Invasion of Russian Poland is an indisputable belligerent right ; and if the invasion succeeded, the kingdom would appear of itself. Of the strategical possibilities we cannot pretend to judge ; but every moral and political consideration makes us hope that they are encouraging. Even the dynasties must sometimes suspect how much better it would be if the Poles—disturbers of so many other countries—were made conservators of their own. On this road it is,—by the banks of the Niemén, at the foot of the Bukowina hills,—that we should make reparation to Hungary for our guilty neglect in 1849. The wind that once sets in from the sea north of the Carpathians, cannot fail to sweep over to the south. Unhappy Hungary ! Who can now doubt the fatal loss of opportunity by England in the spring of 1849, through the yet clinging curse of the non-intervention doctrine ? For how much of the present entanglement of Europe must Lord Palmerston himself feel that these few cold words of his are answerable !

“VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO MR. BUCHANAN.

(*Extract.*)

“Foreign Office, May 17, 1849.

“Much as Her Majesty's Government regret this interference of Russia, the causes which have led to it, and the effects which it may produce, they nevertheless *have not considered the occa-*

*sion to be one which at present calls for any formal expression of the opinions of Great Britain on the matter."**

When the appropriator of Poland heard that Great Britain had no opinion to express about the invasion and political extinction of Hungary, he might well suppose that the West had ceased to care about the East,—that Bucharest was as open to him as Hermanstadt,—and that constitutional England, which suffered him to hunt from city to city the Parliament of Pesth, would let him do as he liked with the Divan of Constantinople. May the minister who deceived Nicholas by apathetic words undeceive Alexander by resolute action! But, however certain it may be that Poland and Hungary, once reconstituted, would present the most reliable barrier to the advances of Russia on the West, their reorganization is a work of immense difficulty, not to be effected in a tumultuary and boundless storm. Such results can attain no solidity unless aimed at and accomplished one by one, and secured by the concentration upon each, as its turn comes, of every available resource of political sagacity and military power. We know it is said, that in this way you enable the Absolutists also to take the rising nations in detail, and put them down by an itinerant crusade. But their power to help each other is much impaired, now that Russia is pre-engaged at home, and would rather want to borrow armies than be at liberty to lend. And the necessity of peace is so extreme for Austria, so great for every German Court, that their general sympathy with Russia is paralyzed by more pressing fears.

Meanwhile, there is an earlier problem, which, notwithstanding the recent check, is emerging, we trust, by military settlement, into the stage for political solution. What is to be done with the Crimea? To restore it to Russia would be an absurd forfeiture of securities won at so great

* "Correspondence Relative to the Affairs of Hungary, 1847-1849." Blue Book Aug. 15, 1850, p. 137. No. 179.

a cost. France or England could not hold it without exciting dangerous jealousies. Turkey would hardly be able to protect it. There are difficulties in every arrangement ; but we can think of no insuperable objection to giving it to *Sardinia*. Her shipping to the neighbouring ports of the province of Kherson is already, we believe, highest on the returns of tonnage. The Genoese would be at home again on the southern shore, and find the traces left by their forefathers. The military and naval power of *Sardinia* is fully equal to the easy defence of the Peninsula, yet would occasion no alarm to Constantinople. The Italian race has aptitudes for naturalization in the East which are not found in North Europeans. And if a new nucleus of organizing life is needed there, as a centre to counterbalance possible decay, what source could more hopefully supply it than a young, energetic, second-rate Power, whose development into a State of the first rank would certainly be for the interests of the world?

It is, however, a cheap exercise of imagination to revise "the map of Europe." Amid the uncertainties of war, no proposal can be more than a hint ; even in the re-settlement of peace, no adjustment in the East can be regarded, we fear, as more than provisional. The political problem presented by that region of multifarious races, dissimilar languages, and hostile faiths, is the most perplexing, perhaps, that the world has ever seen. Well might statesmen be tempted to abandon it in despair, and persuade themselves that they thus leave it to a Higher Power, were it not just the one thing certain and clear amid the darkness, that this pious excuse delivers it into the hands of a *Lower* Power. For if *we* do not undertake the solution, assuredly Russia will. The distant issue is beyond our vaticination, and no part of our proper aim. But from day to day a preventive responsibility rests with us. And in various ways, by the repulse of arrogance and the protection of injured weakness, by teaching differing faiths to co-exist, and prejudiced races

to obey the same law, by the example of invariable honour in commerce and equity in political intervention, it may be given to us to save the finest region of Europe from the grasp of military despotism, and develop in it the aptitudes for a just civil rule.

XII.

FOREIGN POLICY FOR 1856.*

THE "happy new year" prayed for to-day by millions of affectionate voices,—may God copiously send it into private homes, where so much remains sheltered from the world's storms ! In public affairs it is more than can be expected ; and to exchange such a wish in the family of States would imply a levity and delusion secure of disappointment. At the opening of 1856 Europe knows that the holiday-mood must be short, and the welcome to the fresh time graver

* "General Treaty of Congress, signed at Vienna, June 9, 1815 ; with the three Annexes thereto, relating to the Kingdom of Poland and the Republic of Cracow." Presented to the House of Commons by Her Majesty's command, in pursuance of their Address of the 8th February, 1847.

"Correspondence between Viscount Castlereagh (late Marquis of Londonderry) and the Emperor Alexander of Russia, respecting the Kingdom of Poland." Vienna, October, November, 1814. Presented to the House of Commons, February, 1847.

"Papers Relative to the Suppression, by the Governments of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, of the Free State of Cracow, and to the Annexation of that State to the Austrian Empire." Presented to both Houses of Parliament, February, 1847.

"Correspondence respecting the Relations between Greece and Turkey." Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1854.

"Eastern Papers." Part XIV. "Negotiation at Vienna." Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1855.

"Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen. Von G. G. Gervinus. Erster Band. Leipzig, 1855.

"The Polish Question, from the German Point of View." By a German Statesman. Translated from the German. London, Ridgway, 1855. — *National Review*, January, 1856.

than its wont. Stern duties await it ; sharp sufferings impend over the months ; unforeseen complications cannot fail to arise ; and never was there a time when clear, commanding purpose was more needful in our statesmen,—purpose flexible enough to take up the exigencies of the hour, but unbending in its general direction. Dearth of the chief necessities of life, a falling scale of wages, a rising rate of discount, the European spread of speculative finance, the need of loans by everybody at once, growls from Washington, insolence from Naples, snares from Vienna, plots at Athens, the permanent ban of the Pope on one ally, and the periodic shots of assassins at another,—are omens serious enough to make wise men anxious, and to fill the irresolute with dismay. None of these things move us, however, in comparison with one all-pervading doubt, which adds a darkness to them all : have we public men to lead us with honour through?—men who see their way, and mean to hold it ; who, having shaped the nation's best instincts into well-defined conviction, will prevent popular fickleness by constancy in themselves ; men in whose hands the character of England and the menaced interests of Europe are really safe ? This miserable doubt has settled with a fixed depression on the spirit of the country. Banished for a moment by happy words at Romsey, it is brought back by sinister overtures to Knowsley ; forgotten in the excitement of the morning's telegraph, it returns at night with some “four-point” rumour from Vienna or Berlin. Nor does this painful feeling merely express a personal estimate of this or that cabinet-minister or political leader ; though it would find perhaps excuse enough in the shifting parts of last year's drama at St. Stephen's. The distrust is chronic, and has a deeper seat. It is impossible to follow men who cease to lead, and put faith in those who have no faith themselves ; and it has become the habit and accomplishment of public men to substitute the feeling of the country for their own ; to dispense with positive convictions, and calculate instead the pressures of the hour ; to determine the right by merely

assuming the inevitable. It was the fatal merit of Sir Robert Peel to leave this type of political morality as a heritage to his successors. Thrice compelled to surrender to the force of national opinion, and frankly accepting it as a decree of nature, he acquired a matchless tact in yielding ; he consecrated the virtue of legislative acquiescence ; he identified statesmanship with the art of discriminating between ripe and unripe social wants. The admiration felt for his later career has raised this narrow and imperfect conception into the Englishman's very ideal of political wisdom ; giving it a prominence far greater, it is probable, than it had in his own mind. No doubt it is of the utmost moment to read aright the indications of matured opinion, to avoid protracted resistance to an irreversible national will, and pronounce the verdict when the hearing has fairly closed. The institutions of a country are thus kept in permanent harmony with its life, and escape the danger incurred either by their own inertia or by the pedantry of *doctrinaire* politicians. Yet, after all, this is but the negative side of government. We cannot consent to reduce it thus to a mere registering-machine for jotting down the wishes of the hour, and forming the diary of a people's humours. Let the popular sentiment act freely on the statesman ; but if he does not powerfully react on the popular sentiment, and mould the very opinion which he obeys, he is unworthy to occupy his higher point of view :

"Celsâ sedet Æolus arce
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos, et temperat iras."

But, according to our modern doctrine, the political Æolus is but paid clerk to the national anemometer ; his cave of the winds, a snug office in Downing Street ; and his business, to supply paper for the wriggling lines of the outside breeze, and keep the pencils pointed that are broken by jerks of storm. The opinions prevalent in a free country are surely not to be treated as a *destiny*, on which the minister has but to wait ; they are, to an extent little sus-

pected, an undetermined power that waits for him. True, a host of other causes is ever impressing a certain direction on the mind of a people; but among them all there is no influence more steadily intense than the earnest expression, by trusted leaders, of a clear political creed and noble public aims. To abdicate this function, to leave it in the state to which the last five-and-twenty years have reduced it, amounts to a confession of unfaithfulness or incapacity. A few weeks ago a candidate for the suffrages of an Irish constituency, in responding to public curiosity as to his political principles, replied, "Just what you please, gentlemen." * Perhaps he intended to parody the pliant policy which he emulated only too well.

If in relation to *home* questions there is some plea for the helpless sequaciousness of our statesmen, they cannot be excused from the duty of directly forming and frankly leading the public sentiment on *foreign* affairs. Here, for the most part, they have it all their own way. Their councils are unembarrassed by any predetermination in the national will; and if their hands are weak, it is not from excess, but from defect in the "pressure from without." It is Lord Palmerston's own remark, that "one of the chief difficulties in foreign affairs which are felt in this country is due to the circumstance of the great bulk of the people having cared, generally, little about them." And if it be so, *who* is to blame? Are the English people, by some fatality of nature, incurious of the world's affairs? or doomed, by insular position, to a blind selfishness? or so pleasantly asleep on their own liberties, that no cries of wrong or alarm of advancing tyrannies can wake them?

* "You will naturally feel anxious to know what particular line of politics I shall advocate, in the event of your choosing me for your representative. My answer is plain,—*Whatever you please*. Although a Catholic in religion, yet I am not bound by the Church; and you have only to direct me how I will [*sic*] act, and I shall endeavour to advocate your interests."—*Address of Mr. C. Fitzgerald Higgins to the Constituency of Armagh.*

Such reproaches may be pardoned when flung at us from Kossuth's embittered and scornful spirit; but an English minister should know that opportunity has never been given us in vain to acknowledge our international obligations and venture something for truth and justice in other lands. Queen Elizabeth had no occasion to complain that her people knew nothing of the Netherlands, and were without opinions about Spain. Cromwell found in a vigorous policy abroad his best support amid dangers at home. Islands and stations in every sea,—not won by colonization only, but the award of treaty or the prize of war,—Gibraltar, Jamaica, Malta,—attest the habitual participation of this country in all great European movements. How, indeed, is it possible that a people with possessions in every habitable latitude of both hemispheres, with kindred and commerce in every civilized land, with the exiles of every continental convulsion living on their shores,—should be indifferent to “foreign affairs?” We feel precisely as much interest about them as our rulers choose to invite;—intense in crises of conflict like the present, when sacrifices are needed and publicity is inevitable; relaxing in peaceful times, when controversies are removed from the battleground to the diplomatic desk, and the guardians of the “public service,” freed from immediate dependence on the national spirit, relapse into mystery and silence. A sustained interest in foreign affairs requires a sustained knowledge: and this it has never been the habit or inclination of statesmen to keep up in parliament or the country. The fitful temper of the public mind has faithfully responded to their alternations of confidence and reserve; and as soon as they feel it their duty to hold us wide-awake to the course of external politics as it proceeds, instead of coming down upon us three or four times in a century for a sudden verdict on all the arrears, we are convinced that the last “difficulty” to be felt will be that of general apathy. As it is, our English habit of government indemnifies itself for yieldingness in home affairs by uncommunicative indepen-

dence in foreign policy. Imperial confidences, secret correspondence, Olmütz meetings, take place; the most important reports stream in from our ambassadors or consuls-general, mutual engagements distinctly affecting the future of Europe are covertly taken by foreign states;—and unless some stray whisper reaches the sensitive ear of stock-brokers and “own correspondents,” the facts first come to light a year or two after they have passed from diplomacy into history. We are far from attributing this to any official selfishness or treachery; far from wishing to see a parliamentary usurpation of the executive. We have less fear of un-English compromise, and of failure in political vigilance from the statesmen of any party, than from the middle-class multitude of the House of Commons; and believe that no instrument of government is so good as a reasonable *trust* reposed by parliament in the advisers it has given to the crown. But this trust, to be reasonable and free from caprice, must be *intelligent*. The management of international relations must cease to be an occult art. The minister must actively contribute from the materials in his custody to the formation of a sound public opinion, and the maintenance of a lively national interest in foreign affairs. Let his rule be to tell all that he fairly may, instead of only what he absolutely must. Let him rely for support, not on his ability to outwit bewildered country-gentlemen, and alight upon his feet however rudely tossed in the Yorkshire blanket of a peace-debate, but on the clear judgment of a country prepared and instructed by himself, and the open-eyed assent of a parliament not wholly left to the “light of nature” for its notions of the boundaries, races, religions, the recent history, alliances, and treaties, of all states beyond a vacation-trip. Had it been an established usage for the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to take leave of every session of parliament with a survey of external relations, we believe that, at the outbreak of the present war, the government would have seen its own way more clearly, have had a better understanding with the country, and been

spared the distrusts and desertions which have so much paralyzed its action.

The second year of the war is over; and with it ought to pass away the mere tentative conduct of it, which is permissible, even inevitable, in its first stage. The time has come when it must cease to be a mere military struggle, and must be taken possession of and directed by a comprehensive *policy*. And that policy ought to be a *new one*, computed, not on the necessities of 1815, but on the living conditions of our own generation, and the manifest requirements of the opening time. It is vain to urge that the *status quo ante*, or the four points, because once accepted as sufficient *preventives* of war, ought to content us as its *issue*. Such pedantic ethics not only disregard the lessons of historical experience, but would secure to us all the curses of conflict without a hope or a compensation. The dissension of states is, in its very essence, their transition from one state of equilibrium to another; it attests the worn-out condition of the old adjustment; it is the tempestuous prayer of nations for a better;—and to advise relapse into the proved instability, and bar the search after any truer centre of repose, is to insure disturbance in perpetuity; it is to open the furrows of the present only to fling in dragons' teeth for the future. What is the use of the last forty years' experience, if it has not proved to us that the Treaty of Vienna secures no balance, but a monstrouso verweight to the rudest, least scrupulous, steadiest, and most grasping power in Europe? What lesson have we learned from the chancery of St. Petersburg, if we still trust to its Cretan veracity, and look only to a revision of its moral guarantees? What are we the better for the 6,000 guns and captured stores of Sebastopol, if we yet imagine that the Mediterranean is safe, and that no Byzantine empire can retrace its steps to Rome? Unless France and England are weak enough to believe "in the paramount destinies of Russia," it is their duty to address themselves to the whole problem of her overweening power, and direct

the war towards its preconceived solution. This involves no abandonment of the original definite objects of the contest, no attempt at a universal re-settlement of Europe ; but only a final clearance of illusions, a firmer grasp of the real conditions, and a resolute seizure of the most efficient resources.

It may be admitted that Lord Aberdeen was unjustly blamed for seeking in the first instance the alliance of Prussia and Austria. In resisting an aggression on the public law of Europe, all the great Powers have the same ostensible interest ; and the partners to its establishment are the natural partners for its defence. There cannot be a doubt about the general rule, that a contumacious member of the family of states should be brought to reason by the joint action of all the rest. And however reasonable the suspicion may be, that the appeal for co-operation will, in certain instances, be made in vain, the duty remains of at least presenting the opportunity, and throwing the responsibility of refusal on the evasive states. It would have been an unpardonable error to force Vienna into union with St. Petersburg by presuming her unwillingness to take a better course, and overlooking her intense interest in the preservation of the general peace. Nor is it justifiable to break away at once from the existing bases and combinations on which the European equipoise has depended, till by every fair experiment their inadequacy has been proved. It was necessary to try whether the engagements and habits of common understanding, established at the commencement of the peace, would still avail for its protection against new dangers. The time and forbearance spent in working out the answer have not been lost. The demonstration is complete. No one henceforth will expect from Austria any thing but the most direct self-preservation ; she believes in Mr. Cobden's creed, and simply minds her own business,—reduces her military establishments, and lets the world's right and wrong find their "natural level," without bias from her to their "free competition." In the

political exigencies of the new time, in the problem now opening on half the globe, the German governments disclaim all interest. They have no objection to have it settled for them ; but the particular turn of the solution is a matter of indifference. To them it would be equally agreeable to see the Czar abated to a style of less oppressive patronage, or France pale and harmless from loss of blood, and England's civil freedom overmatched by the model despotism of the world. We know, then, precisely what the chance of their alliance is worth. Against a *common* danger to the system of which they are parts, it is nothing at all ; and, to render it available, the scene must be laid nearer home. The first effect of their neutrality was to keep the war at a distance ; the second should be to bring it to their frontier-posts.

In fact, the political combinations of 1815 were established with one view ; those which we now want must take their form from another. *Then* it was the France of the Revolution, of the Consulate, of the Empire, against which precautions or penalties were taken ; *now* it is the Russia of 1853 from whose encroachments protection is sought. It would be strange if the barrier thrown up to face the West were equally efficient to shield us on the East. The alliances natural then among fellow-sufferers in the general danger and comrades in the same field, have become in many ways unnatural now, under the changes of the interval and the exigencies of the hour. Besides the one great difference that France and Russia have changed places, and the protector of 1812 appears as the aggressor of 1853, the events of 1848 have altered the affinities of Europe, and awakened in the Western nations sympathies and antipathies which statesmen cannot permanently neglect. The fact cannot be disputed, that, beyond the ranks of professional politicians, Englishmen of all parties look with aversion on every form of Austrian alliance, and feel it an infinite relief to be delivered from the chance of so questionable a partnership. So strong and general is

this shrinking, that we are convinced the spirit of the country would not long support any enterprise into which the double-eagle imported its black omen. Geographical position and political antecedents, however, imposed the necessity of overtures now happily declined. Austria, on her eastern outposts, has the option of a plain duty or a public crime ; she must either accept the office of guarding Europe against Muscovite encroachment, or become accomplice in the guilt. She has chosen the latter course, and is entitled to no further consideration. We are not insensible to the strength of her temptation and the manifold difficulties of her position. But if they mitigate the sentence on her unfaithfulness, it is only by enhancing the sense of her incapacity. She cannot do the duty of a frontier state. She is next neighbour to the world's great danger ; and can only wheedle and coax it to keep still. She wants her army for her subjects, and has only intrigues and professions for her rivals and allies. Living in the memory of mankind chiefly by the reformation she has quenched and the kingdoms she has ruined, and representing to the imagination of to-day little else than a sleeping mass of bigotry, bankruptcy, and insurrection, she can bring us only the infection of distrust and hopelessness ; and, of all the larger states, has the most certainly precarious and diminishing stake in that future of Europe for which we are called to provide.

We have, then, done, and overdone, our duty to the old Castlereagh combination, and are fairly free of Hapsburg trammels. In looking out for new alliances, it is to be hoped that regard will be had to the natural genius of our people and the manifest calling of the western and northern nations. It is in vain that statesmen of the old school deprecate a "war of principles ;" and, relying on material interests and moral indifference, group the most heterogeneous states together in the same political bond. In such arrangements, as there is nothing spontaneous, there is nothing self-sustaining, nothing durable. They differ from

a true adjustment as a railway-board from a family ; the one united for an outward business, the other in the inner life. The sense of a common peril, or the indignation at a common wrong, may, no doubt, band together for a time the most incongruous elements ;—it only needs that they be human. Of this kind is our connection with the Turks ; founded on the accident of their station at the *propylæum* of the civilized world, and morally confirmed by just anger at the treatment they have received, it is nevertheless unsupported by the slightest social affinity, and could exist only in the presence of a threatening alternative. In the higher antipathies that inspire our resistance to Muscovite advance Constantinople has no share. We avail ourselves of its people's instinct of self-preservation for ends that look far beyond their probable term of existence in Europe. Of this kind, we trust, is *not* our connection with Sardinia. Recommended, no doubt, by a joint interest in the freedom of the Mediterranean, it has a far deeper significance ; and by expressing a sympathy of social development in addition to mere partnership of external defence, awakens a sentiment of pride and promise out of all proportion to its material weight. Such states it is that can best help each other,—most efficiently, most cheaply for themselves, most nobly for the world. These invisible and ideal ties, twined into the very heart of nations with living fibres of mutual respect and common admirations, are worth whole fleets and armies,—nay, will create whole fleets and armies, which no joint-stock political company could raise. A country indeed that has come to disclaim all preference and passion, that represents nothing but itself, that acknowledges no trust, that hangs neutral amid the sweep of contending enthusiasms, and only stops its ears until the storms be past, is but a withered member on the organism of humanity, whether lingering to dwindle or hastening to be struck off. The instinctive consciousness of some special function to perform,—a function identified with its very essence,—is to a people as the pulse of life, and may be found in instances most

remote from our own approval. Even the rudeness of Russia feels the stirring of an *idea*. She is the champion of the Greek Church against the heterodox and infidel. The Austrian house inherited the dream of the "Holy Roman Empire,"—to defend Western Christendom against the Saracens. Spain took her vow to Catholicism against the Protestants; the Low Countries and Sweden to Protestantism against the Catholics. With powers moved by such inner springs, we believe that scarcely any advantage of material resource will enable a people without faith, or governments blind to its force, permanently to contend. We admit the difficulty of applying this general doctrine to the particular conjuncture at which we stand. We feel the want of any definite rallying-cry like that which united and divided states in the days of Gustavus Adolphus. We know not how to shape into expression the latent faith and feeling which give a distinctive character to the temper of our own country or of any other. It is an age of indeterminate and composite tendencies, of aspirations suppressed and disguised. But this only complicates the problem, without removing it, or rendering its solution of less momentous consequence. The elective affinities of human societies, even where they defy statement and analysis, remain; and with or without our recognition will actually determine the future. Nor are we, after all, so much at a loss for a "cause" as we are apt to imagine; so much more indefinitely placed than the forerunners,—in the sixteenth century, for instance,—whose course now seems quite sharply marked out and easy to see, though severe to follow. There was no "side" for the Reformers to take until they shaped and formed it for themselves,—no "Protestantism" for Saxony and Zürich to support till Luther and Zwingli created it. That age, too, like the present, had its dim and doubtful dawning of new consciousness; alive with groping sympathies, drawn to this, repelled from that, ere yet any outline of traceable conviction defined the sunrise and proclaimed the day. It is precisely by fidelity to incipient intimations

of higher truth and good, by tampering with no moral disgust, by opening the heart freely to young nobleness and keeping up no visiting acquaintance with hoary lies, that little by little a faith grows up, a principle is disengaged to view, and the standard is raised which assembles the army of the future. Of what elements in Europe that army would be naturally composed may be surmised by help of certain signs and instincts of the time.

Over the greater part of the European continent two very marked phenomena must strike every observer who can compare the opposite extremities of five-and-twenty years ; viz., the dependence of social order on *great armies*, and the increasing power of *organized priesthoods*. High military doctrine and high church doctrine are in the ascendant from Königsberg to Messina, from Normandy to Kherson. Could we enumerate all the cities and provinces which, at different times within the last ten years, have been declared under "state of siege," the list would be an astonishing one, and would run, we believe, through every country except the Netherlands and Sweden. Yet there has been no foreign war, with the exception of the short affair that closed with the battle of Novara ; the outlay for ordnance-stores has been everywhere for home consumption. Even Louis Philippe,—the commercial traveller of kings,—went into the *fortification-line*, and thought it a prudent *investment*. The Austrian rule lives virtually *encamped* on a great portion of its territory, and administers from head-quarters. Italy is a series of garrisons. The King of Prussia decorates his officers and flatters his priests, and calls honest members of parliament (among them Vincke himself) "his enemies !" In most foreign governments the army is less an external protection than a domestic institution ; and their Horse-guards and Home-office are pretty much the same. Still more remarkable,—indeed portentous,—is the advance of the *clerical* power. Even in Protestant Germany it threatens at once civil rights and scientific theology ; it chokes the healthy ventilation of thought ; sickens the upper atmos-

phere with perfumes of pietistic cant and ecclesiastical arrogance; and burdens the whole spirit of society. Hopeless and even ludicrous as the attempt may seem to institute a hierarchy and high-priesthood under the genial, human, unsystematic Luther, men are found to perpetrate such absurdity in his name; and in a recent work of Dr. Kliefoth of Schwerin, which is perhaps the completest manifesto of this ascendent party, we find the whole theory of the Hildebrandic system developed,—reduced indeed to provincial dimensions, but unflinchingly applied to the relations and problems of the hour. Human life would be unbearable under the conditions of ecclesiastical police which he proposes to inflict. Yet this doctrine triumphs; it passes from speculation into action; and every year adds to the number of parishes surrendered to it. We refer incredulous readers, who fancy all danger to religious liberty a thing of impossible recurrence, to the excellent letters of Bunsen (now in course of publication) on freedom of conscience and the rights of the Christian people;* and they will find that jurists of highest name are not ashamed to expound the most servile doctrine; and that no important affair of life,—education, marriage, worship, study,—is secure from the invasion of spiritual ambition. If these are the phenomena most conspicuous around the birthplace of the Reformation, the tendency of Roman Catholic Europe has spoken plainly enough in the New Austrian Concordat; in which the “indelible character” of the Vatican vindicates its existence, and the genius of the Hapsburg family reasserts its unhappy mixture of tender scruples towards moping monkery with insensibility to the most gigantic civil crimes. Does Lord John Russell,—the captivated plenipotentiary of Vienna,—believe his Protestant eyes, as they glide over that unctuous document? Is it for *this* that he has been so faithful to the principles by

* “Die Zeichen der Zeit. Briefe an Freunde über die Gewissensfreiheit und das Recht der christlichen Gemeinde.” Von Christian Carl Josias Bunsen. 1^{es} und 2^{es} Bändchen. Leipzig, 1855. Brockhaus.

which his family acquired "the Bedford-level;" that he has so long preached and practised the doctrine of "civil and religious liberty;" that he wrote the Durham letter; that he lectured about persecution and Galileo at Exeter Hall; that he frequented evangelic and apocalyptic Dr. Cumming;—to see the widest western empire, under his bewitching friend Count Buol, swept clear of toleration,—the schools, the universities, the press, surrendered to the bishops, and the bishops responsible to Rome,—the regulars above the seculars,—the canon law above the civil,—marriage and divorce, the family and the inheritance, submitted to priestly jurisdiction? And that which Austria is, a great part of the Continent tends to become,—a Theocracy intrenching itself in a Camp. Standing armies and standing priesthoods, approaching from opposite sides, drive the civil franchises upon an ever-narrowing ground. The two extreme agencies, which should be reserved as the ruler's exceptional resource, are passing into the ordinary means of government. The Genius of supernatural pretension and the twin Giant of material force recognize each other, and advance to the greeting, across the noble field of the healthful natural life; spoiling beneath their tread the free strolling-grounds of happier years, and driving the herd of frightened nations to be crushed between their embrace.

Of these alarming tendencies, we need not say Russia is the very incarnation; the Czar uniting virtually in his own person the attributes of pontiff and autocrat at once. England, on the other hand, presents the natural counterpoise to Russia in this as in so many more obvious respects. Nowhere are the soldier and the priest so completely dispensed with in the work of government as with us. In no other land could the whole army be emptied out without making the slightest difference in the public security and peace. Nowhere do Law and Conscience so nearly blend, and render each other such mutual support. Nowhere is it so impossible to exercise religious oppression;

and if ever tried, the attempt must come from private intolerance, while the protection is interposed by public law. Our very life as a nation is bound up with that free worship, free discussion, free teaching, free commerce, which elsewhere are objects of official consternation: the instruments of revolution elsewhere are the conditions of self-sustaining order here. The hieratic distemper which abroad loads an empire with a Concordat can here only irritate a churchwarden with credence-tables and altarpetticoats. In short, we have a faith in natural justice, in social self-government, in religious liberty, in eventual truth, and a jealousy of the surplice except to instruct, and of the sword except to defend us, which are pre-eminently characteristic of us as a people. This national genius is not to be denied its field of external action. It is *a trust* to be guarded for the world, and in times of conflict to serve as a rallying-point of sympathy where kindred tendencies may find support. It ought to have a potential voice in the selection of our alliances. And if this principle of natural affinity is not permitted to take direction of the very next campaign, the most serious anxieties for the political future of Europe will be justified.

Tried by this test, our alliance with Imperial France is not without its drawbacks and insecurities. The throne of our ally is as little independent of military and sacerdotal support as that of Francis Joseph himself; and guards itself not less jealously from the free usages to which we are attached. It cannot be denied that whatever, as Englishmen, we must consider the noblest and most hopeful elements of Gallican society, are depressed or alienated under the present *régime*. The reformed religion cannot lift up its head; political discussion is extinct; the moral sciences cannot breathe in the altered air; and the vivid life of literature and art is replaced by ecclesiastical, martial, and industrial *spectacle*. The prætorian rule that occupies the Tuilleries may be a political necessity; but it is not a necessity that can gratify the aspirations of patriotic

Frenchmen, or be acceptable to the real sympathies of our own people. We can quite understand the effect upon our American cousins, of our close alliance with a government so little realizing their hereditary dream of Gallic freedom. Just when they are most disappointed in that Paris which, as republican children of the old world, they have regarded as the very Delpni of their faith,—the μέσον ὀμφαλὸν εὐδένδροιο ματέρος,—they find us drawn to it by closer attraction than had seemed possible before. Their dislike of such a phenomenon is perfectly natural in their position, and corresponds with a part of the mixed and more balanced feeling prevailing here. Are we, then, to repent of our neighbour's alliance, or to hold lightly by it? Far from it: it is the prime condition of the whole enterprise in which we are engaged, and is to be maintained with scrupulous good temper and good faith. But let us not forget France herself in her Court: let us cultivate a good understanding with the enduring nation, rather than with the precarious τυραννίς of the hour. So far are the two things from being incompatible, that the very policy which is best for the friendship of the countries is, we are convinced, best also for the security of the Emperor's throne: while conversely, unless we speak to other sentiments in France than those which are special to the present *régime*, unless we strike with our ally into a new path, the success of the war, the durability of the alliance and the continuance of his rule, all become precarious together. The time has arrived when mere military excitement, without a deeper political interest, will fail to maintain the spirit of either country under the sacrifices entailed by the conflict. In France the national feeling has throughout been less energetically roused than in England; and the real secret of the popular sentiment here lies in a vague hope, which it is dangerous longer to disappoint, that the allied powers would finally get rid of Russia as a perpetual menace to the West. If that hope be absurd,—if the “paramount destinies” are to be quod against it,—a deceptive war must soon languish

into a sullen peace. But if not, let the confidence of the nation be justified by a bold cut right into the political pith of the whole question, instead of mere military trimming of the extremities.

The enemies of Lord Palmerston have long prophesied that, as soon as the Crimea was in the hands of the allies, terms would be accepted ; because, a new field of operations having then to be sought, it would be impossible longer to avoid an invasion of Poland,—a measure which, being really efficient, he would never adopt. We do not share in this distrust ; but we cannot shut our eyes to the mischievous plausibility given to it by the present aspect of events. Since the fall of Sebastopol nothing has been done in the peninsula ; and the intentions of the generals have *twice*, it is believed, been arrested by orders from home. What answer can be given to the complaint, that the opportunities of a fine autumn have been taken out of the hands of the commanders-in-chief ? In immediate sequence on this apparent provision for consuming more time in the Crimea come sinister tidings of new Austrian proposals, said to be favourably entertained in London and Paris, yet presumed at Vienna to be so certainly acceptable to Russia, that already the reduction of the Austrian army to its peace establishment is taking place. If the offered concessions are small,—the mere twaddle of “the four points” over again,—to listen to them is evidence of anxiety in Downing Street *to avoid the next step*. If they are ample,—involving adequate cession of territory as well as promises about creeds and ships,—the tender of them shows how much Russia shrinks from the allies’ next step. In the latter case, peace may be irrecusable ; but it will be unsatisfactory, because arresting us in a European duty on the eve of its most effectual performance. In the former case, the havoc which the war has made with the reputations of public men will be complete ; and the melancholy impression will become fixed, of a hopeless irresolution or insincerity in the whole class of official statesmen. We

know that such impressions may easily be unjust under the complications of *allied* action and deliberation. But they are not the less natural or the less mischievous. And for the constitutional future of this country, for the permanent understanding with France, as well as for the ulterior prospects of Europe, we think it will be unfortunate should winter negotiations come in arrest of the next campaign.

For how is it possible any longer to evade the one simple, direct, practical solution of the whole Russian difficulty,—the restoration of Poland? The hour has come which brings this question legitimately, and in due course of business, on to the table of our council-chamber. Effort enough, and more than enough, has been made to restore the disturbed balance by means of the old forces, and to extort from Austria and Prussia the performance of their duty as frontier-states towards the acknowledged aggressor. They decline the trust, and release Europe from its delusive confidence. Every ingenuity has been exhausted to keep “the nationalities” asleep, to carry on the contest at a distance from every explosive land, and coldly to repulse the zeal of “dangerous allies.” Why longer cripple our strength, that we may spare the weakness, and leave unpunished the past crimes of our enemy, and of the neutrals that are more his than ours? Why starve our enterprise of all moral enthusiasm, by proclaiming that it shall take every circuit to avoid doing a great justice, and rather storm every barricaded path of material force than pronounce the word of Right? Is it not *the fact*, that *the post of barrier-state is vacant*? Then let us declare it so, and see whether there is not a people to fill it. Do you doubt whether there are Poles in Poland?—whether Lord Dudley Stewart did not for the most part bring them to London, and make them tiresome to your charity? Have you been assured at the clubs and in the *salons* that the Lithuanians worship the Czar, that the Volhynian peasantry are happier than ever before, that the country has been glad

to forget its history and forego its aspirations? It is easy to put this doctrine to a better test than the assertion of Austrian fashionables and Prussian officials, on which alone it rests. Land an army near the Gulf of Riga, and another at Odessa or Otschakov; and having secured the coasts as a base, advance along the lines of the great rivers with Polish regiments and the national standards in the van; let the one expedition be under French, the other under English command; and after the first great battle, north and south, the problem will find its spontaneous solution, whether in Poland the allies are on a hostile soil, and are received on their march as invaders or as liberators. How but by such experiment,—an exigency of war in 1856, an impossibility in the peace before and after,—can it be known whether the conditions of a restored nationality remain? Where the question is, “What life yet burns in a race so long oppressed?” testimony is worthless, diplomacy is sceptical, discussion has no data; the people themselves, in the languor and inertia of to-day, know nothing of the spirit that may wake in them to-morrow, when new hopes surprise them, and “native music” and historic banners appeal to them again. From the nature of the case, the reality will not confess itself to any commission of inquiry; it will yield itself up only to the interrogation of fact. The Western Governments find themselves at the very crisis for putting the question: if they shrink from it, will it be through fear of its failure, or through fear of its success?

Thus to enter upon a new stage of the war would be at once to ennoble our alliance with France and to cast all our European relations into more natural shape. The resuscitation of Poland not only belongs essentially to the Napoleonic policy, and simply carries out the measures of 1806 and 1809, but deeply touches the sympathies of the French people, who have never permitted the hopes of her exiles to pine away. If it be true that under the pressure of great wants and scarce supplies, our neighbours’ martial zeal has grown precarious, their Emperor has but to pro-

nounce the word "Warsaw," and the elastic spirit will return, and carry him on flood-tide over every bar of finance that could impede his way. Nor could any thing so strengthen the ties between the allied countries as their union in a positive and constructive, as well as a mere negative and preventive enterprise,—their joint committal to a bold and magnanimous policy, generous to one European people and protective to all. Of all the parties that have reigned in Paris during the last thirty years,—Legitimist, Orleanist, Republican, Bonapartist,—the first alone is indifferent to the fate of Poland; nor can any political interest be named that awakens in France so little dissension and rests on so broad a base of public support. It is a noble feature in the character of the French nation, that, while still unable to work out their own social problem, they have ever sympathized with foreign struggles of patriotism, and been quick to pity the exiles of defeated liberty. If, as we believe, this is the deepest and most pervading of all high impulses in our neighbours, to call it into healthy action is their best preparation for dealing with their own interior difficulties—the happiest moral gymnastic to fill the interregnum of their constitutional existence. When the time shall come to resume their civic life, they will stand before Europe as liberators of others even when not free themselves,—as having accepted indeed a dictator, but one who could interpret their generous inspirations, and was not afraid to ask them for honourable sacrifices. If he would obliterate painful recollections, and provide a future worthy of ambition; and if we are in alliance with the soundest, choicest, most abiding elements of his nation,—we must take the mutual pledge to a new political creation on the plains of the Dwina and the Dnieper.

Yet not a creation, but a resurrection. And here lies the peculiarity of the present complication, that the direct way out of it is by a path not revolutionary, but conservative; not cut by military pioneers through the forest of an impenetrable future, but known and trodden as the high-

way of history. You have not to carve out with the sword a conventional state without physical or moral landmarks, and insulting to every preconception of political or ethnological unity. You have not, like the first Napoleon, to make new surveys, and to cover the walls of your foreign office with maps bewildering to last season's geography. You have but to take Spruner's *Historic Atlas*, and turn the leaves *backward* till you have rid yourself of the great Muscovite upstart, and left his innovations and ἀρπάγματα behind ; and there, with tints of the past upon it to separate it from the Russian waste beyond, lies the very map that you may send to your political engraver. From the Carpathians to the sources of the Wolga, and spanning Europe from the Black Sea to the Baltic, spreads a region that for centuries has been a realm ; that was so within living memory ; that has a common language and proud traditions to unite its parts, and a Western Christianity to separate it from the domains of the Greek church on the east and south ;—that has, for its area, nearly five times the population and produce of the rest of European Russia ; and supplies to its usurper's army, now in the field against you, 300,000 soldiers, with the greater part of the horses, the grain, the hemp, the hides, that mount and feed and equip them. The mode in which this land was stripped of its independence is kept in remembrance by universal abhorrence, and is admitted by all parties,—yes, even by the minor accomplices themselves,—to be unique in enormity among political crimes. Frederick the Great assures us that “ it was the Empress Catherine who proposed the partition. I know,” he adds, “ that Europe generally believes that the partition of Poland was a consequence of political intrigues imputed to me. However, this is utterly false. After I had proposed divers intermediate measures, it became necessary to have recourse to the partition as the sole measure that could prevent general war. Appearances are deceptive ; yet it is by these that the public judge. That which I here say to you is as true as the forty-eighth

proposition of Euclid." Maria Theresa pronounced the act to which she gave her reluctant signature to be not only a great blot upon her reign, but so contrary to all right, that a just Providence would assuredly avenge it on succeeding times. And even Russia, though her empress at the moment was incapable of compunction, has thought it decent to have a little remorse at a safe distance. In 1806, Alexander said to some Polish generals: "The partition of Poland is a great injustice. Had I been on the throne at that period, I would never have consented to it." At the congress of Vienna, the sincerity of this profession was put to the test. The Duchy of Warsaw having been restored to its independence by Napoleon, the leading statesmen of the allied powers,—Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Metternich, Stein, Hardenberg, Knesebeck,—concurred in urging the re-establishment of Poland, as an indispensable security to Europe. The Emperor Alexander, however, insisted on taking the kingdom to himself and occupying its throne; only to be merged on the first colourable pretext into a province of his empire. Lord Castlereagh vainly endeavoured to change Alexander's resolution; and the correspondence between them manifests so strongly the alarm of the allies at the Russian pretensions, and exhibits, on the emperor's side, an hypocrisy and rapacity so odious, that, were it not for the confusion of the Elba-escape and the Hundred Days, the concession ultimately made with so much weakness to so much wickedness would be utterly inexplicable. The clearness with which the German statesmen saw the danger of yielding to the Russian demands may be judged by the following impressive words of Knesebeck,—a man, be it observed, who detested the Poles with true Prussian intensity:

"The future expects from us that we should consolidate that which the exigencies of the times has produced. The common interests now felt by Europe must be preserved, guaranteed, strengthened for the future. . . . Picture to yourself the Turks driven out of Europe;—what would be

the result? Either Russia would establish herself in the country, or a separate Greek empire would be founded there. Now is it desirable, either to render Russia more powerful even than she is at present, and to have to cope with the colossus on that side also, or to found a Greek state, which the influence of Russia, as regards religion, commerce, and other relations, would soon transform into a Russian colony? . . . If Poland be not re-partitioned between the conterminous countries, such as it was in 1805, there are but two alternatives open for that country : either it must become a *Russian province* or an *independent state*. In the latter case, the power of Austria and Prussia will counterbalance that of the new state ; and though its possessions may form a topographical projection of their territory, this will not be more dangerous to them than if those countries belonged *to a state even beforehand stronger than they*. One hundred thousand Poles stationed near Lenczyc may be counterbalanced by one hundred and twenty thousand Prussians collected near Posen or Bromberg ; but five hundred thousand Russians stationed near Lenczyc would blow up the Prussian monarchy. As regards the first of these suppositions, the position of the Polish territories would be disagreeable and annoying to Prussia ; as regards the second, the position of the Russian territories *threatens the very existence, destroys the independence of Prussia*. One may submit to the first ; *in presence of the second life loses its value !* . . . Where an interest of such magnitude is concerned, the gain of a few square miles of territory or of a few thalers of revenue ought not to be taken into consideration. . . . Austria and Prussia have no reason to fear the Poles taking the offensive. . . . The Carpathian Mountains form the true frontiers of Austria. . . . Prussia would attain her object if she were to advance from the Druenca to the Vistula. The safety of the states therefore requires that care be taken *to re-establish Poland in her integrity*, with the exception of the territories necessary for our security ; that is to say, that sincere and energetic en-

deavours should be made to form Poland again *into a separate state, into an independent state, governed by sovereigns who shall occupy no other throne*. Should Russia refuse to consent to the integral restoration of Poland, her plans of universal empire will become patent, the liberty of Europe will be threatened from this side, and another war for the purpose of saving the independence of the other states will not be far distant." *

That war is upon us to-day ; and the mistake as well as the guilt of the extinction of Poland is admitted on all sides. With a rare unanimity, politicians of every class,—Lords Lyndhurst and Harrowby, Sir R. Peel and Mr. Roebuck,—concur here in their verdict ; and there is everywhere a ready-made feeling and preconception to which, in times of difficulty, it is the statesman's highest advantage to be able to appeal. A policy in reversal of a great crime is in itself a power ; and a minister who shapes into action the public remorse of forty years, and arms himself with the recorded indignation of the civilized world, is master of priceless elements of success. Why should France and England forego this moral superiority ? They have carefully retained it in their possession, through the intervening period, by protest against the annexation in 1830 and the suppression of the Republic of Cracow in 1846. It is irreproachably theirs to use whenever occasion arises ; and their statesmen must know that now, if ever, the hour strikes.

Nor do we believe the *right* to re-establish the old military frontier of Germany to be embarrassed by any insuperable *difficulty*. You want to be secure from the aggressive designs of St. Petersburg. The very nation which, with Hungary and Venice, long garrisoned Eastern Europe against the Ottoman advance, still lives upon the soil, and is ready for the same duty against a new barbarism. It is easy to *desire* and *imagine* a better protection, to complain of the responsibility of re-creating it, and to draw pictures of possible failure. But where is the practical

* "The Polish Question from the German Point of View," p. 28.

measure of protection comparable with this in facility and completeness? Will you be content with dismantling the maritime fortresses of the Czar, and keeping his war-ships under water? His power is not naval, but continental; and it is by land that he will win the coasts of the Archipelago and the North Sea. Will you find your trusty police in the vigour of Turkey? or in the good faith and power of Austria? Will you set up the Principalities to keep watch and ward for you? It has already exceeded all the resources of your diplomacy and arms to save them from a double invasion and every curse permitted by the indulgence of a Vienna war-office. Besides, is it easier to consolidate a new people, or to bid an old one rise from its oppression and live again? Nations are not made in a day, or extinguished in a generation; but, in spite of energetic protocols, clean or dusty, remain for you a weakness or a power according to laws of God that are never moth-eaten. If the Western Powers, releasing themselves and each other from their original disclaimer of territorial designs, were to plant themselves on the Euxine, they would expose themselves to the charge of selfish aggrandisement and uncalled-for harshness towards a vanquished foe. In short, whilst Russia protrudes with her choicest provinces into the midst of Europe, with her grasping right hand suspended over Prussia and her left over Austria, holding both in permanent asphyxia, it is vain to seek for any real arrest of her great game. It is a visible check-mate; and play as you will the little pawns that are scattered on the board, they must all be knocked off in turn, and the stake be lost.

On the other hand, let Poland be once interposed between Europe and the Muscovite, and hold its line of posts from sea to sea; and there is scarcely a continental question that is not simplified, or a small progressive state that does not receive a new value in the scale. No remark is more common and less wise than that the German states, being the most deeply interested in dangers from the east, ought to take the lead in any reconstruction of Poland and

resistance to Russia. Precisely because their interest is so intense, their participation is impossible. They are paralyzed by their dependent position, and cannot take the initiative in a move which nevertheless they would gladly see accomplished. They took their slices of Polish territory against their own convictions, and because otherwise Russia would have seized the whole; and, to be delivered from contact with their terrible patron, they would readily give them back, with some slight and unimportant exception. The pamphlet of "The German Statesman" discusses this question most ably, and shows that the Courts of Vienna and Berlin have far stronger grounds than in 1815 for desiring to see a sovereign state at Warsaw; and are not likely tenaciously to withhold the contribution of their Polish provinces, if the sacrifice be reasonably compensated, and do not include the Dantzic littoral connecting East Prussia with West. Indeed, the German question would be thus disencumbered from an entanglement which, had there been no other difficulty, would have sufficed in 1848 to prevent its solution. No nationality is more intolerant of foreign elements than the Teutonic; and the determination of Austria to be admitted *integrally* into the projected German unity, bringing all her non-German subjects with her, was one main topic of hopeless dissension at the Frankfort assembly; while the duplicity of Prussia, in first commencing and then cancelling the separate organization of Posen, embroiled the proceedings from another side. "What to do with the Poles," was the provoking problem that broke in upon the game and marred it; bringing Russian threats to bear upon the deliberation, and with their dull pressure finally wear out the paroxysm of German enthusiasm. Had Poland existed as an independent state, the experiment at Frankfort would have been sheltered from the disturbance of St. Petersburg, and cleared from an obtrusive foreign element that gave it an artificial complexity. The non-existence of Poland is the vassalage of Germany.

The effect of a restoration on the Vistula would no doubt be to alter the present balance between the two great German states. Prussia, compensated for the loss of Posen at the expense of a few mediatized grand-dukes, would gain, not only in compactness, but in influence, by becoming *purely German*. Her political risks would be diminished; her probable future aggrandized. Austria, on the other hand, is, in the first place, less easy to compensate for the surrender of Galicia; and, in the next, is brought, by the reappearance of Poland, visibly nearer to the dangers that always menace her empire. A free nation on one side of the Carpathians cannot coexist with a suppressed people on the other: Vienna will not proceed far in the "assimilation of Hungary" in the face of an independent Warsaw. Indeed, we are astonished that this consideration did not occur to the "German Statesman" as fatal to his proposal that the *Principalities* be given as the equivalent for Galicia: provinces which a successful rising in Hungary would wholly cut off from communication with the rest of the empire, would be but insecure payment for the recognition of a free Poland. Western Europe will never consent, we trust, to prejudice the Hungarian cause by surrendering the Siebenbürgen to the Austrian embrace, and perpetuating the tyranny that now wantons at Bucharest and Jassy. It is time that the Viennese empire be stopped in its progress eastwards,—be cut off from Russian contact,—and be brought within the salutary influence of Western opinion and civilized rivalries. So devoutly Catholic a state is unfit to govern countries of Greek or mixed religions; and we would rather see her extension further *up* the Danube than further *down*. Old as her evil ways are, we should not despair of amendment, did she act as a purely South-German power, from her own hereditary states as a centre. At all events, indemnification for Galicia must be so devised as rather to consolidate Germany than to distribute Austria.

If the restoration of Poland is a step towards German unity on the one hand, and towards Hungarian indepen-

dence on the other, it releases the Danubian Provinces from Muscovite intrigues and periodic foreign occupation. Moldavia, lying between Hungary and Poland, Wallachia between Hungary and Turkey, would be able to develop their resources, and wield their institutions, undisturbed by the presence of aggressive states. There seems no urgent call for any change in their old relations to the Porte, which were faulty chiefly from sources of weakness and interference which would then be cut off. The three states,—Poland, Hungary, Turkey,—historically trained to common action in various combinations, would form natural allies ; and each one of them having a separate and deepest grudge against Russia, their union, secured not less by moral than by material interests, would effectually bar the advance of a Tartar power upon Europe. It is the fashion with diplomatists of the conventional school to profess reliance on Austria as holding the Eastern Protectorate of the Continent. But except among sexagenarian statesmen and their blind followers, we venture to say there is not a well-informed politician in Europe who does not know the vanity of this reliance, and feel perfectly assured that the real alternative for the civilized world is, to succumb to “the paramount destinies,” or to establish the cordon of free states. Whatever may ultimately become of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, the fate of Constantinople is, by their creation, rescued from prejudgment, and detachment from the reversionary legacies of Peter the Great. Time is thus secured for the undisturbed operation of natural causes, political and ethnological, in the East ; and the problem, removed from the presence of a dictatorial coercion, and surrounded by new and healthier conditions, cannot fail to receive a less fatal solution than we should otherwise apprehend. By that time Italy will be something more, we trust, than a “geographical expression” ; and the Mediterranean, no longer surrounded by one power and many weaknesses, will have escaped the risk of becoming either “a French lake” or an appendage to the Euxine.

With what double-quick time "the paramount destinies" may overtake the paralyzed continent, if the present crisis be lost, one single consideration will show. Reconstitute Poland: and you compel Russia to furnish the barrier against herself; you recruit your battalions of defence from her own army of aggression, and gain a twofold strength. Neglect and abandon Poland: and then, despairing of the West, which has only pitied and betrayed her, she will turn to the East with avenging reconciliation, accept her "assimilation," and fulfil her destinies as the van-guard of attack on Europe instead of the rear-guard of defence. It is not to be supposed that sixteen millions of men, constituting the very pith of the Slavonic stem, imparting the vital force to any power that holds them,—men with a heritage of historic recollections kept fresh by recent heroism and endeared by protracted exile,—men united in the belief of a great future for them, and restless because watching for its approach,—will be content to sink into negation and play no part upon the world. Deny a future to their *country*, and they will take it for their *race*. The Slavonic family numbers some eighty millions, protruded in distinct advance-posts into every state of Eastern Europe, but in Poland alone forming an unbroken and homogeneous mass. The whole of this family is possessed, as by a religion, with the belief that the next volume of the world's history is to be theirs; that as other tribes are frittered into disunion or wear out, their compact body is to move westward and take its turn of dominion. This exciting dream the Czar does not neglect to humour and sustain. While we poor sceptics are ashamed to appeal to any manly faith and generous enthusiasm, he reigns and conquers by the power of intense and ambitious superstitions. He turns to the South, and lifts the standard of the Greek cross. He turns to the West, and shows the banner of Panslavism ready to be unfurled. The oppressions of orthodox Christendom serve his purpose with the foreign Hellenes, and the aspirations of race with

the Catholic Poles. Of the former weapon you have hoped to deprive him by securing to the Greek Christians their rights; you must turn the latter against him by giving the Poles a career. If you do not make haste to divide the Slaves politically, they will ere long flow together ethnologically, and sweep with a wave of irresistible advance over the lands of riper civilization. In this form, if you provide no better, will come the answer to the indolent question of the political unbeliever—"But *is* there a Poland?" At the head of the Russian crusade, bearing the Panslavic flag, with Slovaks and Pomeranians flocking round them as they go, leaving the wreck of Turkey to Bulgarians and Serbs, exploding Austria by firing Croats, and Tschechs, and Dalmatians at once, they will bring their reply, "Yes, here we are!" In short, this people, scattered, oppressed, disappointed of its destinies, yet still a people with a memory and a hope is and must remain a power;—to-day, mainly in the hands of our enemy; to-morrow, if we will, our bulwark against him;—but failing this, turning the next day into the retributive instrument by which he becomes the scourge of the world. Make of Warsaw a new Slavonic centre,—Western, Catholic, and free; and the old political and religious antagonism towards Moscow will suppress the incipient ethnological sympathy; will turn it from concurrence into competition; and direct the face of patriotic ambition eastward instead of westward. It has become the fashion to treat this opinion as the special crotchet of refugees and democrats. It was not so regarded when it was last discussed by the assembled diplomatists of Europe; it is not so regarded, we are convinced, by any first-class statesman living now. The French Emperor and Lord Palmerston do not, we imagine, dissent from the judgment of Talleyrand, "that the one supreme question for Europe is the Polish; that the partition of that country is and must remain the presage and cause of endless disturbances; that only in its restoration is any security for the Con-

inent to be found." They know the significance of Metternich's emphatic warning to Hardenberg,—“that posterity would never forgive this generation, if the opportunity were lost of limiting Russia by the re-establishment of Poland; and that Austria had better perish than permit the annexation of Warsaw.”* They see clearly enough the truth of Lord Castlereagh's assertion, that “if Russia is hereafter to wield a Polish national army as a new and most formidable instrument of war,”—the adjacent powers cannot live in security and peace, in the presence of such a military power, when stript of their frontiers; nor will Europe feel satisfied with that equilibrium for its daily protection which requires its whole military power to be displaced and put in motion upon every aberration of a particular state from the line of duty.”† They know that time has detracted nothing from the justice of these sentiments. But financial necessity in the one country, parliamentary government in the other, has established a habit of political dependence on middle-class and moneyed opinion,—an opinion sensitive to sacrifice, inapprehensive of historical relations, and sceptical of international dangers. Hence our statesmen fear to rely upon their own convictions; and act less on the policy they would ultimately approve than on computation of the support immediately at hand. At the present crisis this moral cowardice is, we believe, a complete mistake. Let them frankly ask support from the two nations for a bold and statesman-like enterprise in Poland, and party feeling and selfish discontent will be unable to show their heads. Let them ask no leave and no advice at Vienna and Berlin; and, if they only contrive to succeed, they will get plenty of support even thence. The pressure of Russia once lifted off, German sentiments will begin to return; the opinions of a better age of German statesmen will recover their weight; and the shuffling

* “Gervinus's *Geschichte des 19ten Jahrhunderts*,” i. 209.

† “Castlereagh Correspondence with the Emperor Alexander,” p. 23.

neutrality of courts be exchanged for the hearty good-will of peoples.

The policy which we have indicated could not fail to alter the attitude of the Northern as well as the German powers. In the absence of any counterbalancing State upon the Baltic except the Prussian and the Scandinavian as at present defined, it is vain to expect active co-operation in the war from Denmark or Sweden. As on the Continent, so within the Sound, we encounter nothing but Russia at first-hand or Russia at second-hand ;—but still every where Russia. Has she not a reversionary interest in the Danish crown? Does she not stand virtually at the gates of Stockholm? Is it forgotten by either, how she took Norway from the one to give it to the other, and awarded Finland to herself? Has she not, within two years, set her thievish eyes on Finmark, and despatched “summer travellers” to survey by stealth the lines of road, and take soundings in Fiords where the water is never frozen and the largest navy might always lie? In the face of a neighbour whose power and inclinations are alike unchastened, what help can these second-rate states dare to give us? King Oscar may well fear that Finland, if restored to him at the expense of a Russia otherwise entire, would be but a fatal gift, which no outside Atlantic alliances could enable him to hold ; and which would never be repaid without a huge territorial usury, if not the forfeiture of a crown. But with a restored Poland at Riga it would be otherwise. The territories bordering on the Neva would be enclosed between two states with no probable causes of mutual collision, and with a common paramount interest in preventing the aggrandizement of the Czars. An advance on Finland could be taken in the rear from Courland. The whole group of countries now paralyzed by a terror that is ubiquitous would breathe again, and be free both to develop their interior life and to ally themselves by their natural affinities. North Germany, now misrepresented by its courts and benumbed by its officialism, would assert its true genius again, and escape

from federal intrigues and military drill into national existence. The lands of the Northmen and the Danes, so akin to our own in habits, language and feeling, would join us in defending the freedom of the seas, in favouring the development of secondary nations, and checking any tendency to huge uniformity of empire. The countries of Luther, of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Princes of Orange would own with us the deep pledges which their history and ours has given to the Reformation ; and refuse to surrender the principles of Protestant civilization to any returning sacerdotalism. And wherever, as in Sardinia, in Poland (may we not add, in Italy and in Hungary ?) the aspiration after political liberty has sprung direct out of the bosom of the old church without passing through the medium of a religious revolution, the alliance of France, Catholic, but not papal, with England, conservative though Protestant and Free, against the living embodiment of hierarchical and military aggression, may well set at rest ecclesiastic scruples, and show that around the standard now raised the progressive tendencies of civilized Europe, be the baptism that consecrates them what it may, are assembling themselves for mutual protection. England is prepared to be faithful to such an alliance. She is falsely accused, as an entire people, of selfish indifference to the political courses of the out-lying world. Show her a nation, or group of nations, free of the soldier, free of the priest, reverent to law, resolute for justice, trusting in reality and truth ; and we believe she will own, at any sacrifice, her natural affinity. Till international relations are determined less by dynastic diplomacy and more by these inartificial attractions, European societies must remain in the most precarious condition. From the Tuscan Sea to the North Cape, the Continent has scarcely a government that is not either paralyzed or retrograde—that either dares to win or has not utterly forfeited the active loyalty of its best subjects. Yet in every country the elements of regeneration abound, either motionless in despondency or wildly tossing

about for want of sympathy and guidance. In the east of Europe is a power that systematically uses for her own ends the weaknesses, the jealousies, the fears, the bigotries of courts and hierarchies. In the west let there be, in expression of its own genius and for the well-being of the world, an alliance around which the strength, the aspirations, the hopes and highest faith of nations may rally and find support. We ask for no propagandism, but only for self-protection to the ripest fruits of political experience and developed Christianity. We would raise a breakwater against any return of the tide of barbarism, which has now had its ebb of centuries, and which nothing but the fierce east-wind can hurl upon us again. And the contribution to these ends for which we pray in 1856 is—A CAMPAIGN IN POLAND.

XIII.

THE SLAVE EMPIRE OF THE WEST.*

IF to be moved by the same events and eager about the same issues be a natural evidence of sympathy and friendship, never was an instinctive congeniality more intensely marked than between England and America during the past autumn. The elections in the United States have been watched with an interest rarely felt in the domestic concerns of a distant country : and the steamer that brought Mr. Buchanan's numbers was held to be charged with a more momentous message than the telegraph which declared the vote for the "Elected of December." Nor

* "America Free, or America Slave : an Address on the State of the Country, delivered by John Jay, Esq., at Bedford, Westchester County, New York, October 8th, 1856."

"A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States from the Declaration of Independence to the Present Day." By Horace Greeley. New York, 1856.

"A History of the American Compromises." By Harriet Martineau. London : John Chapman, 1856.

"American Slavery : a Reprint of an Article on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' of which a portion was inserted in the 206th Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and of Mr. Sumner's Speech of the 19th and 20th May," 1856. London : Longman and Co., 1856.

"Kansas, the Seat of War in America." By Richard Bowlby. London : Effingham Wilson, 1856.

"Dred : a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp." By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London : Sampson Low, Son, and Co., 1856.

National Review, January, 1857.

had our own British affairs any thing to do with this excitement. It was a genuine self-identification with a struggle every-way great,—great in its principle, great in its scale, great in its consequences: and every thing was forgot except indignation at the lawless wrongs which preceded and embittered it, and admiration of the men by whom they had been worthily denounced. No doubt our English sympathies have been all on one side, and *that* the defeated one: but for no other reason than prevails with patriots of Massachusetts or New York; because resistance to the Southern policy appears essential to the true glory of the Republic and the best hopes of the world. If we are disappointed and disquieted at the issue of the contest, it is because we could desire better guarantees for the peace, the freedom, the permanently high example, of an empire nearest in kindred and youngest in promise.

The suspense, with all its party exaggerations, is now at an end. The Legislature of the United States is settled for two years, the Executive for four. The men are already named, who are to impress a direction on one of the critical periods of human history: and during the lull which intervenes between their appointment and their action, while their purposes are taking silent shape in their minds, the hour is favourable for an estimate of their position and probable policy.

Not for the first time,—perhaps for the last,—the terrible problem of Slavery, long the secret haunt, has become the open battle-field of American politics. In the recent strife of parties, this topic furnished the sole issue to be tried. In place of the delicate silence, usually enforced by the code of democratic politeness, towards the “peculiar institution,” the journals, the halls, the “stumps,” have exhausted the resources of political eloquence in its attack and defence. This public discussion even in Congress, of a subject long sealed-up under official and popular prohibition, is regarded by many simple-minded persons as a cheering sign that “the question is making way.” They

remember the time when a profound unconsciousness of this evil seemed to possess the country,—when you might read through the whole literature of the Union (advertisements excepted) without suspecting the existence of a slave,—or when the right of petition and the liberty of debate were refused at Washington to the hopes and conscience of the North. Comparing this unhealthy suppression with the free speech of the past summer, they celebrate the dawn and anticipate the victory, of the daylight now let in. Alas ! they forget that the silent and suspended interval of every strife is simply the hour of watchful equipoise, while each combatant can barely hold his own : and that when the shout is first raised, it only means that one of the foes feels himself strong enough to rush upon the other, and tells not whether the advance be from the evil or the good. In the present instance, what is it that has broken the ominous silence ? Is it that the reforming spirit has recovered its feet and renewed the fight ? Is it not rather that the oppressor's fear is gone, and he exchanges his dumb feint for loud audacity ? For a while the South was content with stopping the mouth of the New-England States : but now she prefers to speak out for herself, and cane the bare head of Senatorial reply. The debate in Congress has arisen, not in concession to Northern rights, but in the service of Southern treachery and aggression,—to legalize a breach of public faith and force the stipulated limits of slavery. It only proves, we fear, that shame has been cast aside ; and that the time is past when mere words on the floor of the House are terrible.

The Englishman, having once upon a time paid twenty millions to redeem his negroes, and being moreover a decent Christian, never doubts that slavery is a doomed institution, and habitually speaks as if it were nearly worn out. He resents it as a reflection both on the efficacy of his own good example and on the Providence of the world if you hint that this iniquity may yet have its lease renewed. All his strongest feelings and most fixed ideas render him

inaccessible to such an apprehension: his instincts of justice, his political economy, his respect for Brother Jonathan who thrashed him and set up for himself, his admiration of Washington and the great Republic, his trust in the veracity of their declaration "All men are born free and equal,"—combine to assure him, that, somehow or other, emancipation cannot be far off. The faith in Right which this opinion involves,—the slowness to believe in any triumph of Wrong,—we honour in the highest degree; and we accept with intense conviction their predictions as to the *ultimate* issues of human things. But "the end is not yet;" nor are "the times and the seasons" to be ascertained by the justest light of faith and sentiment. The *proximate* Future is determined by the recent Past: and if historical prevision is attainable at all, it can only be by carefully laying down the lines of tendency that run through the present century and tracing whither they converge. There is an abusive reliance on Eternal Rectitude which makes good men blind to the real forces of human wickedness and incredulous of the possible vitality of wrong. They talk about "trust in a principle." But the best "principle" in the world is not *alive*; and will effect just nothing at all, if let alone, or merely blazoned forth in speech and print. Not till it gets hold of living men and works itself out at their finger-ends, not till it passes from abstract to concrete, from moral to material, is the smallest hope to be entertained of it. We know not which is most to be deplored, in this matter of American Slavery;—the conservative quietude which is content to invoke the influence of "truth and time;"—or the abolitionist repudiation of "political action." Busy falsehood will do more, we fear, in the briefest "time," than idle "truth" in an eternity. And in dealing with an evil subsisting by artifice of law, strengthened by constitutional compact, and penetrating the entire policy of the State, to renounce "political action" seems very like objecting to "medical action" in a case of poisoning, or "typographical

action" in confutation of a book. The plea that every resort to the ballot-box implies allegiance to a constitution which recognizes slavery, is so puerile, that we presume there is some other than this ostensible ground,—some local difficulty—some unexpressed antipathy,—at the base of this extraordinary resolve. We rejoice to observe that the present crisis has emancipated some of the noblest of a noble band from a scruple so disabling. For the personal devotedness and heroism of many Abolitionists, and for the genius and accomplishments of some, we avow the highest admiration: and in the stern work of awakening the public conscience and baffling every hope of a hush-up, they have done good service. But the problem which they start they do not help to solve. To the foreigner their public organs are repulsive from their violence. To the statesman their programme of "*immediate* emancipation" is absurd to begin with, and becomes mere trifling at the end of twenty years. To the moralist, their refusal to mediate between the inherited evil and the desired escape,—their short-cut through all sympathy with the slaveholders' difficulty,—must appear a virtual confession of incapacity to deal with the elements of a vast and complicated question. We are far from admitting the assertion that they have retarded the solution of the great problem: but their function as a party is to supply rather incentives to the conflict than wisdom to achieve the victory.

To judge of the prospects of American Slavery, it is necessary to watch the changes it has undergone, in area, in population, in strength of economical interest, in hold on political party and social opinion, during the last seventy years.

During the War of Independence, there was no State whose soil was without its bondsmen. But that struggle awakened sentiments which put slavery to the blush: and as early as 1783, the phrase in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, "All men are born free and equal," was declared, in the Supreme Court at Boston, to bar slave-holding in

that State. The judges of New Hampshire attributed to the same words the effect of securing freedom to every child subsequently born. The example spread immediately to Connecticut and Rhode Island. Before 1790, the further introduction of slaves had been prohibited in five other States, including Virginia and Maryland, and provision had been made in Pennsylvania and New York and New Jersey for the exemption from bondage of all future-born persons. Everywhere, except in South Carolina and Georgia, the *tendency* declared itself against Slavery: but nowhere was the "institution" entirely absent. In this early and mixed state of things, the social colouring was much more homogeneous than we are apt to imagine: and a later season was required to bring out the distinctive shades. Throwing back, however, into the servile territory the States which, like Virginia, did not follow up their good beginnings, and claiming as free soil only those that consummated their emancipative acts, we find that a survey of the Union in its first years would yield the following result: of the whole area of the country, 403,000 square miles were free soil, and 385,000 slave soil. At present, the slave area contains 929,000 square miles; the free, 643,000. The slave-holders' portion has thus increased from less than 49 per cent. to more than 59 per cent. of the whole.

The *number of slaves* at the two ends of the same period affords another point of comparison. It will yield, however, no just inference, unless we bear in mind two important facts: (1) that by the measures taken in the Northern States, 120,000 negroes were emancipated in the first twenty years, and thus withdrawn, with their increase, from the slave-census; and (2) that since the cessation in 1808 of the external slave-trade the servile class has been restricted to natural increase, while the white population has received immense accessions from immigration. Of the magnitude of this element some idea may be formed from the return, in the tables of 1850, of nearly two millions and-a-half of foreign-born persons living in the States. These are most

powerful causes, thinning and excluding the one class, attracting the other, for the last half-century. The small impression they have jointly produced on the relative numbers of slaves and whites* is truly remarkable. The former amounted in 1790 to 697,900 out of 3,870,400, or 18 per cent. In 1850, they numbered 3,204,300 out of 22,757,400, or above 14 per cent. : and were the foreign-born actual immigrants then living thrown out of the account, the percentage would rise to 15·6. Thus the relative magnitude of the evil is but little changed since the time when the Confederation was fresh and strong in common sentiment and distinctly tending to a common policy on this very matter. So little is this now the case, that for the purposes of this question the States divide themselves into two camps ; and the difficulty arising from the increased number of slaves in the South is scarcely alleviated by the preponderance of the other race in the North. The absolute danger and embarrassment of the problem, no one can doubt, have incalculably increased, and are yearly increasing, with the growing mass of servitude. Were it the immediate interest, and the unanimous will of the proprietors to have only free labour on their estates next year, it would be a much more anxious thing to effect the change than at any date during the last sixty years.

But, unfortunately, vast *economical interests* have grown up, which since the last century have given to the system a tenacity altogether new. At the time of the Union, Georgia and South Carolina were the only States yielding tropical products, and demanding African labour. Rice and cotton, raised on low-lying lands under a temperature ranging from 80 degrees upwards, require for their culture a latitude not higher than the limit between the Carolinas,

* We neglect in this calculation the free coloured people : the census of 1790 not enumerating them ; their later numbers consisting of people directly transferred from the one status to the other, and so vitiating the comparison ; and the whole class being too small materially to affect the result (about 430,000 in 1850).

and a human constitution more patient of heat than the Anglo-Saxon. Had these States, with their present limits, been cut off by sea or desert from the South and West, their power to retard the incipient tendency to emancipation would have been only temporary. For a while, no doubt, the stimulus imparted to cotton-cultivation by the invention of the saw-gin, would still have operated to enhance the value and tighten the chains of the slave. But as soon as the plantations had obtained their complement of hands, the question would have returned, whether the work might not be got out of the negroes as free labourers : and it is conceivable that, in the face of an overwhelming preponderance of social sentiment against slavery, and under conditions thus brought into analogy to those of our West Indian islands, the experiment might have long preceded ours. But the gigantic expansion of the annual cotton export from zero (for up to 1790 not a bag had yet been shipped) to twelve hundred millions of pounds could not expend itself in crowding the fields of the old Atlantic coast. Around the Gulf of Mexico were adjacent lands, practically unlimited, eminently favourable to tropical products, and politically within easy reach of the Republic's ambition. In 1803, the acquisition of Louisiana more than doubled the whole Union at a stroke, and furnished lands on which the sugar-cane would grow. Florida, annexed in 1821, and Texas in 1845, opened new fields of the richest promise. The inevitable dispersion of labour drawn off to till the fresh territories, reproduced all the conditions which give strength to slavery. A sparse population, under a burning heaven and on fertile plains inviting occupation, will toil for others only under compulsion : and where combination of labour is needed to reclaim the wilderness and raise the crop, the importation of slaves will be profitable. Hence a sudden enhancement of the market-value of a gang : and the rapid development of an internal slave-trade, transporting the surplus hands from the middle States to the unbroken

fields of the South. The operation of this cause in reanimating the slave power where it was nearly spent, and in converting Virginia especially from an agricultural into a "breeding" state, is familiar to every reader of Mrs. Stowe; and speaks to the eye in the statistics of the last twenty or thirty years. While the number of slaves had been comparatively stationary in the old States in which they are "raised," it has doubled, trebled, quadrupled, in the Southern countries added to the Union. Between 1830, for instance, and 1850, the slaves in Virginia have increased only from 469,757 to 472,528: but in the same time the number in Florida has risen from 15,501 to 39,309, and Texas has acquired 58,161. In 1820 North Carolina had 295,017 slaves: in 1850 the number had been *reduced* to 288,548: and in the same interval, Maryland had suffered a similar decrease from 107,398 to 90,368: but meanwhile the increase in Alabama had been from 41,879 to 342,892; in Mississippi, from 32,814 to 309,878; in Louisiana, from 69,064 to 244,809; in Arkansas, from 1,617 to 47,000; in Tennessee, from 80,107 to 239,460; and even in Missouri, from 10,222 to 87,422. From a glance at these figures it becomes obvious that a new commerce has sprung up, unhappily restoring a common interest in the "domestic institution" to States, whose unequal agricultural competition was beginning to draw them in different directions. It is as idle to judge of Virginia's prosperity by her field produce, as to condemn pastures for not yielding corn. She is the grazing-farm for rearing human stock: and so long as her land supplies yearly exports equal in value to the whole exports of the Union to Canada or Cuba, she will hold to the gainful though it be a guilty traffic. The excess of land in one place, and the excess of labour suitable to till it in another, have found each other out; and have created a joint economical interest, too powerful to be reached by moral appeal. Mr. Calhoun no doubt expresses the universal sentiment of the Southern States, when in a despatch of

August 12th, 1844, he speaks thus of the effects which would follow the abolition of Slavery :

“To this continent, the blow would be calamitous beyond description. It would destroy, in a great measure, the cultivation and production of the great tropical staples, amounting annually in value to nearly three hundred millions of dollars,—the fund which stimulates and upholds almost every other branch of its industry, commerce, navigation, and manufactures. The whole, by their joint influence, are rapidly spreading population, wealth, improvement and civilization over the whole continent, and vivifying, by their overflow, the industry of Europe, thereby increasing its population, wealth, and advancement in the arts, in power, and in civilization.”—*Greeley's History*, p. 40.

In order to confirm his estimate of slave economy, Mr. Calhoun dwells complacently in this remarkable despatch on the reputed failure of the British experiment of emancipation : and in demonstrating our failure, unless Mr. Greeley's *History* reproduces the paper incorrectly, he understates the sugar-produce of our colonies about 120-fold, — confounding perhaps *hundred-weights* and *pounds*. “The British possessions,” he says, “including the East and West Indies, and Mauritius, produced in 1842, of sugar only, 3,993,771 pounds.” Now the official returns for that year show the total amount from these sources entered in that year for home consumption, to have been 4,325,785 cwt. Great as have been and are the difficulties attending the change in our West Indian policy, they have not yet driven us to the mean and wicked course attributed to us by this statesman :—viz., the resolve to ruin our competitors on the American continent by forcing on them the slave-emancipation under which we are smarting ourselves. In truth, the sacrifices entailed by the transition to free labour and free commerce have occasioned us no surprise and certainly no repentance : and their limit has evidently been reached. The impression, we believe, prevails among the American planters that the British West

Indies are rapidly returning to a state of nature ; and especially are fast abandoning the sugar-cane as too much for the energies of free labour. Happily, the commercial returns dispel this ridiculous illusion. Slavery was abolished by the Act of 1833 ; the system of forced labour being still continued for some years under the name of Apprenticeship, and the monopoly by differential duties remaining unbroken till 1845. If we take the produce of the three years, 1835, 1845, 1855, we shall see at a glance the latest achievements of the slave-system, with protective duties ; the result of free labour without free trade ; and the most recent operation of a system doubly free. In the first of the three selected years, our slave-colonies (West Indies and Mauritius) furnished, for home-consumption only, 178,000 tons of sugar and molasses ; in the second, 180,626 ; in the third, 211,631. Thus the free produce, instead of dwindling away in obedience to prediction, has increased about 19 per cent. Still, while defending the results of the great British experiment from misapprehension, we are far from denying that the curse of slavery has been redeemed by vast effort and sacrifice. Nor could it be removed from the adjacent continent without still greater and more protracted loss during the transition to a better system. Under slavery alone do men exist for the mere soil's sake. With freedom, Nature re-asserts her right, and the soil is found to exist for the sake of men : and as in Jamaica, so in America, the labourer, left at his own disposal, will be content with the kind and degree of work which suffices to supply his customary wants. It is not reasonable to expect from the African, trained in the worship of idleness, a spontaneous and superfluous industry. The energy which only the competition of numbers extorts from a white peasantry will reserve itself for the same stimulus among the coloured races. It is a waste of time to discuss the relative *cheapness or dearness* of free labour under conditions which tempt it to retire from market altogether. Such conditions, we fear, are present over a large area in the Southern States ; and

constrain us to admit a powerful, though not permanent, economic interest in favour of the existing system.

A strong moral sentiment, however, or a decided political instinct, will find a way through all problems of gain or loss. And if we could see, in reviewing the past seventy years, a growing force of anti-slavery opinion in the Union, we should give little heed to the argument from the balance-sheet. But it is a startling fact that, while there have been repeated Federal contests, at considerable intervals, between the slave principle and the free, the victory has remained, more and more decisively, with the Southern party. A mere enumeration of the successive struggles will show this. They have always arisen when new outlying territory had to be dealt with, and the conditions determined for its transition from mere Public Land to incipient Political organization. As Land, it is at Federal disposal : when settled and organized, at its own. By making the exclusion of slavery a prior condition of political admission, Congress may bespeak the soil for freedom. The "Democratic" party affects to regard such provisions as an improper forestalling of State rights, though never disinclined to obtain a remission of their stringency at the hands of Congress. Three great masses of Territory have furnished the battle-ground of this political dispute :—the North-west Territory, from the Ohio to the sources of the Mississippi ;—the Louisiana purchase of 1803, from the Gulf of Mexico to the sources of the Missouri ;—and the acquisitions from Mexico, including Texas, New Mexico and California.

In 1787, July 13th, Congress *unanimously* passed the celebrated *Ordinance* "for the government of the Territory of the United States, North-west of the Ohio ;" which closed with the following "unalterable article" :

"There shall be neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall be duly convicted."

Here, then, at the outset of the history, a concurrent voice declares the power of Congress to predestine the

“domestic institutions” of future States, and its will to close them against slavery. True, the present Federal Constitution was not ratified till more than two years later—November 1789. But in the very first session of Congress held under it, the validity of the “Ordinance” was recognized; its provisions being extended to new Territory ceded to the Union by North Carolina and Georgia—with one unfortunate exception—of “the article which forbids slavery.” The exception secured Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi to the slave interest; as the Ordinance itself had predetermined to freedom the soil of the future Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Yet even this North-western country, being tainted by Virginian settlers, did but sulkily accept its blessing. Between 1803 and 1807, three or four applications to Congress were made by the inhabitants, praying to be relieved for ten years from the prohibition of slavery: and twice at least did Select Committees report to the House in their favour. But though the old unanimity was broken, the Legislature had not yet learned the democratic version of “unalterable articles”: and the “Ordinance” was sustained.

For a virgin soil, the seat of no prior rights, the simple veto of this “Ordinance” sufficed. But the Louisiana acquisition had been under the sovereignties of Spain and France, both of which had legalized slavery. It was only, however, at its Southern extremity, formed into the state of Louisiana in 1811 (whence Arkansas was subsequently detached), that the institution had real possession and remained undisputed: and after this portion had politically defined itself, the opportunity was favourable for rescuing the vast residuary region (under the name of Missouri Territory) from a curse which had scarcely straggled into it. Few, however, as the slaves upon it were, the object could not be accomplished without direct provision for the extinction of their actual status, as well as against any further importations. Whether the prerogative of Congress extended to

positive, though only prospective, manumission on the public lands, was more open to constitutional doubt than its simply preventive power. Nevertheless, when Missouri applied for admission as a State in 1818, the House of Representatives passed, by small but repeated majorities, a proviso, barring the introduction of more slaves, and freeing at the age of twenty-five all children born after the Act of admission to the Union. The Senate struck out the proviso, and the Bill fell through.

Missouri, however, was not to be kept outside from deference to a political balance : and next year the question of her admission came up again. The same disagreement between the two Houses reappeared in spite of repeated manœuvres to evade it : the Senate rejecting, the Representatives demanding, an exclusion of slavery from the proposed State. A new feature, however, was introduced into the case by Southern ingenuity, and succeeded in resolving the strife. The Upper House said to the Lower : —“Take away your restriction from Missouri *State*, and we will agree to put it on the residue of Missouri *Territory*.” The bait was taken : the reversion of freedom in the future was accepted in compensation for immediate extension of slavery. Missouri got her “institution,” with its political consequences ; and the North, a piece of paper, with these words :

“And be it further enacted, That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana which lies north of 36° 30' north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included within the limits of the State contemplated by this Act, Slavery and involuntary servitude otherwise than in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be and is hereby for ever prohibited.”

This is the celebrated Missouri Compromise, carried in February 1820, by a majority of 90 against 87.

Five-and-twenty years elapsed, and the parties in this contest stood face to face again ; not now to constitute their

own territory, but to appropriate foreign soil. Dr. Channing, in one of the noblest political pamphlets ever produced, has made the story of Texas universally known. It was notoriously in the Slave-interest that the land was overrun, disturbed, revolutionized, annexed. Due warning was given to the North by many a faithful observer : and, in addition to the hatred of Slave-extension, the crisis must have enlisted whatever feeling there was of national honour and good faith. Yet this new issue, offering so much more vulnerable surface, passed to its decision more easily than any previous one. The majorities were larger in 1845 than in 1820 : and the utmost that the free-soil party could achieve was to trace across the new region the magic line of $36^{\circ} 30'$, which divides the guilt from the innocence of slavery. A vote of 134 against 77 legalized the gains of usurpation, and out of a territory unpolluted by servitude carved for the future of the Union five States foredoomed to bear the curse.

Boundary questions springing out of the new acquisition occasioned the Mexican war ; which again brought in fresh territorial spoils to be divided between the slave condition and the free. Military distinction having won the President's Chair for an honest man who would not truckle to the South (General Taylor), the free-soil party acquired for a time fresh spirit and hope : and in the discussions respecting New Mexico and California, the Lower House showed an increased disposition to press inhibitions of Slavery. But the pertinacity of the Senate producing a "dead-lock," Mr. Clay interposed and achieved his final act of pacification in the celebrated "Compromise of 1850." Before it passed, he himself had been withdrawn from the Senate by ill-health, and General Taylor had died and been succeeded by Mr. Fillmore. By what marvellous construction this jumble of measures was accepted as a *compromise* remains an impenetrable mystery. What did it concede to the North?—this only, that the Slave-market *within* the District of Columbia should be shifted to the outside.

What did it secure to the South? (1) A renunciation on the part of Congress of all right to interfere with the internal Slave-trade; (2) an exemption of California, New Mexico, and Utah, from all restriction as to Slavery; (3) the revolting Fugitive Slave Law. We know nothing more unaccountable in political history, than the sudden prostration of the free-soil party at this crisis of American affairs. That they could for a moment look on the terms vouchsafed by Mr. Clay as any thing short of ignominious surrender is the clearest proof of weakness, pusillanimity, and division. The prohibition of slavery which Congress refused to apply was imposed upon California by her gold. The social state produced by the nature of her wealth is incompatible with "involuntary servitude;" and at her own desire she was admitted as a free State. Economical necessity, not moral or political tendency, determined her happier fate.

The disgraces of 1850, however, seemed as if they must really be the last. The very matter of contention,—it was supposed,—was exhausted. The land that remained for Federal disposal was North of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and was shielded from controversy by the settlement of 1820. Consoled by this assurance, Boston permitted her streets to become the hunting-ground of the slave-catcher, and lent her courts, her officers, her citizens in aid of his pursuit. She performed her odious engagement; but is disappointed of her virtuous reward. Emboldened by invariable success, and aided by a Pierce administration, the Southern leaders resolved to push their advantage: and to organize the remainder of the North-west Territory without any regard to the Missouri Ordinance. The events are too recent, and have been too fertile in astonishing results, to need recital. In May, 1854, the Act to organize the territories of Nebraska and Kansas was passed, expressly leaving it open to the inhabitants to introduce slavery, if they chose. This violation of the law of 1820 was carried in the Lower House by 113 votes against 100, and in the Upper by 35

against 13. The debate, often discreditable to the temper of the Legislature, was redeemed by a speech from Mr. Seward, Senator of New York, so calm, masterly, and high-minded, as to leave a strong impression of his statesman-like character.

The original rule of American usage undoubtedly was, that the Federal government is the government of the territories. Under protection of this principle the whole power of the Union had again and again been brought to bear upon a particular region on or before its candidature for admission to the system, and imposed conditions to guard the general well-being against special and local interests. The democratic leaders are intent on subverting this rule of Constitutional law : and, under cover of their doctrine, the slave-holding interest, which is essentially local, has escaped the ban of the general Legislature, and carried its cause into its own sectional court. This was a safe game, so long as the geographical conditions favoured their "institution," and kept the Yankees off. There could be no doubt how the Texan adventurers would settle the labour-question, when left open to them. But it was otherwise with Kansas, which yields no tropical products ; where, as in Missouri, the hemp and tobacco fields would supply the chief employment of the African labourer ; and whither the Northern emigrant is as likely to find his way as the Southern. In such a region, slavery was not secured by merely throwing it open to local choice. If it was to be determined by vote upon the spot, there must be a dash made at the suffrage, and the ballot-box be made to speak in the right sense. The enterprise organized for this purpose, under the auspices of a Senator and acting Vice-President of the United States (Atchison), reads like a romance even to those who are most credulous of political and personal infamy. We need not repeat a thrice-told tale : how armed bands from a neighbouring State carried the polling-booths at the point of the bowie-knife, and

created a Legislature by votes of which four-fifths were illegal: how this spurious Assembly enacted, on behalf of slavery, laws suppressing all liberty of speech, of the press, or of political action,—in terms and under penalties paralleled perhaps in the paroxysms of tyrannical rage, but without example in any written code: how the real settlers, not content with repudiating the acts of this body, elected one of their own, which met at Topeka, and pronounced in favour of free labour:—and how the President of the United States, after dispersing the Topeka Assembly by military force, and owning the fraud and violence of the terrorist parliament, proceeded to recognize and execute its atrocious enactments, and to invest with official authority the ruffians who procured them. The important questions are, first, what has been the action and temper of Congress in relation to these outrageous transactions? and next,—since new elections have taken place in the very midst of the Kansas excitement,—what is the political verdict of the Nation on the most palpable issue of right or wrong ever submitted to a people?

To reach a summary answer to the first question, we must cut through a tangle of Parliamentary obstruction and complication, which almost makes one despair of representative government. Majority reports and minority reports,—votes registered and votes rescinded,—considerations adjourned and reconsiderations laid on the table,—contradictory bills entering the lists at the opposite doors of the bicameral legislature and annihilating each other in the lobby between,—strings of amendments, that differ merely in word and postpone defeat only by renewing and multiplying it,—motions of adjournment, of “higher privilege,” of reference to committees,—all conceivable devices for disturbing deliberation and hindering action, confuse the records of Congress, and attest the fatal predominance of party passion. It is not wonderful that the result was purely negative. The Lower House, having sent a commission of inquiry into Kansas, and learned every thing from

an elaborate report, recognized the acts of the Topeka Assembly, and passed (by a majority of *two*) a Bill to admit Kansas as a free State. The Senate, on the other hand, recognized the usurping Legislature, and passed (by a majority of 33 against 12) a Bill for constituting Kansas through its officials and authority, and so determining the soil to slavery. As neither House would agree to the measure of the other, the controversy stands over for legislative decision under the new *régime*. Meanwhile, the measures of the ruffian-parliament are *in possession*: the free settlers have been driven out, the United States' troops are on the spot to protect the political gains of lawlessness and crime: and an invasion which, in its conception and execution, has exhausted the varieties of infamy, retains a complete success. That Congress could terminate its session and disperse from Washington, leaving in this condition a territory under its charge, strikes us as either an unexampled dereliction of public duty or an alarming proof of incapacity. The brutal assault on Mr. Sumner, for exposing the degenerate departure of the South from every noble American tradition, was the action of an individual; it might proceed from any fortuitous savage thrown into the House by the lottery of a general election; and only proves the real inner power, the agitating sway of accomplished intellect and noble speech over dumb passions and strong arms. The virtual impunity of the assailant, and his return to Washington as the accepted hero of his State, are serious signs of a corrupted social sentiment. But the legislative abandonment of Kansas to a triumphant terrorism, which has brought the very name of Law into contempt, under a federal executive prostituted to the service of conspiracy and fraud, indicates political or moral incompetency for the highest functions of a civilized State.

And now, as to the second question; what verdict has the Nation, by its recent suffrage, pronounced upon these things? It has given to the Slave-interest some thirty more votes in the Lower House, and a four years' additional lease

of the Executive administration. It is impossible to break the force of this tremendous fact. The Northern power, roused by the intensest provocation, united by incontestable danger, fresh from the detection of shameless designs, has strained her moral resources to the utmost ;—and has been signally defeated. The ballot-boxes of the Union have emphatically declared in favour of EXTENSION of Slavery ;—extension over their own free soil ; and extension by seizure of what is not their own ;—in both instances at the cost of violated faith, and with disregard of positive engagements both national and international. Never was an election cast more entirely on a single intelligible issue. For months it had been the sole domestic topic of discussion ; had touched the zeal of the coldest ; had extinguished political neutrality and moral indifference, and forced every one to take sides. The struggle in Kansas and the half-perpetrated murder on the floor of the Senate-house kept one phase of the question before the electors : the Ostend Manifesto recommending the appropriation of Cuba, and signed by Mr. Buchanan, fixed attention on the other. If ever, then, the preponderating sentiment of a people can be inferred from the balance of their franchise, we may surely apply the test on occasion of the recent election. The inference must always be qualified by a remembrance of the peculiar distribution of the suffrage in the States. The number of representatives sent by each State to the Lower House,—and in like manner the number of electors it contributes to the electoral College which chooses the President,—is in the ratio of its population ; New York, as highest in the census, sending 35 ; Pennsylvania, which is next, 27 ; and so on. In the free states (where, on an average, 14,472 voters choose one representative), the elections must perfectly express the dominant opinion of the male adult citizens. The franchise is regarded there as a purely personal right, and is in no way qualified by property. In the slave-states, the aggregate of votes can never exceed two-thirds of the male adult popu-

lation :—the white man having a vote on his own account, and, if a proprietor, three additional votes for every set of five slaves possessed by him. Of the votes thus constituted, 8,896 suffice to appoint one representative. The general result of this arrangement is, that there are 90 members for the slave-states, each one of whom represents 68,725 whites; and 144 members for the free-states, each one of whom represents 91,935 whites. The votes conferred by the mere possession of slaves,—resting on property-right as distinguished from personal,—are sufficient to return 30 members to the House. As there are not more than 92,257 owners of ten slaves and upwards, it is evident that the Southern representation must practically be in the hands of an oligarchy : the more so, as the degraded condition of the “white trash” that hang on the outskirts of the estates, and form the rabble of the towns, reduces them to mere tools of neighbouring power. In judging of the *moral* significance of an election, allowance must be made for these things. But in computing *political* prospects, they are factors in the calculation, instead of deductions from the result : for they are fixed data in the Constitution, which spread wherever it goes. The inequality of condition they establish between the Northern and the Southern element in the Commonwealth only gives intenser interest to their political competition for new soil.

There is a prevailing impression, we believe, that Mr. Buchanan’s election has been carried by a narrow majority ; and that, in that respect, it presents a very favourable contrast with the previous defeat of General Scott by Mr. Pierce. The impression arises from limiting the comparison to the *electoral* vote ; which gave the Chair to Buchanan by 174 against 114 for Fremont ; to Pierce, in 1852, by 254 against 42 for Scott. When we pass behind these figures, and count out of the ballot-boxes the tickets of the *popular* vote, we meet with a very different result. At this primary pole, Pierce received 1,590,490 votes against 1,378,589 for Scott. Buchanan has received 1,649,362 votes

against 1,168,174 for Fremont :—the victor rising considerably above, the vanquished falling yet farther below, the corresponding numbers at the previous election. The decisiveness of the popular *pronunciamento* becomes still more conspicuous when we observe that Buchanan could have spared *more than four-fifths of his votes in the slave States*, and yet have polled a large majority over his antagonist. Not a solitary vote was cast for Fremont except in the free States : and even here, on his own ground, the balance was so even, that Buchanan, with little more than a sixth of his remaining votes, would have turned it against him. The free-State return for Fremont amounted to 1,168,174 ; for Buchanan to 1,036,247 ; who wanted, therefore, from the rest of the Union but 131,927 votes ; but actually received thence 613,115. The truth, then, cannot be disguised, that, of the inhabitants of free soil, nearly one-half have no desire to prevent the extension of slavery, but will support it under the severest tests that shame and disgust can apply. Even the State of William Penn gave so decided a preponderance to the successful candidate, that he would still have carried its suffrage, had the Fillmore party transferred to Fremont every one of their 82,229 votes. Nor is the existence of a powerful Southern party in the free States less distinctly marked by the Congressional elections. The free States, we have said, send to the House of Representatives 144 members : the slave States only 90. Yet even during the accumulated insults recently heaped upon the North, and under favour of Mr. Pierce's declining popularity, the opposition could barely keep the balance of party even, and register an occasional majority of two or three. And on appeal to the country, a large working majority for the Southern schemes was immediately obtained, and the Lower House put in harmony with the Upper.

These phenomena are far too vast, and are presented on an occasion far too simple and critical, to be resolved into mere accidents of party engineering. With grief we come

to the conclusion, that during the present century American Slavery has gained not simply area, and numbers, and economical interests, but a more terrible support;—the dominant sentiment of the nation. Under the conditions of that expanding society, straggling into the wilderness behind and inundated by a flood of miscellaneous emigration in front, Southern recklessness appeals to universal suffrage with more success than Northern thoughtfulness and reverence for law. Would that we could discover evidence that the political difficulties of such a country had been lessened by the moral clearness and faithfulness of its natural teachers,—the clergy of its several communions. Seventy years ago, politicians and men of the world, like Jefferson and Madison, were ashamed of slavery, spoke of it under their breath, and wanted to keep every trace of it off the face of their constitution, and out of sight of history. At present, professed ministers of Christ unblushingly defend it, blandly anoint it with the oil of a spurious sanctity, and bless its black banner going forth to new conquests. We must confirm this statement by one example; and that it may not be a *morceau* of private eccentricity, but as public and official as possible, we will take it from the ministrations of a United-States Chaplain, on duty in Kansas, during the spring of 1855. We quote from the narrative of a most reliable eye and ear witness, Rev. Frederick Starr, a Presbyterian Clergyman, himself so “moderate” as to have been unanimously acquitted of “Abolitionism” by a Lynch-court of “Border-ruffians.” The scene is laid in Missouri, on the eve of the invasion to storm and stuff the ballot-boxes :

“The two parties brought out the candidates, and Missouri was not idle. At Platte city, the county-seat of Platte county, Atchison’s home, on the 5th day of March, 1855, a Pro-slavery mass-meeting was held. Several speakers addressed it, among them General Atchison, and *the Rev. Leander Kerr*, United-States Chaplain to the army at Fort Leavenworth. Atchison declared, ‘We MUST and we WILL make *Kansas a Slave-State*,

PEACEABLY *if we can, forcibly and at the point of the BAYONET if we MUST.*' I was informed that Atchison was very drunk when he was speaking. The Rev. Leander Kerr made an address, and read a doggerel poem on Abolitionists ; these he published the next week by request. Mr. Kerr was a *United-States* officer, salaried from the *United-States* treasury, paid with money three-fourths of which comes from the North. *This man*, previous to an election in Kansas, *passes* from Kansas over into *Missouri* to *stimulate* a *Missouri mob* to come into Kansas and violate the rights of American citizens, and to slaughter innocent persons, against whom by his libels and falsehoods he has stirred up the vengeance and brutality of ignorant and ferocious Southerners. But listen while he talks for himself :

'And now to ascertain your position, and what are your *duties* in the contest before you ; let us ascertain the cause for which you are contending. What is that cause ? *It is the most just, righteous and holy*, in which men *were ever* ENGAGED ! And who are your enemies ? They are the *most unscrupulous of men* : STEEPED from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet *in the* BLACKEST INFAMY OF PERDITION, they are of their Father the DEVIL, and the works of their father they *are doing* and *will do* IF LET ALONE.

'Go, then [to Kansas], as men, as patriots, as Christians, and do your *duty* to yourselves, *your country and your GOD*. Do gentlemen talk of honourable and lawful means to PREVENT all this mass of Eastern abomination, moral, social, and infidel, from ENTERING among you ? If a midnight robber were to attempt to break into my quarters, I would avail myself of the most efficient means at my command to expel him. I would not sit down to ponder upon *honourable* and *lawful* means ; the only law I would recognize in the case would be the law of self-preservation. *Talk not* of honourable and lawful means, save the law of self-preservation against men who trample alike the laws of heaven and your country under their feet ; *men who know as LITTLE of HONOUR* in their souls *as a monkey knows of the complicated mechanism of a steam-engine*. Away with such paltry sentimentalism ! It is as much out of place as lullaby songs and nursery tales are out of place in the heat of battle or in the midst of storm and shipwreck. HONOURABLE *warfare* is for HONOURABLE

HEROES, not for ROBBERS AND BANDITTI ; AND SUCH THESE ABOLITIONISTS ARE ! ' '*

Moral degradation and profaneness like this can find, it would seem, a Society to accept them as representative of the religion of Christ ! It is not the only instance of clerical corruption cited by Mr. Starr : and it is evident that there is in his opinion a *class* of preachers of this type. However small it may be, it shows the *tendency* of Slave-championship in its last resort. But far short of this, the presence of the curse upon the Southern land appears to have cowed and sophisticated the whole spirit of the churches. It would be too much to expect that the tone of religious teaching should remain altogether unaffected by the social atmosphere around. But it is a humiliating spectacle when the collective Christianity of a country surrenders the lead of moral reforms, and follows with poor inertia the infatuated vigour of selfishness, or the conservative creeping of atheistic distrust. We fear it is too true that the slave has in other ages owed to Catholic Christianity mitigations and deliverance, which the Protestantism of the new world is little likely to achieve for him again. We do not forget the noble exceptions : but in the main we recognize in Mrs. Stowe's satire on the clergy a picture as faithful as it is sad.

When, therefore, we hear the generous prophecy that American slavery is on the eve of dying out, and test it by the several indications of historical tendency, we find little ground for early hope, and have to fall back on that faith in ultimate good which survives all temporary disappointment. Steadily, yet rapidly, the Southern oligarchy, with increasing support from the free-soil democracy, had advanced its designs, at length completely unveiled ; and now holds with firm grasp the entire machinery of government. What resources

* See Mr. Starr's Report of the outrages in Kansas, in the *New York Weekly Tribune*, Saturday, November 8, 1856 ;—the most complete narrative we have seen, from a witness resident more than five years on the spot.

are there for turning back the tide? Can we depend for the future on greater union in the North? May we put down its whole probable increase of wealth and numbers to the account of free-soil gain? If so, the issue is neither doubtful nor distant, and will contradict our fears; for the growth of all the social elements of power perpetually increases the relative weight of the North. But hitherto the rapid development of the free States has proved an advantage to the *Southern* politics. The old New-England type of sentiment and patriotism has been constantly dwindling into smaller relative dimensions. The mercantile element,—always of quietest passions but also of faintest conscience,—has assumed huge dimensions. And the plebeian population of the large towns,—at once self-willed and flexible, with the pride of citizenship and the antipathies of race,—constitutes a formidable rather than a hopeful political instrument. At the recent election five of the free States supported the Southern policy: and Iowa is the only one, out of New England and not in contact with British land or waters, that cast a Northern vote. Certain it is that every ten years' census thus far has swelled the democratic list far more than its rival. It is impossible, with due regard to the lessons of the past, to regard Northern development as synonymous with Slave-power limitation.

If, indeed, we already saw an end to the land-claims of the planters' party,—if they had reached any impassable limit,—the prospect would be brighter. The area awaiting settlement by freemen, and unlikely to have any worse fate, is still immense. If we give Kansas and Mr. Buchanan the benefit of a favourable hope, and reckon it in with Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington, as free soil, there remain no fewer than 1,148,727 square miles, to be covered by industry and institutions akin to those of Massachusetts and Ohio: and if, meanwhile, every other barrier stood fast, the preponderance of the better social element would be decisive. But nowhere, unhappily, are the landmarks more shifting than in the South, or the gains

from their retreat more gigantic. Mexico, already so heavily mulcted, seems at this very hour to be lapsing into final disorganization; and how soon its affairs may be administered from Washington Mr. Buchanan perhaps might be able to tell. Central America, first traversed by Californian commerce, next invaded by Walker's filibusters, then cleared of British claims, begins to guess its political destiny, and to reveal its capabilities to the keen eye of the hungry Republic. These continental regions alone, with Utah, New Mexico, and the Indian grounds, open to the Southern interest an area of 1,828,253 square miles. The whole vitality of slavery depends on perpetual spread and advance: and we as much doubt its decline while it can push into new fields as we believe in its death when its path is stopped. The successful politicians of the South are fully alive to the inherent necessity of self-extension belonging to their "peculiar institution." They have it evidently in contemplation to form a vast Slave-Empire, with its base on the capital and population of the North, its outposts on the isthmus, and its sweep over the Caribbean Sea. Wild as the project seems, it is not without its favouring conditions. It speaks invitingly to that passion for empire and belief in his country's "destiny" into which the modern American's patriotism appears to have resolved itself: and which makes even the New Englander love the rights of freedom much, continued union more, and sway over the world's destinies most of all. It is rendered tempting by the facility of its first steps,—nay, the difficulty of avoiding them: for, with Texas already in the Republic, how could the fragments of a disintegrated Mexico remain out? and with an indefinite supply of Walkers easy to adopt but impossible to control, what can be done but accept the freebooters' spoil, and re-engrave the maps?—and with Cuba in the hands of a weak and needy government, and St. Domingo a paradise in anarchy, little more than connivance is needed to get them invaded and surmounted by the stars and stripes. And then Jamaica must

surely follow? In that case, yes : only, as Jamaica is *not* to follow, neither must Cuba and Hayti precede : and we see in a moment how the plan, once in full sail, is sure to strike upon a reef, and incur unknown disasters. In truth, while it staves off the problem of the moment it is surrounded by frightful risks. Were it in human nature to work out schemes that dizzy the imagination and make the passions drunk, without a slip of prudence or a word of wantonness and pride, we can just conceive the secrecy of Talleyrand and the daring of Napoleon combined to be capable of realizing the dream in the course of two generations. But Providence never permits the Spirit of Evil to wield for any length of time *both* the intellect and the will of vast multitudes of men : and the one is sure to betray the other. Already, the Southern trumpet has been blown too loud : and we should not be surprised if Mr. Buchanan should begin by softening its tone and allaying the temper which from New England has made stern reply. The Northern resources are essential to the Southern schemes : and no strain must be put upon the Union greater than even Boston conservatism can bear. It is a delicate question, how far the ruling oligarchy can carry the subservient free States ;—how long they will continue to furnish pliant politicians, and safe preachers, and the needful material of army, navy and finance. How many fugitive-slave cases will it take to sicken them of the connection?—how many contused Senators?—how many lynched and tortured missionaries?—how many deceived and murdered immigrants? Perhaps with sufficient faculty of silence, and a Russian habit of stealth, the leaders might without challenge push their “institution” in any direction and to any extent, *short of the North itself*. But the Southern temper is impetuous and arrogant, and can neither observe a reticence nor respect a limit. Two years ago, the boast escaped from Senator Toombs (of Georgia) that “soon the master with his slaves will sit down at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.” The Governor of South Carolina propounds, in

his recent official message, the doctrine that all labour must again return into the hands of the slaves. The abettors of the Kansas iniquity make no secret of their resolve,—now that the spell of the Missouri line is broken,—of overrunning the whole North with slaves and turning the federated continent into a vast house of bondage. There is a Nemesis for all this insolence: and if it be infatuated enough to believe its own predictions, and attempt their realization, the free States will be driven to separate, and the splendid visions of the rest will vanish in the double retribution of civil and of servile war. Should Mr. Buchanan's prudence avail to curb and divert the aggressive spirit, to charm it away from its ill-chosen field in Kansas, and turn it loose on tropical latitudes, it is probable that this check from domestic disunion might be indefinitely delayed.

But while one question is closed, another is opened. You refrain from collision with confederates in the North, only to try the endurance of foreigners in the South. Can it be expected that the Old World will become a meek convert to the gospel of "destiny" so current in the New?—that for its sake Europe will renounce the law of nations and the guarantees of Right?—that England in particular will repent of her repentance towards the African race, betray to a new oppressor the people she had ceased to oppress, and permit her language, framed for free men's lips, to be corrupted by her own sons, at the very heart of her colonial empire, into the dialect of universal slavery? Upon what ground can the statesmen at Washington claim exemption for their country from the restraints of justice and mutual respect which other nations own, and indulge themselves with an international morality worthy the deck of an Algerine? With a class of men who could seriously embrace and apply the principle of the Ostend manifesto, negotiation and compact would be a mockery: for the only right it asserts is the right to do wrong. If Spain should refuse to sell the sovereignty of Cuba to the United States,

"*then*," say Mr. Buchanan and his associates, "*by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, IF WE HAVE THE POWER!*" Had the recklessness of the Southern policy confined itself to the *continent*, it might perhaps have long evaded the chances of arrest. But if it will insist on *putting to sea*, it directly invokes European war and interrupts its own secure development by enormous and gratuitous hazards. Through even this danger (though it were dishonour) we believe, however, the Northern States would suffer themselves to be drawn, rather than relinquish the Union so sacred in their eyes. But there is one extremity and anachronism of crime which would conclusively alienate *both* the free States and the European nations, and heartily unite New and Old England against an apostate South; we mean, the re-opening of the African Slave-trade. That is a question which Christendom will not condescend to argue over again: it has been flung into the deadhouse where a thousand grim barbarities lie; and those horrid chains are rusting with the sword of the gladiator and the rack of the Inquisition. Yet, at this very hour, a Special Committee of the South-Carolina legislature is in session on this matter, with instructions to report on the expediency of reviving the Slave-trade; and, in order to render the investigation more complete, has asked permission to sit continuously through the parliamentary recess. The committee was appointed on the recommendation of the governor: and as it must be drawn from the class of persons who returned the Hon. Preston S. Brooks to Congress in express approval of his dealings with Mr. Sumner's head, it is not doubtful in what spirit the investigation will be made. The gentlemen of South Carolina are accustomed to be "a law unto themselves," and are little likely to regard the scruples of any other law. And being far too "chivalrous" for prudence, there may perhaps be a special charm for them in any measure that has so strong a name as Piracy, and defies the indignation of the civilized world.

There are doubtless a few European statesmen who are

aware of the gravity of the present crisis in American society : but its fearful significance seems hidden from the mass of even our cultivated and thoughtful men. If we read it aright, the time has gone by for discussing the *removal* of slavery ;—the only problem now is, whether it is possible to arrest its *extension*. The oligarchy which protects it not only possesses every South *State*-legislature, where alone its severity could be mitigated or its term of existence abridged ; but has a firm grasp of the Federal government, which rules the *Territories* and predetermines the conditions for *future* States. Not the faintest symptom appears in any slave State of a desire to wipe out the blot. Henry Clay himself is mentioned as “that black-hearted traitor” : and did any member of the House at Richmond or Charleston propose to substitute prædial serfdom for personal bondage, to prevent the separation of families, and to educate the planters’ people, he would pay the penalty of exile and ruin. The only plan of amelioration, the mention of which is ever tolerated, is the colonization to Liberia ; and *that*, only because it is too innocent to be of any avail, and soothingly occupies the conscience of weak-minded clergymen, who might else grow benevolent and troublesome. At Washington, where alone the sentiment of the free States can be brought to bear, the Constitution limits discussion and legislation on the subject to its Federal relations, —within the District of Columbia and on the unsettled lands : which last the victory of the democratic party has now withdrawn from the favourable action of Congress. That the curse should *recede* seems impossible : and the only practical question concerns its mode and direction of *advance*. If it becomes aggressive on the *peculium* of the North, the Union will break :—if on the islands of the tropical seas, foreign war will ensue :—if on the African coasts, *both* these disasters will follow. And in any of these cases, it would need a bold prophet to name the next step : but the strain put upon the South would be so great, that in some way or other, more or less terrible, the “institution”

for which the storm was braved would probably have vanished ere the clouds were gone.

There is one case which might possibly open a more favourable prospect. Should Mexico verify the rumours of her mineral wealth, and prove another California, she must remain a land of free labour, and become a final limit to the slave extension which her fertility and weakness now invite. Annexed or unannexed, she would interpose a bar between Texas and Central America, and present to the fugitive a Southern Canada at the very gate of his house of bondage. Once encircled with a cordon of free soil, the slave-land would have its fee-simple reduced to a lease. The term might still not expire for generations : but the freehold of the oppressor would be gone.

It is little that England can do towards solving the domestic problems of a susceptible people, not yet forgetful of old injuries, and avowedly preferring even Russian sympathies to her own. The negative policy of abstinence and forbearance, a careful avoidance of every untenable pretension, an ungrudging allowance of free scope to the energies of a kindred nation, so long as they are true to the institutions they inherit and the liberties they won from us, seem to constitute the essence of our duty and our power. In drawing as closely as possible the ties which unite us with America, it is, however, incumbent on us to affect no disguise of our real and universal sentiment on the great question which agitates the country. The question is a *world-question*, on which we have pronounced : and our sympathies are with the group of States whose voice is with our own, whose action was before our own. Let it be clearly understood, that though we institute no propaganda of freedom, we mean to protect lands and people intrusted to us from any crusade of slavery. Our history, God knows, has many blots of shame : and among the darkest are those with which the New World has a right to reproach us. So much the less can it be expected that we shall recede from the one act of reparation we have stretched an arm over

the Atlantic to achieve ; and shall not jealously watch the reactionary wave thrown off from the slave-bound coast towards the liberated islands of the West. We naturally wish for every thing that may embarrass the schemes of slavery-extension : and it would be folly to make any secret of the wish. We wish that Spain would hasten emancipation in Cuba : so as to discourage invaders by the double task of conquest of the land and of subjugation of the people. We wish that our Indian authorities may stimulate to the utmost the growth and preparation of cotton in the East : so as to relax the tension of production and the rush into fresh fields in the tropical States of America, and to set free the moral sympathies of our mercantile classes at home from an oppressive reciprocity with the planters' interest. Should democratic impetuosity precipitate a struggle between the conflicting elements in America, we are bound in heavy and not ignoble securities to give our word of hope to liberty and right : and would fain be without too tempting a stake in the continuance and prosperity of slavery and wrong.

THE END.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>BADMINTON LIBRARY (THE)</i>	12	MENTAL, MORAL AND POLITICAL	
BIOGRAPHY, PERSONAL MEMOIRS, ETC.	8	PHILOSOPHY	16
CHILDREN'S BOOKS	31	MISCELLANEOUS AND CRITICAL	
CLASSICAL LITERATURE, TRANS- LATIONS, ETC.	22	WORKS	38
COOKERY, DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, ETC.	36	POETRY AND THE DRAMA	23
EVOLUTION, ANTHROPOLOGY, ETC.	20	POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ECO- NOMICS	20
FICTION, HUMOUR, ETC.	25	POPULAR SCIENCE	29
FINE ARTS (THE) AND MUSIC	36	RELIGION, THE SCIENCE OF	21
<i>FUR, FEATHER AND FIN SERIES.</i>	14	<i>SILVER LIBRARY (THE)</i>	33
HISTORY, POLITICS, POLITY, PO- LITICAL MEMOIRS, ETC.	1	SPORT AND PASTIME	12
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LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, ETC.	16	TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, THE COLONIES, ETC.	10
		WORKS OF REFERENCE	31

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